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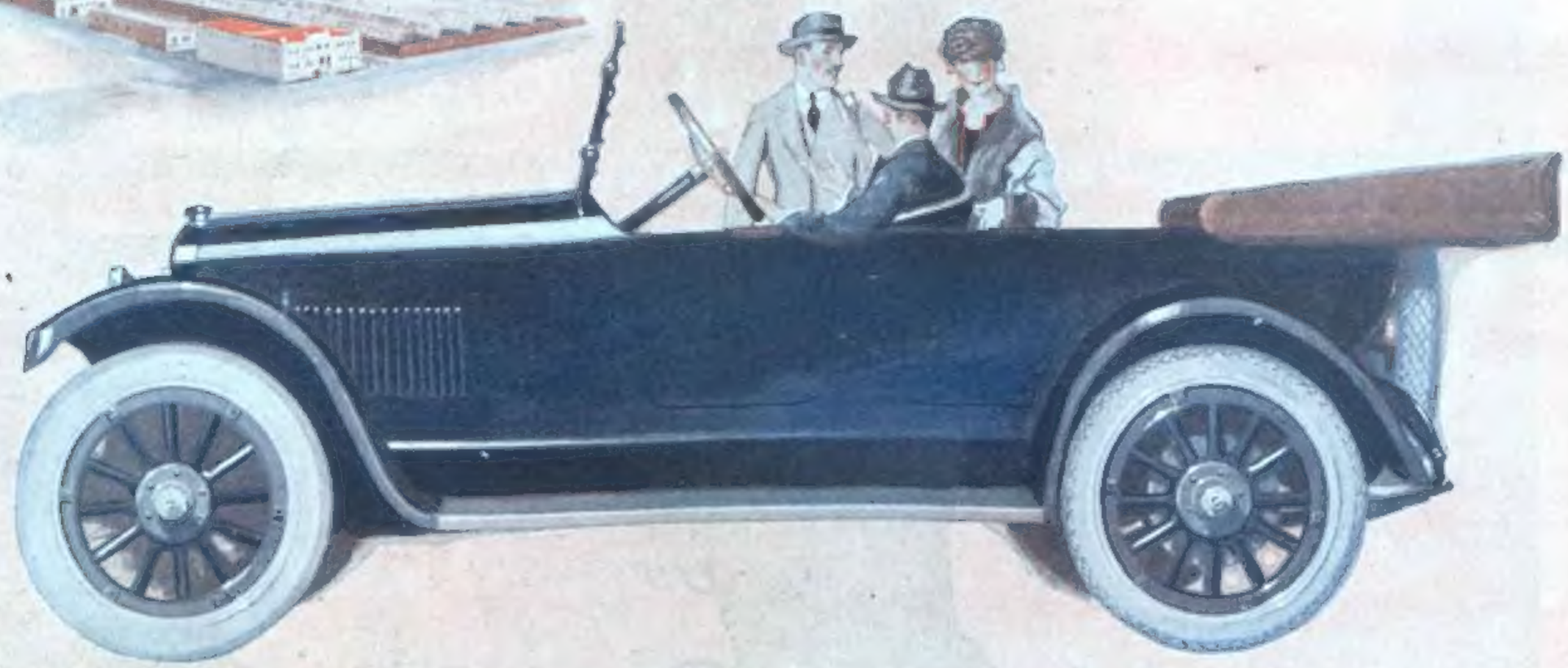
And Then On the Other Hand – By Samuel G. Blythe

Announcing THE NASH FOUR



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And Then On the Other Hand—

The Noisy Neighbor

By Samuel G. Blythe

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

TWO things are biggest when they are first born. One is a bumblebee, and the other is a political cinch. A bumblebee shrinks when it begins to work, and a political cinch works until it begins to shrink. Many a campaign that was a cinch on September first was a clinch by the beginning of October, and a cadaver by Election Day. There is a time in nearly every fight over the Presidency when the managers of one candidate or the other can say: "If the election could be held to-morrow our man would win," and be closer to the truth than they usually are. That time may be about midchannel, before the opposition has developed; or right after the nomination and before the people are beyond the hurrah stage. Sometimes the cinch continues until the returns are partially in. Who can forget that November midnight in 1916, when the little band of enthusiasts, clamoring to shake the hand of Charles Evans Hughes, had stormed the elevator in his hotel, but were warned away from his bedroom door with the impressive words: "The President has retired"?

This year the cinch seemed, at the beginning, mightier and cinchier than ever before. It was Republican. The Grand Old Elephant couldn't lose, and had been in that pleasant position for a couple of years. There was absolutely nothing to it last March. There was nothing to it last June. It was a certainty in August, shaded off to a practical certainty in September, and then the cinch vanished through the keyhole of Will Hays' office door, though Maine made it a modified uncertainty.

It must be annoying to Will Hays and Senator Lodge and all the rest of them to have their plans disarranged in this way. They had it all arranged by the first of July to have Mr. Harding elected in a neat and workmanlike manner, a decorous and dignified manner, a porched and prescribed manner; and here came this young person Cox, bursting in on them and gumming the whole works. Most unseemly and disconcerting.

They had Mr. Harding seated on that, it may be historic front porch, playing calm and deliberate chess with the various issues; and in jumped this boisterous Cox and changed the game to Black Annie, a most sinful and devastating game, which is a variant of the iniquitous cyclone stud in this regard: Two cards are buried, as in the highly immoral cyclone, but in the facinorous Black Annie all buried black cards run wild. It is unnecessary to go into details. You can see for yourself how nefarious it is; how disturbing to the reflective spirit; how murderous to a dignified calm.

Black Annie, it must be said, cannot be recommended as a pastime to those of meditative mold, of phlegmatic temperament or of austere habit of mind. It is no game for a philosopher, a pedant, a pigeon or a piker. It is practically without the pale of the periphrastic and the procrastinating. It is neither contemplative nor constrained. Distinctly, it is nothing at all to introduce into a presidential campaign; the zero of innovations, I should say, but Cox introduced it—political Black Annie, and he certainly enlivened the proceedings thereby, as well as removing considerable wadding and upholstery from the cinch.

Wicked newspaper people play Black Annie, and Cox is a newspaper person. So is Harding, for that matter, but not the same sort. When those sterling representatives of the people, Senators Lodge, Brandegee, Smoot, Watson, McCormick, Curtis, Wadsworth and various others just as sterling, represented the people by selecting Harding for their—using "their" in the strictly senatorial sense—candidate for President it is unlikely that they gave the fact that Harding, primarily, is an editor more than incidental consideration. When they tagged Harding they thought of him in his capacity as a senator and hence and of course, a statesman. Since that time Mr. Harding has been at some pains to explain what was in his mind at the moment, and thereafter, but that isn't the point.

Circulation Stuff

The point is that Mr. Harding was then an editor, has always been an editor, and will be an editor so long as he is anything; intrinsically, of course. With this example before them the Democrats met at San Francisco. Politicians are like the Japanese. They initiate nothing and imitate everything. The Democratic politicians had an opportunity to nominate an ambassador, a son-in-law, an Attorney General, a Secretary of State, a scattering of senators and a few exes, but as the Republicans had nominated an editor from Ohio, the Democrats were not to be outdone. They nominated an editor from Ohio also.

Thus the situation seemed to be on all fours. Each side had an editor. Each side had an Ohio editor. This created an unusual status in national politics. It would have been unusual if one editor had been nominated, but it became unique when two were set forth. Moreover, when it was discovered that Cox not only is an editor but is a millionaire editor as well, the event was translated to the epochal. Once or twice in our history we have strayed into the journalistic field for presidential candidates, but was ever a millionaire nominated before for President?

All editors look alike to the people outside the business. Harding is an editor. Cox is an editor. There you are. At the risk of being technical I must explain that there are editors and editors—a great many sorts of editors, both professionally and personally. A book might be written on that subject, but what's the use? Some editor would edit it and it would fail of its purpose. No doubt the politicians thought they had nominated just plain editors, but they hadn't. They nominated one sort of an editor in Harding and another sort in Cox, and that explains a lot of things that have been going on in this campaign.

Harding is the sort of editor the public conceives all editors to be. He is an editor who writes editorials, who comments on the news. Cox is a news editor, an editor who gets and handles news. Harding writes thoughts. Cox writes headlines. Harding is an editor who has policies and elaborates them. Cox is an editor who has news and displays it. Harding's work is a sort of continuous performance. Cox puts on a new show every few days.

That is what began to happen in this campaign along about the first of September. Harding, the writing editor, was doing his calm and considered editorial work, writing and issuing measured pieces on the topics of the day and the issues of the campaign, when Cox, the news editor, broke in and began to put out a new story for each edition. The processes type the men. Harding's paper is a conservative middle-of-the-road sheet while Cox's papers have big headlines and snappy first pages. If Harding has a cause in mind he advocates it by a series of editorials, while Cox, with a similar cause, makes a news crusade of it.

Cox got his start in Dayton by making a newspaper fight on a manufacturer who wanted to run a railroad track down the middle of a main street, and by opposing an outsider who had a traction combination in mind for Dayton that Cox did not fancy. He got his start in this campaign by making a slush-fund campaign against the Republicans. His methods were his newspaper methods. He had certain information, or what was good enough to pass for that. He made his charges after sufficient publicity had been given by preliminary advertisement. He fired his big gun, but was too smart to use all of his ammunition in one charge. Any news editor who is at all fitted for his job knows that the second-day story is far more important than the first; that there must be support as well as reiteration. Cox put out his story and then went to it just as he went to the fight against the manufacturer and his railroad track.

An old newspaper trick, in a fight of this sort, is to intimate things that are in store in order to get the opposition to denying in advance, and, it may be, intimate things that are not in store for the same purpose. Often, the deniers will deny the wrong thing, or deny something that does not exist at all. A lot can be done with half facts by a skillful doer. And leads developed may go anywhere.

Cox reiterated, charged anew, rewrote, called names, demanded punishment and pulled all the usual newscrusade stunts. He denied any counter charges, claimed that his opponents were merely trying to alibi themselves, stuck to his main story and had something in his speeches about it every day, his speeches operating as his newspaper for the purpose. His comment was exclamatory and emphasized with capitals and italics. He made his stuff journalistic instead of oratorical. And, being a good news man, he varied it from day to day.

Meantime, Harding made his protests, his rejoinders and his discussions in his accustomed manner. He sat down and wrote out what he had to say, and it was long and serious and heavy with argument—inside stuff instead of first-page stuff, leaded brevier with a one-line caption instead of three-column measure on the first page with boxes, subheads, seven-column screamers and all this and that of newspapering.

It is not the matter that is interesting, or important, in this consideration of the two men, which is a true consideration. What is important is the method of them, for the two men are typed, explicitly, by this very circumstance. As a man is, so is his personal campaign. As Harding's campaign has been, so is Harding, and as Cox's campaign has been, so is Cox. They are both newspaper men. They cannot get away from that no matter where they stand. Harding, the senator and the presidential nominee, is, at base, Harding the editor of his sort; and Cox, the governor and presidential nominee, is, similarly, Cox the editor of his sort.

"I've got a story," said Cox, "and it shows up these Republicans in this and that and thus and so. I'll play it all over the first page, put a seven-column head on it, run pictures of the accused, have a cartoon, print the charges in black-faced type, use some red ink, spring it in the morning and keep it humping every day."

"My attention has been called," said Harding, "to a series of statements emanating from the opposition that impute unworthy motives and practices to the Republican Party; the party which saved the Union in the dark days from sixty-one to sixty-five; the party that built up this great nation by firm adherence to the beneficent protective tariff; the party that demanded and secured the single gold standard and thus prevented the debasement of our currency by the criminal operations of the mistaken policy of sixteen to one; the party that steadfastly has stood for the great principles of government as enunciated by the Fathers, immutably bulwarked by the Constitution, that immortal document that is the keystone, the arch and the foundation of our liberties"—and reached the matter of the moment about the middle of the second column.

That is one phase of what has been going on in this campaign. It is the way Cox changed the sedate chess game the Republicans were playing to the spectacular Black Annie. It was inevitable. Journalism isn't a calling, a profession or a trade with one who gets into it, really. It is a dominating quality. When the journalistic spirit seeps well into a person it stays with him forever, no matter how far from the practice of it his life may lead him, and it has its various traits. A news man is always a news man, intrinsically, and a comment man is always a comment man. Hence Cox. Hence Harding. This is the first time two editors ever ran for President in this country as the candidates of the two great parties, and this, also, explains many things.

Among others, it explains the subsidence of the cinch. Now there are various reasons for thinking that Harding will be elected, but ifs cling to the assertion now, and it is beset with buts and festooned with howevers. It was an eminent French savant, Prognos by name, who, after applying himself to the matter for a space of seven years, announced that he could put Paris in a bottle by virtue of an if. Naturally, a revolutionary statement of that sort, even when pronounced by a Prognos, gave rise to great discussion and dispute in scientific circles, but from the sensational moment of its enunciation until now there has never been a successful refutation.

The principle applies to the present political situation. Harding can be put into the White House if —— So can Cox if —— In this specific instance the people are the if, and to discover just how much of an if that popular if is it is necessary to trace various events back to their causes. If you trail any event to its lair you will find a cause. If the event is political you will find two causes—or six—or sixteen. These causes are the subsidiary ifs. Combined they are the essential, the popular if, and they may be listed as follows:

Harding will be elected:

If the stolid determination of the people to vote against Wilson and Wilsonism in all political phases, evidenced when the campaign began and long before that time, continues unshaken.

If he gets the entire male Republican vote of the country and the added women vote that normally should be Republican.

If the League of Nations continues as unimportant as it has been in the public mind.

If the industrial vote splits as usual for him.

(Continued on Page 90)

THE LOST TITIAN

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

CONKLING stopped at a break in the hedge and peered over the gate. It was a weather-bleached gate and it sagged on one hinge, but beyond it lay an arresting vista of checkered sunlight and cool green shadow centered in the warm red of a brick manor house. That glimpse of an unexpected old garden, cool and shadowy and secluded behind the sheltering cedars, held him so close that he overlooked the No Trespassing sign which semaphored so forbiddingly down at him from a half-dead silver birch. For here in the heart of a country which had impressed him as a land without a past he had stumbled across a homestead with the true patina of time upon it.

And here, he told himself, was surely a chance for some of that old walnut and mahogany for which, in the eyes of the native, he stood ready to pay romantic prices.

So closely did he inspect the red-brick manor house that it was several minutes before he became conscious of the girl standing within ten paces of him. She stood there in a birdlike attitude of arrested movement, with her body pressed in close to the hedge, as though timorously anxious to escape his eye. And he realized, as he stared at her, how some unconsidered protective coloration was causing her to merge into the brocaded background of that ruinous old garden. For she wore a lilac-colored sunbonnet and a frock of flowered organdie, and her hands were incased in a pair of russet gauntlets which had plainly known better days. Conkling could see that she had been engaged in clipping streamers of wild grape from the hedge which half screened her. She still held a pair of rusty-looking rose shears in her fingers.

He no longer studied the garden, with its sundial slightly awry and its unused fountain and its shadowed turf slope and ragged paths edged with perennials. It was the girl that held his attention, and oddly enough that first vague feeling of depression, a depression which seemed mysteriously involved with the opening lines of Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came, slipped away from him. For the girl's eyes were a cornflower blue, made deeper in color by the thickly planted black lashes. Her hair, which even the abundant hood of the sunbonnet could not altogether hide, was a burnished mahogany brown. Yet her face itself, which struck him as austere and a trifle pinched, held its undertones suggestive of still youthful vitalities, of unawakened ardencies. It was the lips, he decided, with the faintly rebellious lines about their warmth, which did the trick. But there was breeding in that face, and something even more than breeding; something which he could not quite decipher, but was content in the end to write down as intensity. This played the added trick of making her seem, to Conkling, like a child prematurely aged. Yet as his quick gaze rested on the gravely innocent eyes and the roselike cream and pink of the arm above the gauntlet top he was again perplexed by a persistent sense of girlishness.

Those gravely noncommittal eyes, however, were no longer even covertly observing him. The gloved hands were once more decorously busy among the grapevine tendrils. Conkling could see, by that austere preoccupation, that the grave-eyed young lady with the rose shears was respectably eliminating him from her universe. He felt his color deepen. Yet it was only by audacity, he knew, that he could win his point. And the vague but universal air of impoverishment which overhung the place breathed life into his newer boldness. He pushed open the gate and stepped through it.

"Could I sketch a corner of your garden?" he inquired with all the casualness at his command. The face under the sunbonnet turned slowly in his direction. But the eyes were still austerely noncommittal. "Sir?"

In that short monosyllable he noticed many things. He noticed a certain sharp fastidiousness of tone which spoke of caste. He caught from it a note of warning mixed with a cool and condescending forbearance. But in it, most of all, he found a beauty of timbre, a full-throated English resonance which he had not expected to stumble across in that higher-voiced Canadian countryside. This was no peasant type, and the crisp monosyllable was apparently intended to remind him of the fact.

"Would you mind if I tried a water color of one end of your garden?" Conkling repeated, parading the folded stool and easel and thumb box, which had obviously escaped her attention.

The rose shears went on with their clipping. She was weighing his request, and as she did so she reverted oddly back to the child type. He found it hard to think of her as a woman. She seemed disturbed by the matter-of-factness with which he had put a matter-of-fact question. But it was plain that he was an outlander, a stranger unversed in the traditions of those reticent byways.

"If you wish to," she finally said without stopping in her work. It struck Conkling as odd that her face should go pale over a decision so trivial. It struck him as equally odd, when he unfolded stool and easel in the shadow of the cedar hedge, that the thin face should just as suddenly flush again. For he had sagaciously made note of the direction in which the girl was working her way along this hedge, and he chose his position so that her activities, as time went on, would not take her farther away from him. Yet he opened up his thumb box and fell to work without

"Are You Sure? Are You Certain?" She Repeated With a Soft Desperation Which Left Her Adorable

further addressing her, only too conscious of the uninterrupted clicking of the shears behind him. If he sniffed an aroma of the idyllic in that situation he betrayed no signs of it. She had not, at any rate, taken to her heels; and he could afford to leave the outcome on the lap of time.

He turned, with a less impersonal eye, and studied the house. He was impressed by the pathos of its faded grandeur. It might at one time, built as it was in imitation of an English manor, have been a pretentious enough pile. But everything about it had long since fallen into decay. The neglected cornices drooped without paint. The mortar had fallen away from between the bricks. The dilapidated verandas, half covered with masses of Virginia creeper, showed a roof sadly broken and a railing much awry. Here and there, in the tall French windows, a pane of glass had been replaced by an unpainted board. A broken stretch of eave troughing hung from an upper façade like an unkempt tress from a faded brow. On the parched slope to the right of its main entrance wandered a flock of hungry ducks, and under the maples, beyond the ducks, hobbled a solitary and disheveled peacock, which screamed from time to time at the advent of a stranger within its domains. On the nearer side of the house, beyond parterres of weeds and brambles which might once have been a rose garden, stood a tilted chicken brooder which had once been painted red, and the ruins of a cider press, with a row of overturned beehives in the background.

To the south, where the lawn sloped down to the empty fountain basin and was bisected by a narrow walk along which still flamed the valiant and invincible perennials, the aspect was less ruinous. Conkling could make out iris and phlox and ragged sailor and golden glow and tiger lilies in a glorious tangle and riot of color. Beyond the sundial he could discern an arbor with broken seats, and beyond that again the heavy and huddled foliage which on all sides screened in from the outside world that little area of color and quietness. But what suddenly arrested his attention was the discovery of an overturned marble sarcophagus, on which three tin milk pans had been placed to sun. He squinted at this with the startled eyes of the antiquarian that he was. Then he turned to speak to the girl in the lilac sunbonnet.

But he did not speak. For from the direction of the house came the sound of a new and quite unexpected voice. It was a thin and acrid voice, obviously barbed with indignation.

"Julia!" was the repeated and reproving cry which echoed through the quietness.

The girl with the rose shears, more childlike than ever, turned a frightened face toward the house. But she did not answer.

"Is that a man in the grounds?" demanded the distant monitorial voice. And Conkling, for the first time, was no longer at his ease.

"Y-yes," the girl called hesitatingly back.

Her face was quite pale, and the meekness in her voice rather disturbed the man at the easel. He peered about for the author of that over-disturbing challenge, but he could see nothing.

"Lavinia," commanded the shrill and mysteriously distant voice—and Conkling for a moment wondered why that name should fret his memory with an uncaptured association—"Lavinia, unchain Nero at once!"

Conkling caught a sound like a gasp from the girl with the shears. "Please don't mind," she said without turning her head. "He's so old!"

"Who's so old?" asked Conkling. He had begun to repack his thumb box.

"Nero. I have to soak his bread crusts for him. He has no teeth left. But I really think you ought to go!"

There was no misjudging her distress. It amounted almost to terror, and the mystery of it was sufficient to revive his audacity.

"May I come back?" he asked, tingling a trifle before the amazed innocence of her eyes.

"What good could it do?" she found the courage to inquire.

"That's what I intended to find out," he told her. He said it more determinedly than he had intended.

"I don't think you understand," she said with her austere and troubled eyes on his face.

"Understand what?" he demanded.

"Us!" was all she said.

And it was all she had a chance to say, for the next moment the distant and indignant voice was commanding her to come to the house, and to come at once. She went without

Here, in the Obscure Corner of a Canadian Colony, He Was Threatened With Stumbling Across a Collection That Might be the Envy of a National Gallery

hesitation, like a bidden child. Conkling saw the deep gloom of one of the French windows swallow up the lilac sunbonnet and the organdie gown. Then he folded his easel and his camp stool, stared for a minute or two at the decrepit peacock and the overturned sarcophagus, and told himself that without a shadow of doubt he would come back.

II

CONKLING went back, but before doing so he discreetly accumulated all he could concerning the occupants of the old manor house on the Lake Road. He did not discover a great deal, and much of this, in the end, proved contradictory. But once he had tapped the rock of rural reticence he found a copious enough flow of the waters of hostility. The countryside apparently had very little that was good to say of the Keswicks. They were queer and felt themselves above their neighbors. They had even shot off an old blunderbuss at certain youths of Weston who had raided the row of oxheart cherries in their orchard, and had allowed a horse to die of distemper without calling in a veterinary surgeon. As for the girl, Julia Keswick, she wasn't so bad as the two old she-dragons, but she was reputed to be a spitfire and hard to hold down. This, however, Conkling found neutralized by later information to the effect that the girl was as shy as a rabbit, and no one ever knew what she was up to. But she gave herself airs, chiefly, apparently, because she had been at a convent school in Quebec.

"And there was them as called her a beauty, and them as preferred a woman with more meat'n a sparrow on her bones!"

Yet the data concerning her two aunts, Georgina and Lavinia Keswick, was less ambiguous in coloring. These two antique maiden ladies were variously described as "a couple of old crows," "a pair 'o bloodless old hardheads," and "a team o' skinflints who put pennies in the collection plate of a Sunday." There had been a brother once, a Kendal Keswick, the father of Julia, but he had been a rolling stone who wasted the family substance and went off to Europe once a year to buy marble lions and tombstones and paint little pictures on pieces of canvas. He had been a poor sort, this brother, and it couldn't have been much loss when he died of Roman fever somewhere in Italy, for he had always preferred daubing a picture of a field to driving a plow up and down its landslides. And you can't farm in a country like Canada with a camel's-hair brush! Not by a long shot! The two old crows still tried to run that farm, for they would endure no man about the place, but they couldn't even pay the interest on the mortgage, and year by year things were only getting worse. They'd be foreclosing on 'em any time now.

It would make great tobacco land, the upper half of the farm, once it was worked right. They could get five or six hundred a year out of it, easy, growing Burley on shares, but the two elderly Keswick women had religious scruples about surrendering land for the cultivation of the filthy weed.

Yet Belinda Brittner, who had been in service with them in the old days, claimed their religion to be a pretense and a mockery, remembering as she did how Miss Lavinia had turned the clock back on Saturday night so as to finish her strawberry jam without breaking the Sabbath, as she put it. And when the Annie Huff missed the harbor mouth at Rondeau and pounded to pieces in a southeaster on the beach just below the Keswick farm the two old vultures were seen frugally salvaging everything washed up from the wreck.

Just why this was held against them Conkling could not quite define, just as he could not actively share in the rural indignation against Kendal Keswick's fifteen-year-old crime of importing a figure model from New York. A justice of the peace had taken a hand in that affair and there had been high words in the attic studio of the old manor house, where the model had been ordered in the name of the law to put on her clothes and take her departure by the first train to the States. And Kendal Keswick, after roundly cursing the country, had also taken his departure. That eccentric dilettante went morosely off to Italy for a chance, as he put it, to breathe again. But there, ironically enough, he breathed his last before the end of the year.

All this, piled up before Conkling in a garrulous campaign of discouragement, only added a razor edge to that cool-eyed connoisseur's determination to revisit the Keswick manor house. There was, he kept reminding himself, every reason to assume that this old house might be rich in the things he was most eager to obtain. But that purely antiquarian curiosity became perplexingly involved with the memory of an intense-eyed girl with mahogany-tinted hair. So two days later, when he parked his car in the deep shadow of a horse-chestnut beside the Lake Road, he felt that luck was with him when he caught sight of a lilac sunbonnet on the far side of the half-strangled cedar hedge. Yet his heart skipped a beat as he pushed open the broken gate, and in stepping through it seemed to step back a century in time.

The girl, who had a garden rake in her hand, paled a little as she caught sight of him.

"It was good of you to come back," she said quite simply. But that acknowledgment seemed enriched by the look of intensity on her face. It was a look, he was beginning to see, which was habitual with her, and had much to do with her impression of childishness.

"I call it good of you to let me," he protested. Yet his eyes, as he spoke, were on the faded front of the old manor house.

"They didn't understand," she said with her childlike immediacy.

"Understand what?" he asked.

"That you were an artist," she explained.

"But I'm not. I'm only a curio hound for a kindly old gentleman named Banning, who gives me a car and pays me money for wandering about and enjoying life. I thought I could paint once, but two years in Paris showed me I was barking up the wrong tree. About all I'm good for now is to size up other people's painting."

The girl's gaze became impersonal.

"They found that out," she admitted.

"Who did?"

"My aunts; and they're rather sorry now about Nero."

"Why?" he asked, with his eyes on her rapt young face. She was, after all, more of a child than he had imagined.

"Because my Aunt Georgina is rather anxious to see you."

"About what?"

"About the things you're interested in."

"But how does she know what I'm interested in?" he demanded, pondering the fact that the enemy had also been active in the fields of reconnaissance.

The faded lilac sunbonnet slowly turned until it faced the house front.

"I don't think I can talk to you any longer," said the girl, with her noncommittal eyes once more on his. "But she'll probably come out when she sees you here."

"But it's you that I'm interested in," he protested, impressed by the latent tragedy in the face which a lilac sunbonnet tended to turn into a mockery. It made him think of columbines in a churchyard.

Her color deepened painfully, but she did not speak again. She left him there and crossed the sloping, parched lawn and entered the house.

Conkling, as he unfolded his camp stool and set up his easel, resented the passing of that slender and lightly swaying figure. The riot of color along the tangled garden paths seemed without meaning. The tones that had first caught his eyes became crude and uncoördinated under a hot afternoon sun. But he remembered what she had said, and he sat there, washing absurd colors together and wondering if she would come back. Then, as the shadows lengthened and time dragged on, he wondered if he was to be ignored by even the monitorial old aunts. But he daubed stubbornly on, and when his patience was all but exhausted he was rewarded by seeing a figure emerge from the house.

It was a remarkable figure, and as it bore down on him in silence he studied it with oblique intentness. For it was that of an extremely tall and an extremely angular woman, well past middle life, clad in rusty black silk. On the iron-gray hair, parted and drawn severely down across the pale and narrow forehead, reposed a small black satin cap edged with coffee-colored lace. Half mittens of knitted linen were on the lank hands clasped so fastidiously in front of a narrow waist elongated by its ruchings of rusty silk. On the scrawny throat hung a cameo brooch, oddly repeating the line of the pendulous dewlap under the yellow chin, where the neck, as long and lean as a turkey's, suggested a poised and persistent wariness. But once this was passed over, there was a general air of limpness, of deadness, about every line of the long body. It was something suggestive of starvation, of starved lives and starved souls, of empty years eked out in empty ways.

It was, Conkling had to admit, a striking enough face, with its long and narrow boniness and its high-bridged nose. But there was a promise of cruelty in the small mouth with its down-drawn corners, where the earlier lines of haughtiness had merged into a pursed-up network of little wrinkles. The eyes were deep set and cold, of faded blue, with a touch of tragedy in the looseness of the skin fold under the thin and high circling brows.

It was not the sort of face to make Conkling feel altogether at ease. Yet it held him spellbound. It seemed to step from another century. He sat behind the fragile shelter of his easel, studying that face as it came to a stop before him, as it towered above him with a frown of interrogation on its flinty brows.

"Might I make so bold as to inquire the nature of your visit here?" the woman demanded in a voice as austere and unconceding as her face.

"The young lady said I might make a sketch of the garden," he explained, exasperated by the meekness which had crept into his own voice.

The scorn on the lean old face confronting him did not add to Conkling's happiness.

"Gentlemen were once in the habit of rising, as I remember it, when accosted by a lady."

"I'm sorry," cried Conkling, nettling brick red as he rose to his feet with his hat in his hand. "I beg your pardon," he murmured again as he essayed a jackknife bow in which deference was not visibly shot through with mockery.

"I presume you are a stranger in this neighborhood," she said in an acridly condoning tone of voice.

"You are quite correct in that presumption," retorted Conkling, a little tired of being treated like an urchin caught in a cherry tree.

"Otherwise you would have respected the long-established wishes of the owner of this garden," concluded his enemy with a glance at the No Trespassing sign.

"Undoubtedly, if I'd known in time," admitted the intruder.

The woman in the half mittens shifted her position a little.

"Since you paint, I suppose you are interested in paintings," she suggested.

Along that glacial frontier Conkling thought he detected certain surface meltings, certain vague trickles of surrendering austerities.

"That is my business," he admitted.

"What is?" she demanded, not unaware of the impatience in his tone.

"Paintings and old furniture and *objets d'art* in general," he told her. "That's what I go about appraising and buying up for the New York expert who is foolish enough to trust such matters to my judgment."

She was plainly puzzled by his ironic note of levity.

"Am I to accept this as an acknowledgment that you do not understand your own business?" she asked in her pointed, monitorial severity of tone.

"To err is human," he said as he folded up his camp stool. "And several times I've paid good money for mahogany that turned out to be dyed boxwood."

Her solemnity, however, was unshakable.

"But in the matter of paintings," she persisted. "You've had experience with them?"

"Some very disagreeable experiences," he evaded, consoled by the consciousness that his enemy was in some mysterious way on the defensive.

"But if it's your business," she went on, with the austere old eyes fixed on his face, "you must understand about their value; you must have a reasonable idea of what they are worth."

"Madam, nobody understands that nowadays."

"Apparently not," she admitted. "But it's at least possible to estimate the market value of such things, is it not? The value which the dealers in a big city such as yours would set on a collection of canvases?"

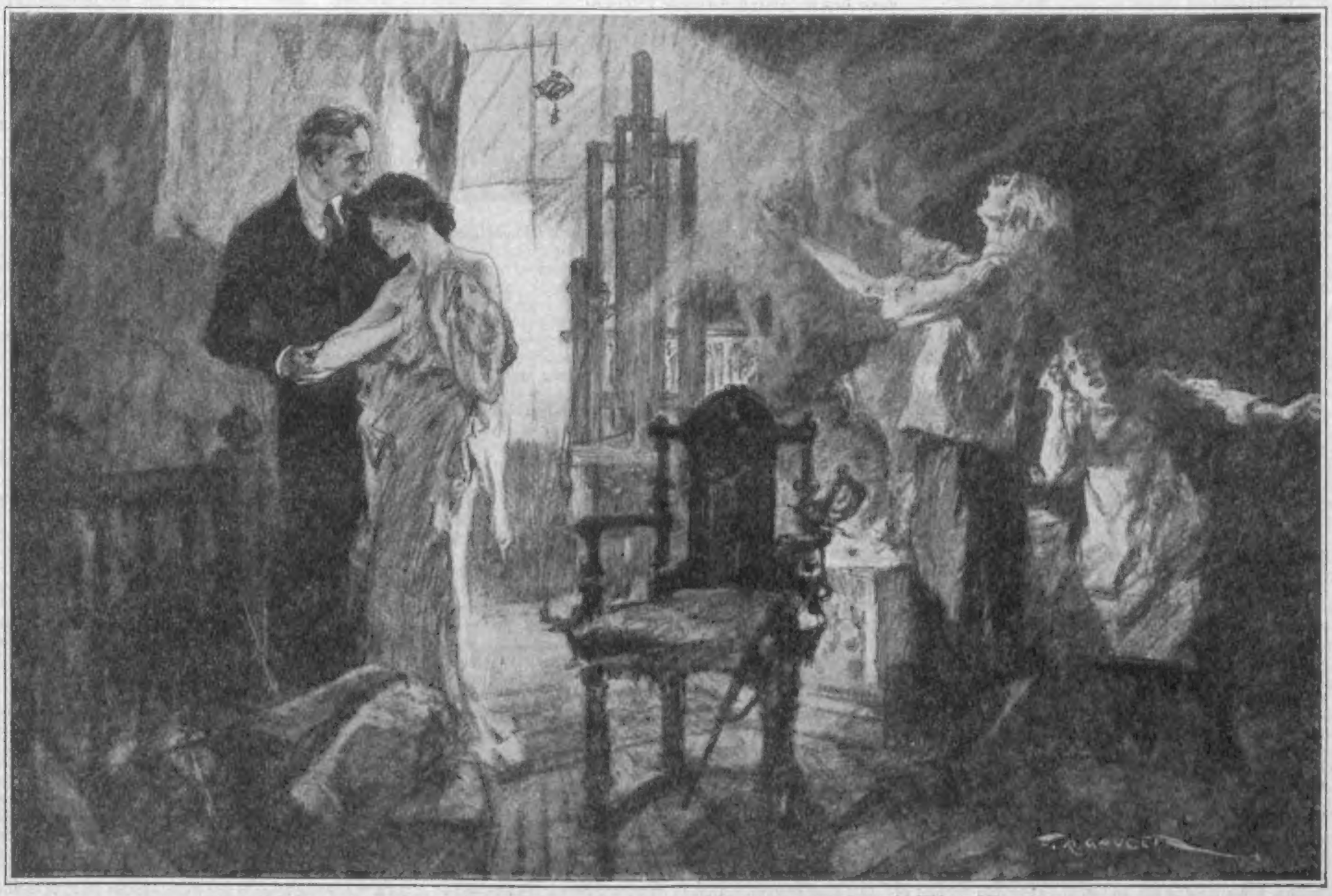
There was a note of concession, of unlooked-for hesitation in her voice as she spoke. It caused Conkling to become serious again.

"It's possible in a way," he explained to her. "But there are cases, of course, where even experts differ."

"But when it's a matter of old masters?" she pursued, with her pale eyes fixed on his face.

"Oh, they're all pretty much evaluated," he told her, "provided they are old masters."

(Continued on Page 53)



Conkling Felt a Blind Wave of Hate Welt Through His Body. "You Fools!" He Gasped. "You Hopeless Fools!"

THAT DEFLATED FEELING

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY RAY ROHN

UNLESS reasonable indications be at fault and the judgments of those best fitted to judge prove vain, we have just entered upon that greatest perhaps of all experiences and adventures, a major change in prices. Inflation, it appears, has come to an end and deflation has begun. We have stopped ascending the spiral staircase and have begun the long, tedious and perhaps troublesome descent. The vicious circle, it seems, is in a fair way of being broken at last.

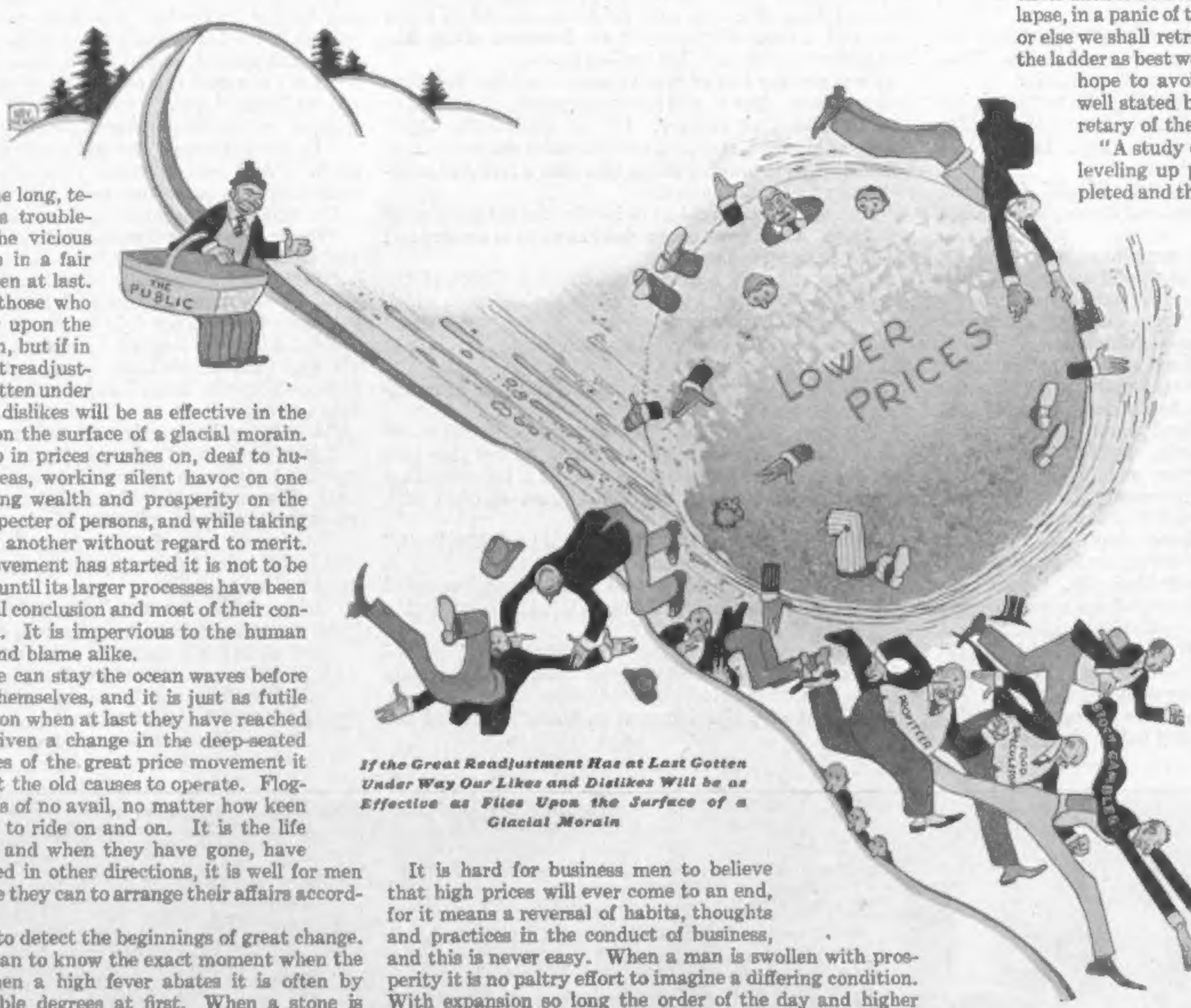
There may be those who look with disfavor upon the process of deflation, but if in very truth the great readjustment has at last gotten under way our likes and dislikes will be as effective in the matter as flies upon the surface of a glacial morain. For a major sweep in prices crushes on, deaf to human plans and pleas, working silent havoc on one hand and showering wealth and prosperity on the other. It is no respecter of persons, and while taking from one gives to another without regard to merit.

Once such a movement has started it is not to be stopped or stayed until its larger processes have been brought to a logical conclusion and most of their consequences realized. It is impervious to the human tumult of praise and blame alike.

No King Canute can stay the ocean waves before they have spent themselves, and it is just as futile to bid them come on when at last they have reached the flood. Once given a change in the deep-seated fundamental causes of the great price movement it is useless to expect the old causes to operate. Flogging a dead horse is of no avail, no matter how keen the selfish interest to ride on and on. It is the life forces that count, and when they have gone, have shifted, have flowed in other directions, it is well for men to make what haste they can to arrange their affairs accordingly.

It is never easy to detect the beginnings of great change. How is the physician to know the exact moment when the crisis comes? When a high fever abates it is often by almost imperceptible degrees at first. When a stone is thrown into the air it seems to hover a moment before the inevitable descent. He is a shrewd seaman who can tell the exact moment when the tide has turned. Intermediate steps are the hardest to detect.

When the tiptop of a stock-market boom has been reached the overwhelming majority of participants and observers alike can see nothing in the future but a continued dizzy ascent. A thousand apparently valid reasons spring into being to explain the heights already achieved and assure a further advance. Everything is rosy, like a soap bubble full of sunshine. Only the favorable, optimistic and bullish aspects show themselves. The market always looks strongest and most permanent at its top. Men are carried away by their own eloquence—until the bubble is pricked.



If the Great Readjustment Has at Last Gotten Under Way Our Likes and Dislikes Will be as Effective as Flies Upon the Surface of a Glacial Morain

Falling Prices and Smaller Incomes

THEN the whole popular psychology seems somehow to undergo a marvelous transformation. Though stocks may be backed by ample earning power and sell at ridiculously low prices as compared with their demonstrated earnings, they find no friends. Everyone is afraid to buy. The atmosphere is indigo, and the future holds nothing but storms. Meanwhile the bottom is being scraped.

These are familiar phenomena, repeated time and again within everyone's memory. Men seem unable to see beyond the moment. They are chained by habit and circumstance to recent experience; to cast this aside and see and act by the light of coming events is more than can be expected from frail humanity. Impending events, it is true, cast their shadows before, but shadows are slight in their hold compared with habits and the familiarity of recent usage.

If this inability to project oneself but even a little way into the future be true of the stock market, which is only one small part of industrial and commercial process, how much greater the impediment becomes when we have to deal with prices in general, with the cost of living, with inflation, which means the whole, the complete process of production, distribution and consumption.

It is hard for business men to believe that high prices will ever come to an end, for it means a reversal of habits, thoughts and practices in the conduct of business, and this is never easy. When a man is swollen with prosperity it is no paltry effort to imagine a differing condition. With expansion so long the order of the day and higher prices so easily obtained, it is difficult to change the attitude of mind.

Wise men complain that such words as inflation and deflation are too elastic, comprehensive and ambiguous. Each one insists on defining the terms before he proceeds to discuss them. But I do not think the world in general is at any loss to understand the essential meanings and far-reaching but exceedingly concrete and practical implications of these terms. Scientists may debate the exact nature of health and disease, but those who enjoy or suffer from these respective states of being have a pretty good idea of what they are.

The owner of a tiny machine shop which has blossomed into a great industrial plant, the laboring man whose wages have soared, the postal employee or teacher whose salary has remained fixed, the head of a large family which must be fed and clothed on an unchanged income, the speculator in commodities, the profiteer—all such, I imagine, have a pretty clear idea of what inflation means. The term may be vague, but there is precious little dispute on the score of what the thing itself has accomplished.

Deflation's portrait is yet to be filled out. If declining prices lie ahead of us no one pretends of course to predict their exact or complete effect. But those who have suffered or profited from inflation have some idea, you may be sure, of what deflation will do to them.

It has taken a great world war with its scarcity, shortages and consequent high cost of living to implant thoroughly the idea that major price changes work no end of injustice and hardship. Many gain, it is true, but the net result seems to be unsettlement and unrest. The long decline in the seventies, eighties and early nineties in this country embittered the whole western farming community and brought on one of the most unfortunate of our political contests. Always there is some large group that feels the undeserved pinch of a prolonged rise or fall.

Indeed, there are serious proposals, brought forth with ever-increasing insistence, to stabilize prices at the present level by altering the contents or character of the dollar. But such proposals, though appealing enough in theory to many students, are not at all likely to be tried out in the immediate future. But if there is one thing of which we can be certain it is that prices will not be stabilized at their present level. We shall either go ahead shoving up prices and wages in a vicious circle until the whole bubble bursts in a mighty collapse, in a panic of the most terrifying description; or else we shall retrace our steps and get down off the ladder as best we can, by which retreat we may hope to avoid a rout. This fact has been well stated by H. Parker Willis, former secretary of the Federal Reserve Board:

"A study of the situation shows that this leveling up process is far from being completed and that those who advocate inflation fail to recognize that inflation, instead of having already borne its perfect fruit, has only made a comparatively small start in changing the old order which in the world of fact as well as poetry, only slowly changeth, giving place to new.

"We are, in short, not at a completed stage of our journey toward higher prices and the readjustment of shares in the distribution of wealth, but only at a halfway house from which we may go forward or backward, and in either case must incur much suffering, the one thing certain being that we cannot stand still."

Public opinion in the main favors a fall in prices. Most of us have paid dear for what we have purchased in the last few years, and most of us think that our incomes have not gone up so much as prices. Even if our incomes have risen we like to delude ourselves into feeling that it was due to our great individual merits and deserts rather than to a world-wide inflationary process over which we have as much influence as over the stars in their courses. The profiteer may know in his heart that his gains have been due to almost cosmic forces rather than to his business acumen, but he hates to admit it openly.

We all hug the idea that if prices do decline our incomes will remain stationary. Thus theoretically, in the abstract, in prospect, deflation is going to be very popular. But it will not be so popular in the reality and the concrete—that is, people will be willing to have prices go down except in what they themselves have to sell. In other words, there is no advantage in being able to buy twice as much for a dollar if one does not have the dollar. That is why we are told so often that deflation is going to be painful, much more so than inflation was.

Mr. Mitchell's Shrewd Analysis

RISING prices hurt people only as consumers; falling prices hurt them as business men, as producers, as workers. And while in reality what we pay out is almost as important as what we take in, our pride and vanity are injured much less by paying much than by receiving little.

It is certain that no class or group will want to take its share of the pain and loss that deflation makes inevitable. Already there is a widespread attempt to pass the buck, to shift the burden, evidences in what the commercial world knows as cancellations. As Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Company, of New York, has expressed it:

"It is, after all, merely a question as to whether or not all classes of American commerce are willing to coöperate to bring about sane, slow but steady deflation or whether resentment against the inevitable, accompanied by bitter attempts of one class or another to avoid for itself the burdens and sorrows of deflation by shifting processes, which must ultimately be futile in effect, will force the old economic law to take us all by the nape of the neck and shake us through panic to a proper recognition of and submission to her inexorable requirements."

As a high-level price fabric disintegrates there is bound to be loss, often immediate and extensive, because of the

shrinkage in the value of goods in stock, whether finished or in raw-material form. Nor is all this loss confined to profiteers, though they fortunately suffer much of it. Naturally the chap who has borrowed a million dollars on raw silk and has his loan called or replaced with one for eight hundred thousand dollars screams bloody murder. For probably he has already spent some of the profits he anticipated when his silk was priced at a million dollars and when he and almost everyone else expected it soon to be selling for more.

No man likes to see the ground sink under his feet or hold sugar at twenty-five cents when it is selling in the market at seventeen. But that is perhaps not quite the worst of it. Shrinkage in value is only one part of the sorrow that a business man must face in a falling market. He opposes a decline in many cases, I am inclined to think, even more because it is harder work to make a living, to make a profit on the decline than on the advance.

This is entirely irrespective of the immediate question of shrinking inventories. Almost any boob can make money when prices are soaring provided only he happens to have his shelves stocked up. They may have been stocked because of foresight, or merely because of accident and blind luck. Any man who happens to have large stocks on hand in a rising market makes money no matter how poor a business man he is. He may be poor at buying, at selling, at manufacturing and at finance, but he becomes rich provided only he is loaded up when the lightning strikes.

The chief reason for the small number of business failures in the last few years has been the continual rise in prices. Merchandise on hand has appreciated in value constantly. This has enabled many a manufacturer and merchant to show a profit, or at worst only a small loss, when, under ordinary conditions, the force of competition or poor business methods would have made it necessary for him to suspend operations.

Deflation on the other hand means hard work. The business man must turn his attention to the technical aspects of his field, to its little economies and the best methods of management. He ceases to be a mere speculator or a profiteer, and has to be a highly trained expert manufacturer, distributor or whatever his line, to remain in the game at all. All the pikers drop out, and the field is left to the experienced, resourceful dealers, but even they must work harder than when the boom was on.

Is it any wonder, then, that many business men fight the current and refuse to admit that it has changed? Who does not like easy money, whether it comes from speculating in sugar and silk or from laying bricks? Each group, each class, each trade and industry tries to find special reasons why its particular product will not and cannot come down. Too often the excuse is merely a case of the wish being father to the thought.

But whether we like it or not, indications continue to multiply of a considerable but for the most part orderly decline in the price level, chiefly without serious disruption or unemployment. Business may be less active in summer and more active in fall; it may be up here and down there. The ogre of high prices may die a very lingering death; indeed he may not die at all, but it is a bold person who will deny at this writing that the powers of this ogre—or benefactor, according to the point of view—have been and are being sharply curtailed.

Speaking on April thirtieth last, Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, whose repute as a statistician is perhaps unexcelled in this or any other country, said that we are prone to overlook, at least to understress, the international factors in our economic life.

Mr. Warburg's Witty Analysis

"WE ARE now blaming ourselves," went on Doctor Mitchell, "for our absurd performances in 1919. They were absurd; but what we did in that year of madness the whole world was doing—several of the nations on a more extravagant scale than ours. The recovery from this fit will also be an international spectacle and its consequences of price reductions, liquidations, bankruptcies and—let us hope—eventual resumption of hard work at making useful goods will run their course over all the continents. We have not been the leaders of the worldwide fluctuations since 1914. By watching those who have been the leaders we may tell what soon will happen to us."

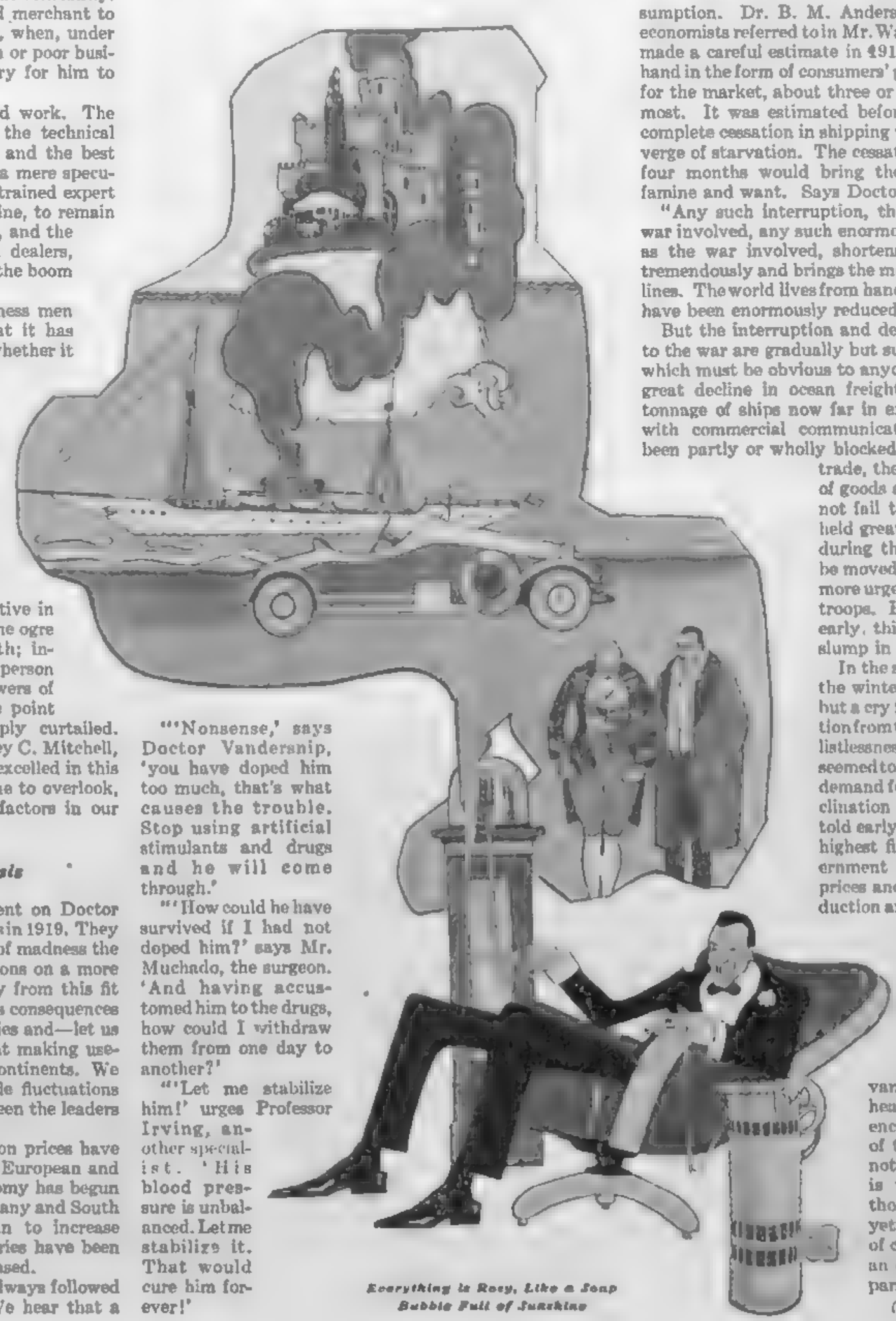
Since Doctor Mitchell made his prediction prices have not only declined in America as well as in European and Asiatic countries but a great wave of economy has begun to sweep over England, France, Italy, Germany and South Africa. Foreign governments have begun to increase taxes and pay off debts. Imports of luxuries have been curtailed and exports to this country increased.

The fact is that the inflation which has always followed great wars has never been maintained. We hear that a world-wide shortage of goods is sure to keep prices up in this country, and it may for a while. In the same way the opening of the Far West and the transcontinental railways maintained a period of inflation after the Civil War for a number of years, only to be followed by a long decline. As A. Barton Hepburn, one of the most experienced of American bankers and a man whose knowledge of money and banking has been described as encyclopedic, has said: "They thought the price level would be maintained" [after the Civil War]. "They lived in a fool's paradise until 1872.

"Economic laws may be trifled with and defeated for the time being, but readjustment is inevitable. The wind doesn't always set in one quarter, the pendulum doesn't always swing in the same direction."

Paul M. Warburg, a banker of international repute and connections and a former member of the Federal Reserve Board, has thrown an amusing but penetrating light upon the whole question. At a recent meeting of the Academy of Political Science in New York City he pictured Mister World as prostrate and gravely ill, with the doctors at his bedside putting their heads together in anxious consultation:

"A Princeton specialist" [Prof. E. W. Kemmerer, who lays the chief emphasis on strictly banking and monetary inflation] "diagnoses the case as one of acute inflation. If he could only arrest it he believes he could save the poor man. It is this terrible inflation, he contends, that causes Mister World's high index temperature and disturbed circulation, and that makes him consume so much and produce so little of essential substances.



Everything is Rosy, Like a Soap Bubble Full of Sunshine

"'Nonsense,' says Doctor Vandersnip, 'you have doped him too much, that's what causes the trouble. Stop using artificial stimulants and drugs and he will come through.'

"'How could he have survived if I had not doped him?' says Mr. Muchado, the surgeon. 'And having accustomed him to the drugs, how could I withdraw them from one day to another?'

"'Let me stabilize him!' urges Professor Irving, another specialist. 'His blood pressure is unbalanced. Let me stabilize it. That would cure him forever!'

"Poor Mister World looks at his doctors and feels very low; he does not believe they quite understand his case.

"What is the matter with Mister World?

"The truth is he has just passed through a very severe attack of his old trouble—war. He has never been quite free from it. Every now and then he has had a more or less acute spell. But whenever it was over he soon forgot all about it and, instead of trying to mend his ways and find a permanent cure, he went back to his old bad habits. This last attack, however, was so grave that Mister World has made up his mind to sign a pledge that he will thoroughly reform his mode of living—if only he could survive. Will he make good when he gets well, or will he forget again? Who knows? But in any event the doctors must get him back on his feet again and give him another chance. How can they do it?

"Let me discuss the case not from the point of view of the learned specialists, but from that of the plain country practitioner."

Mr. Warburg then goes on to say that Mister World is like a patient suffering from a broken leg, an ulcerated tooth and pneumonia. The three combine to make him miserable, but each must have its separate cure. The governments of the world must spend less, the people must consume less and produce more, and banking and credit inflation must be checked.

The Turning of the Tide

WELL, I think it fair to say that all three remedies are being applied with increasing firmness and determination. Take the matter of underproduction and overconsumption. Dr. B. M. Anderson, Jr., the second of the economists referred to in Mr. Warburg's bedside conference, made a careful estimate in 1912 that this country had on hand in the form of consumers' goods, ready or nearly ready for the market, about three or four months' supply at the most. It was estimated before the war that six weeks' complete cessation in shipping would bring England to the verge of starvation. The cessation of industry for three or four months would bring the United States to direct famine and want. Says Doctor Anderson:

"Any such interruption, therefore, of industry as the war involved, any such enormous increase of consumption as the war involved, shortens existing stocks of goods tremendously and brings the most acute shortages in many lines. The world lives from hand to mouth and the surpluses have been enormously reduced."

But the interruption and derangement of industry due to the war are gradually but surely being remedied, a fact which must be obvious to anyone. Take for one thing the great decline in ocean freight rates. With the world's tonnage of ships now far in excess of prewar totals, and with commercial communications which had for years been partly or wholly blocked reopened to international trade, the influence both on supplies of goods and on cost of delivery cannot fail to be enormous. Australia held great stocks of wheat and wool during the war, but they could not be moved at that time because of the more urgent necessity of transporting troops. But they did begin to move early this spring, and behold the slump in wheat and wool!

In the summer and fall of 1919 and the winter of 1920 we heard nothing but a cry for more production. Reaction from the strain of war had brought listlessness and laziness. Everyone seemed to have developed an increased demand for things and a decreased inclination to produce them. We were told early in the spring by one of the highest financial officers of the Government that continued advance in prices and wages, curtailment of production and expansion of credit would surely bring on a panic; a quite obvious conclusion.

But fortunately these tendencies have either been checked and reversed or at least stayed, with the exception no doubt of advances in wages. We no longer hear so many stories of indifference and inefficiency on the part of those who work. Naturally not, for the after-war reaction is wearing off. Moreover, though there are no doubt even yet world shortages in a number of commodities, there has been an enormous extension and expansion of productive facilities

(Continued on Page 153)

ROPED

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

Then We Flags Minnie as He Went Past New York on His Third Gallop Round the World

GOOD-BY, Bull Head. You got a clouded past, but it's white as anow 'longside of your future. Ride 'em cowboy! Git notorious if you crave to! Go to it! Git famous—but excuse me! I was born tame, an' went wild once when these here rodeos an' exhibition gatherin's of the cow-punchin' clans wasn't no four-flushin' false alarms like they is to-day. Wrastle the outlaws and bring home the medals, boy, but don't make no move at lurin' me into no public exhibition fracas. Ardmore done it once, an' one mix-up with this here society circus ridin' is two times a-plenty. I mingled one deal at Belmont Park, far, far away in New York City, and spoiled myself for life.

Two summers an' two winters I rides for Old Man Thomas on the Bar None. Then the old man sets me convoyin' a trainload of beef cattle to Chicago. We laid in the yards three days, chaperonin' them steers. Then we gits 'em in the pens, weighed up an' receipted, an' I starts to lead me a touch of the wild free life as led among the perils of a hostile tribe.

I seen the lake. I seen the river. I et a lot of smoke. I bought me a pair of pantsfrom a Jew on the Halstead trail an' started in to exterminate the insomnia from my system. I argued with a little runt about how high is the Masons' Temple. He didn't care how high it was, but he rustles my watch whilst my head was up in the air.

I taken four drinks of liquor, small drinks of corn whisky, as cautioned by Old Man Thomas, an' then got rode round the Loop six times afore I could git transferred to a hack.

I wound up in the stockyards round sunup without no more sense of direction than a pretzel. At eight I waastillshudderin' an' tryin' tosteady my laigsan'a-wonderin' where I could git me some canned tomatoes for breakfast when along comes this Ardmore bird. He weighed about six feet an' stood two hunderd dressed. He made talk an' gestures with his eyes. He was a ringer for one of them slick con men what I'd been warned away from by the old man.

"Are you a rider?" he asks.

I discounts the insult an' charges it to the four drinks of corn whisky I'd took.

"The remains of one," I tells him. "I aims to stick close enough to my string to feed 'em once a week by hand."

"Would you consider an engagement to do some rough exhibition riding in New York at a society circus?" He emanates this language with a smile like a greaser borrowin' money.

"Pardner," I says, "what is this here rough society business what is clutterin' up your talk? Tell me in short words an' I'll try for to stay in hearin' distance."

He imparts his layout, which is a scheme to educate any part of New York that'd pay a dollar into some of the perils of the West. The main draw was a rodeo where some of us heroes would tame a outlaw or two in front of five million people with the rake-off donated to the Red Cross.

"My life is sacred to Old Man Thomas, what pays me forty a month rent for it," I tells him. "Your oration has fell on barren ground."

"Would a hundred a day an' five thousand prize money for the winners unconserrate you any from your duty?"

"The altitude is high on the home ranch," says I, "an' I breathes hard at lake level. Do you mean cash?"

"Cash," says he.

I thinks of all the nights I'd spent tryin' to snare a two-dollar pot out from under the gun with a pair of fours. I remembers passin' national banks what has five hunderd dollars in 'em at one time. I recollects the days when I rode for thirty a month an' ammunition.

"I have been hired for ten seconds," says I. "Which is your orders?"

He smiled a little, an' I should have took warnin', but the hunderd a day was danglin' in my optic nerve an' chokin' my common sense to death.

"The orders are for you to collect three more riders at fifty a day, full chances for the prize money, and to obtain a dozen of the wild horses that were rejected as outlaws by the army purchasing agents, and to take these men and horses to New York."

He hands me a wad of bills big enough to interest a faro dealer. He tells me his name an' makes a meetin' date for New York an' drifts along. I come to about a hour later, after settin' on the fence eight or ten cigarettes. I looks at the money an' decides it ain't a dream. Then I rounds up Bex an' Lafe an' Dave an' we starts out cinchin' a string of outlaws accordin' to orders. Next night we had a genuine bunch of four-legged grief accumulated an' in the cars, an' away we went for New York. I set up all night ridin' herd on the remains of the roll, afeard some shack would tilt me for it. The responsibility was awful.

About four in the mornin' I begins to figger, "Where does we git ours if this guy is tryin' to run a whizzer?"

"What for a whizzer?" says Dave, who was settin' up with me.

"What for a whizzer!" I states. "Well, suppose this slicker gits this string at forty a head, account of them bein' outlaws, an' suppose he gits us suckers to fan 'em into real plugs so that he sells 'em at a hunderd a head. Ain't he got a couple o' thousand edge right there, not countin' what he gits outen the big hero bazaar?"

After we'd put it all together we was full of mistrust an' pizen. We communicates our medicine to Lafe an' Bex.

"How much of the stake he give you has you got in yore pants pocket?" says Lafe.

I counts her again.

"Three hunderd-odd, an' six dollars in silver."

"Is it Mex, or are you loco?" asks Lafe.

I seen the point. That there cash was as good as a guaranty. My suspicious an' unkind nature shrugs her shoulders an' retires into my system. She keeps a-whisperin' fer me not to lay no top-heavy bets on this

Purty Soon I Begin to Go Crazy Again, a-Dreamin' Dreams Like in the Old Days When She Was Growin' Up

Ardmore *hombre*, but I crucifies her. I discards my hunch an' pays fer it later.

Well, we arrives—almost. Us an' the rest of the animils languish in the yards within swimmin' distance of New York until I'd passed out real money to everybody from the president of the railroad down to a hobo what rode through in the basement of a palace stock car from Chicago. Then we was hauled through a tunnel an' staked out where we could see the skyscraper range a-cuttin' into the sunrise. I telephones to Ardmore an' he shows up O. K., an' come a-ramblin' out to where we was in one of them submarine automobeels. He has three other fellers with him. They begun passin' out free remarks an' shakin' han's like handin' you a dead fish.

"Wot is this steed's name?" asks one of these mistakes, a-pointin' to a four-legged earthquake that was attemptin' to eat Dave's shoulder off.

"His name is Minnie," says I. "Minnie S."

"Peculiar name, wot?" says this fish handler. "Which part does the 'S' stand for?"

"Serene," says I. "Calm an' peaceful, like the ol' sweet song. An' he is livin' up to his name compared to what he'll do for a large accumulation of witnesses at a dollar a throw f'r admission."

The mack'rel passer turns to Ardmore.

"Regular little promoter, old top! Startling little show you'll put on."

From the way Ardmore acted I guess this was salmon jugglers' lingo for a song of praise.

Ardmore loosened up a prospectus which calls for the first public sacrifice at two o'clock the next afternoon. He an' his ol' college chums climbs into their hearse an' drifts back to the shinin' lights.

I hired me a few risin' young rustlers from a livery stable to cuff the weeds off of our string of discards an' feed 'em. Then we starts in limberin' up for the comin' contest. Minnie was chose for our first victim. Me an' Bex controls him with a choker, an' Lafe steps aboard.

Lafe was playin' to quite a accumulated gallery an' got all swelled up with pride an' duty. He lost his memory about the time we let go of Minnie an' drifts back to the age of childhood indiscretion. He prods Minnie one healthy jab with the harness punch he calls his spur, an' then we absorb Lafe from out of a wagon box and flags Minnie as he went past New York on his third gallop round the world.

"Try a dollar's worth, Zero," says Lafe out from under his ear where his mouth was twisted to. "You're the expurgated inventor what lured me into this an' I hates to see you miss anything."

It was up to me, but I stalled round a while talkin' about havin' to git some hay bought, but the sons o' guns was wise an' I had to make good or take my fall. I must have got the gypsy's curse when a youth or walked under a ladder in Chicago before this Ardmore hoodoo met me.

We applied a saddle to Minnie where it fitted him best. I dished out a good kick in the ribs to him an' caught the front cinch whilst he was gettin' his wind. We cinched him so tight that all he could do was bulge his eyeballs out under the handkerchief an' think of his past. Bex speaks up:

"At the risk of offendin' a old pard what I esteems high, ain't you better lay a bet on the rolls?"

"Fergit the rolls!" I states. "I'll ride this snake without no buckin' rolls or eat him."

Which I could have et him easiest.

"We will crate the remains an' ship 'em to the Bar None, C. O. D.," insults Dave, a-tryin' to nerve me up.

I mounts. After the first surge of the rollin' deep I seen I was torpedoed. Minnie enjoyed the outing for a while. I did not soak him until I seen the whites of his eyes, like the history book says, an' then I missed.

I Picked Up a Barrel Stave What Was Handy an' Started for Him

"Minnie, nothing but death shall part us, an' it's goin' to be your death if any."

I fanned him between the ears with the slug of ornamental brass work on my hatband which is a ten-ounce snake.

"How sharper than a serpent's weight is the heft of your argument! But I enjoys repartee," says Minnie, with which he ties a slipknot in his anatomy an' pulls the trigger. I missed my fur coat when I got into the higher altitudes, an' comin' down I lit like an anvil, all sogged up full of hatred an' blasted hopes. Minnie walks over to the edge of the lot an' eats a beer bottle.

"No trouble to show samples," says he.

Dave an' Bex haze him into a den an' locks the bars.

The puformance is ended for the day. The score is two to nothing in favor of the assassin. I am not a complete coward by nature or trainin', but the dawn looked gloomy.

"Beat it!" says Lafe, advisin'. "You have came to a place in history where four misguided punchers breaks their contracts or their necks. An' even if I can git a rosewood one with silver handles, I figger I won't prefer a rough box for several years yit. I aims to keep the fragments of my health an' strength in spite of disappointin' a select Roming holiday." Which meets enough votes to make unalamous.

Then I considers. None of the Bar None boys ever laid down yit in front of a group of doom, an' when I thinks of livin' through a future which holds a clouded past I says, "Nix!" And in a couple of minutes the three of 'em joins me in them thoughts. But we allows the buckin' rolls.

"Sure—ride the rolls!" argues Lafe. "These here locals won't know but what they is badges of honor or lunch or somethin'."

We agrees to keep it a secret, knowin' we can stick to anything in the string by usin' the rolls. We went to sleep in a couple of rooms near the stable yard where the dynamite was staked out, prayin' for a earthquake or some other painless death with honor, which fails to come.

All the people in the world was there at Belmont Park to see us git our reputations kicked outen from under us by a string of sunfishin' demons like it said on the billboards.

"Zero Slade, daredevil wrangler of the Western ranges," and so on. Our names looked strange to us. We was in a trance.

The first riffle was a last look at the victims by all concerned which had paid admission. We circled the grounds slow in a string of gasoline chariots. Me and Ardmore was in the first one, Lafe an' one of Ardmore's side kickers in the next, an' so on down the line to the mosos an' water boys what had swung on. We shook hands a million times. We met mayors an' actors an' females an' had our pictures took continual.

I Missed My Fur Coat When I Got Into the Higher Altitudes

"Look tough!" Ardmore hisses in my ear.

"I feels that way!" I hisses back, an' in a second I feels worse. Passin' a box in the stand what is banked up with flowers an' red umbrellas an' two-gallon hats, I sees the only friendly face in New York, an' it was laughin'.

"Bessie Weatherford, or you can rope me with a clothesline!"

An' she seen me when I seen her. When she seen me she forgot all about the finishin'-school trainin' what was cuttin' into her old man's stall-fed millions so deep. She took the bars at a single jump, six feet to terra-furnace where we was rollin' by.

The greetin's was strenuous. I was a uncle to that girl when she was wearin' pigtails an' calico on the home ranch. Then she growed up enough to need a college education an' I quit bein' a uncle or anythin' else to her. As far as I was concerned, afore I forgive an' forget, she was king of all women in this here world.

She come a-climbin' into our chariot. The crowd loose a funny little chatter. I interdooces her to Ardmore.

"Circle the track complete again," says Ardmore to the driver. "Ain't it a perfect fall day, Miss Weatherford?"

Which reminds me of the fall I met the day before.

She was a-settin' between Ardmore an' me, holdin' my hand, an' the Ardmore snake was a-shootin' me with the envy a-stabbin' outen his eyes.

"Delightful, Mr. Ardmore. Zero, you big red-headed darling, what are you doing here?"

"Preparing to die for ninety-eight dollars," I tells her, deductin' the two I had gave the doctor who tied me up the night before.

I told her the program. When we got to where her party was in the grand stand we was all waved at, an' right there in front of the wide world she kissed me on the jaw an' told me they was no question about me bein' able to subdue any equine spasm east of the Golden Gate.

Funny how them words acted. I knowed they was true just because she said 'em. An' purty soon I begin to go crazy again, a-dreamin' dreams like in the old days when she was growin' up an' we was all on the ranch an' her dad was runnin' a valley herd instead of half a dozen banks. Dreamin' my dreams.

The massacree starts with a little fancy rope work. Then we bulldogs a few tame steers an gits all het up. Then the ridin' begins. Lafe pleads with a roan tornado an' the people stands on their toes.

Bex, he gits ambitious an' declares himself like a Siwash afore he perduces his results. He is throwed four times in six minutes, an' retreats to souse the blood offen himself. Dave rings the bell with a runnin' fool what covers all the territory inside the fence.

The human phonograph sticks his snout into the horn an' announces a calamity warnin' as how little Zero will now tackle Minnie S., the unrode equine man-eater what keeps the undertakers workin' nights.

Lafe an' four helpers leads Minnie to the scene of the demise. Minnie acts bashful in front of the crowd an' submits to the saddle like a old Newfoundland dog. He accommodates by slingin' his head open for the bridle like a frog nailin' a fly.

"This is too good to last," I thinks. "The deceivin' calm before the lightning."

(Concluded on Page 51)

VOX POTPOURRI

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

BELIEVE me there comes a time in every person's life when they realize the awful truth that their slang is out of date, that the songs they more or less sing are back numbers, and that they couldn't do the latest dance step if they was asked and that they ain't been asked in quite some time.

I'll say it's a terrible thing to realize, and if female the realizer is apt to feel even worse than if a man, because with men those things count less, the same as bald heads and gold fillings, but with any sex it is a critical period of one's life, occurring usually round thirty or just over, and when it happens the real live wires see that they are up against something which has got to be faced right, and after sneaking a look in the mirror or rushing up and grabbing off a critical examination, according to whether they are alone or not at the time when this great but unpleasant truth hits them, why then they take theirself in hand and figure out which will they do. Get hep to theirselves, learn the new stuff, buy a new corset and a facial and open up their mind generally to the current of modern thought and thus remain young? Or leave the carbon in the cylinders and slump comfortably but unattractively into middle age and a high standard of past experiences and a firm but useless conviction that the world is all wrong nowadays? And I'll say that if a person decides that the old tunes is the best and the new fashions immodest, they might as well order their gravestone and crawl in under it, because they are a dead one.

And yet I personally myself fully realize how circumstances can creep up and wish old age onto you if you are not on your guard, because believe me I had a awful close shave this summer, and Marie La Tour, world-famous picture star, come pretty near being rehashed into Mrs. James Smith, mother of James Smith, Junior; and I only woke up to my danger through Jim, Senior, calling my number when Junior was a little over three months old, and then on top of that us ladies getting the vote as well as woman suffrage, and the combination bringing home to me the realization that unless a woman does justice to herself how can she do it to her child.

Well, anyways, it all got started the afternoon of the christening, when I and Jim was both wore out over the fight we had over the baby's name. Of course that wasn't the first fight we had enjoyed on that subject, being a perfectly normal married couple and the row naturally having started a good while before we could be sure was it to be a Jim or Jemima.

You see I and Jim and ma had all distinct ideas on this subject, and the three of us having been in the circus and theatrical and motion-picture worlds all our life, why naturally we realized the importance of names and the commercial value of a good one and how that line of Shakspere's about what's in it is the bunk, because there's a lot in it and if I would of used my own name of Mary Gilligan instead of after due consideration inventing Marie La Tour, I would not have ever reached the admittedly artistic heights of a great reputation the way I have.

As for ma, it is almost needless to say that in the days before the circus crowd sent her that handsome memorial wreath of tin flowers with "Gone Before" in gold on it she and pa kept Gilligan pretty well to theirselves, and the paper which the show put out about them didn't sound any more Irish than De Valeria; so much so that until I was ten I thought my real name was Mary Fearless Flying Frothingham, French aliases not yet having become the thing and my parents and two partners, a Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt, being known to the circuit as The Frothinghams, They Fear No Fall, only of course it wasn't aëroplanes in them days but trapeze work, and a darn sight more dangerous at that!

"They've Found Out That Babies Is Specimens. So You Leave Me Bring Up My Own Child the Right Way and Don't Interfere"

Well, anyways, so much for ma, who just naturally wanted to call my helpless infant Patrick Frothingham, which would of been more or less after pa, if you get me. And as for Jim, he having been born Smith but realizing that the audience in a cabaret come away from their home to see something different from themselves—why, he dropped it when we become partners though not as yet married, back in our old specialty-dancing days, and took my name of La Tour; which is not to insinuate that Jim is in the least that kind of a man, because he is not, and anyone which has seen him in the semiprivacy of domestic life will tell you what a roughneck he is, but I only state the fact to show that our opinion on the importance of a name was miles away from the poet's.

Well, anyways, Jim, while realizing all this, had a idea that my poor innocent had ought to be labeled Joshua Bean Trudell, after his uncle and only relative; and it's a fact the old gentleman has a good bunch of kale, only he lives in Wyoming and ain't wrote to Jim in years on account of him dancing for a living, and I didn't think it was fair to the kid to tag him like that on the mere chance.

"Well, then," says Jim finally, "why not call him Lionel and get it over with?" he says. "It'll save him a lot of trouble picking out a fancy moniker to grow famous under," he says.

"Lionel would be a swell name for the President of the United States, wouldn't it?" I says, very indignant. "And you needn't snicker like that either, James Smith, because any boy may grow up to be it as you well know, and I'm not going to handicap him while he's laying there so pretty and helpless!"

"Well, just in case he went into the pictures," says Jim, "a fancy name would be better," he says.

"No child of mine will ever be a mere picture actor like his cruel father," I says. "And I guess my son will have a good plain honest name as a starter. I never seen a Clarence yet that the gang didn't make into a Mick; or a Lily who if named while still a mere bulb wasn't likely to turn out an onion! That beautiful child," I says, "is gonner be President and have a college education and a racing car and a chance to see the world and ——"

"Hold on, dearie!" says Jim. "Take it back about the pictures—they been good to you!"

"But they ain't good enough for my boy!" I says. And then I see I had hurt Jim's feelings, so I sort of weakened, though hating to grant him anything. "But," I says, "however that may be, his father's name is good enough for my boy and if he wants to jazz it up later, why that will be his own business."

"And anyhow the next President won't be named Jim but Warren," says Jim, laughing softly and putting his arm round me. Believe me, since we got that baby we give in to each other something awful—but probably it won't last and we will get back to normal sometime or another.

Well, anyways, when he had done this he led me over to where that poor little mite lay in the clothes basket which ma had it all trimmed in lace underwear—I mean the basket was—and I started to pick it up—the baby, I mean—when in bounced Miss Bidwell and we both give a guilty start and left the baby lie.

"Mrs. Smith!" says Miss Bidwell real sharp in that voice of hers which believe me is as starchy as her white uniform. "Mrs. Smith! You mustn't take up the baby now! He's just had his barley water!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" I says. "When can I have him?"

"After he's had his nap," says Miss Bidwell, "you can take him up for ten minutes!"

Then she walked over to the window and pulled down the shade with a disapproving back.

"I've told you to leave that shade down, Mrs. Smith," she says. "The light is bad for the baby's eyes."

"I'm sorry," I says. "I guess we better be going."

And then I and Jim walked out of the nursery, feeling like a couple of whipped dogs, but wouldn't hurt our baby for the world, and of course Miss Bidwell knew best or ought to on the salary she was getting.

"Ain't she awful?" whispered Jim as soon as we was outside. "Regular first lieutenant!"

"She's awful competent," I says with a sigh. "And if you are out of luck and have to raise a bottle baby, what you gonner do except be as scientific as your income allows of?"

"He's a perfectly healthy boy," says Jim, quite peeved. "And I don't believe a little loving would hurt him any!"

"That's not the scientific, modern way to raise a kid, Jim," I explained to him for not over the fifth hundredth time. "The old methods was all wrong. You mustn't comfort 'em nor feed 'em nor rock 'em. It ain't healthy. You must leave them lie and yell and starve and stand it the best you and they can, because it's for their own good."

"Well, if that's the case how did I and you and ma and the rest of us ever get raised?" Jim wanted to know.

"More by luck than anything," I told him. "Because them old ways was fearfully unhygienic. If we had been treated the new way we would of been better off, so Miss Bidwell says."

"I guess that's what ailed George Washington and General Grant and Houdini," says Jim, very sarcastic.

And then he went off to the studio over in Jersey, where he and of all awful women, Ruby Roselle, was making a picture called The Wife Changer; and when he was gone I commenced sticking round waiting to be let hold my baby when it should wake up.

First off I went out in the kitchen where ma was fixing up a little snack of lunch for Miss Bidwell because of her job not calling for her to do it herself and the cook being on the missing list. But ma didn't seem inclined to talk and

so I come back to the front part of the flat and sat down in the gorgeous lonely grandeur of the drawing-room and thought a few thinks about the joys of motherhood.

Believe you me, the biggest problem of the minute is not Bolshevism or strikes or silk underwear or even the next President, but how to at once be a mother and a professional.

Of course I realize that a great many women are still only one or the other, but at the same time every day there are getting to be more and more ladies which would like to be both only don't know how, and they are not all wearing short hair and long spectacles, either, because take a person like myself which is a great actress, or Maison Rosabelle with her successful exclusive robes and mantles, which is not interior decorating the way it sounds but snappy dresses. And little Pansy O'Donnell, who runs the Paris Intime, and intime is right if it means what I think it means, but she doing a legitimate business though engaged to be married to a good garage, and hundreds of others who though snappy and successful still have human instincts.

And I got to thinking do we ladies have to make a choice between children and a career. And of course I had had a career and now a child, but for the moment I had neither. I had been professional too long to be a old-fashioned mother and a mother too long to be a real genuine professional, or so it looked just then.

Because believe me a lot of bunk is spilled about the joys of motherhood, and while no amount of freedom, so-called, will ever take the desire for children out of real women, a little education is undoubtedly making them more honest about what it means.

It means upsetting your house and life and career a lot and it's fully as much nuisance as it is pleasure, and a honest woman will admit this and then dig in and see how can she make it a joy instead of a drudgery.

Before Junior come I had it all figured out to do the whole care of him myself. But afterward, when he ceased being a theory, I yelled for help and Miss Bidwell answered the ad. There was no use talking, ten years of professional dancing and screen work may have been to blame, but I couldn't help that now. And I got a pretty strong hunch that many ladies feel the same even though they will have to work in "profession—housewife" on the proper blank this fall. Something funny is happening to the world, I could feel it, especially to women; and as I sat there alone in my parlor with my baby watched by a strange woman and my husband working out at the studio with another strange woman, believe me I felt low.

After a while I could stand it no longer and so I went and looked over my clothes, that being a natural and womanly act in my state of mind. But it didn't improve matters any.

I had let Musette, my personal maid, go to pay a visit to her mother, and so the full horror of my wardrobe come over me when I was fortunately alone.

And believe me when I commenced to take down them clothes I sure got a jolt. Every skirt come fully to my ankles and the only sweater I owned was built for warmth and not for ventilation the way the new ones are. My shoes had pointed toes and my hats was turned up in the back!. And I had saved them all—the whole bunch of junk which was as good as new but yet no good because they wasn't new—do you get it? If a woman you do! Also you can imagine how the sight depressed me. Honest there ain't a sight in the world so depressing to any truly womanly woman as a bunch of clothes which she can't possibly wear. I didn't have a thing—even my pocketbooks was out of date, not having a beaded bag among them. I felt like Mrs. Noah must of when she come out of the ark, for neither of us even knew what the styles was! And there was Jim playing opposite Ruby, who never came into the studio except she had on a costume that would put your eye out.

A awful hopeless, sinking feeling come over me and I groped my way to a copy of Nitwits Weekly that lay on the table and commenced looking at what I at first took to be misses' autumn styles, but quickly realized that the short skirts were no sign of age and that it was not hoofs but French slippers they had on. And while I was looking at these shocking pictures and thinking how immodest they was a little relief come in the atmosphere because Miss Bidwell stopped in the doorway and a hat that was worse than any of mine and says the baby was sleeping and she was going round to the drug store for a moment, which seemed to be her only form of dissipation.

Well, anyways, she said it and went away, and as soon as she had gone I sneaked in and looked at him, because Miss Bidwell hadn't as yet said that would be bad for him, and then I snook out again. And in a few minutes I heard him cry and I went in, and if there wasn't Ma Gilligan holding him in what lap she had and singing something about the rising o' the moon to him!

"Ma Gilligan, you put that child right down this minute!" I says. "Don't you know it's not scientific to sing a baby to sleep?" I says. "Do you want to spoil him completely?"

"But he woke up and cried!" says ma, obeying me just the same and putting him back with a scared look. "I never heard such a heartless way to bring up a child," she says, "in a place that looks like a tiled lunch room, and leave him cry in it!" she says. "In my day babies was considered human beings!"

"Well, now they've found out that babies is specimens," I says. "So you leave me bring up my own child the right way and don't interfere." And any daughter which has a mother and also a baby will at once recognize that speech.

Well, anyways, ma went off grumbling, and as soon as I was sure she was gone I took Junior up again and sat down with him and was singing him to sleep with Smiles, but very soft so's nobody would hear us but him, and he was laying there just too heavenly comforting for words, when I heard Miss Bidwell coming back, and so I put him down again quick before she could catch me. And then in a little while Jim comes home whistling a tune I had never heard before, which he had brought a record of it as well, and says they couldn't work to-day because the electricians was on strike over in Jersey. And also he brought a evening paper. And across the front of this paper I see something about Tennessee.

"Say, lookit, dearie!" says Jim, giving me the paper. "You're gonner get a chance to vote for the next President, so's to be in practice by the time Junior is Republican candidate!" he says.

And then I took a good look at the scare head and saw they had ratified the Anthony Amendment, which read sort of rough. Ratified, my eye!

"Whatter you mean, I can vote?" I says. "Where do you get that stuff, or does the paper need translating? Ladies in New York has been able to vote quite some time," I says.

"Not for President," says Jim, "and I don't seem to remember your taking much notice last fall. But this means all the women of the country which are free and twenty-one can go and ruin a perfectly good holiday for their menfolks."

"Ruin nothing!" I says. "Prohibition has ruined it already is what you mean; so why not let the day into the Sunday-afternoon class without further protest?" I says. "But if that rough word 'ratification' means votes for women, I sure am glad. I thought at first it was some kind of vermin exterminator, and who knows but maybe it will prove to be that very thing?"

"Hold on!" says Jim. "I had ought to of known better than to call your attention to your public duty; I might of realized you would get serious. For the love of Mike come on and dance to this record with me instead! It's called The Camel Canter and it's a bear cat!"

"Let's do a fox trot to it," I says as the record started, and I'll tell the world it was a whale of a tune.

"My heavens!" says Jim. "The only place fox-trotting is done nowadays is in the Zoo along with the other curiosities. We'll do a cat walk, old thing!"

Can you beat that? And me having made my husband a professional dancer! Me, Marie La Tour, told of a dance she hadn't even heard of! But I wouldn't let on—not me!

"I'd rather shimmy," I says firmly. Jim gave me a hard stare.

"Aw—what ails you?" he says. "That's done only at the Undertakers' Annual Outing! It's dead! I'll learn you something snappy, kid! Come here!"

And with that he grabbed me and we was off, and of course I learned it because of being more fluent with my feet than any other part of me. But it worried me that I had to be taught a dance—me, who had originated more dances than Jim had ever seen! But the point all lay in that one little word "had," and I couldn't forget it, even when Jim pronounced me perfect and played the record over again, and would of a third time only Miss Bidwell come in and said please don't make so much noise

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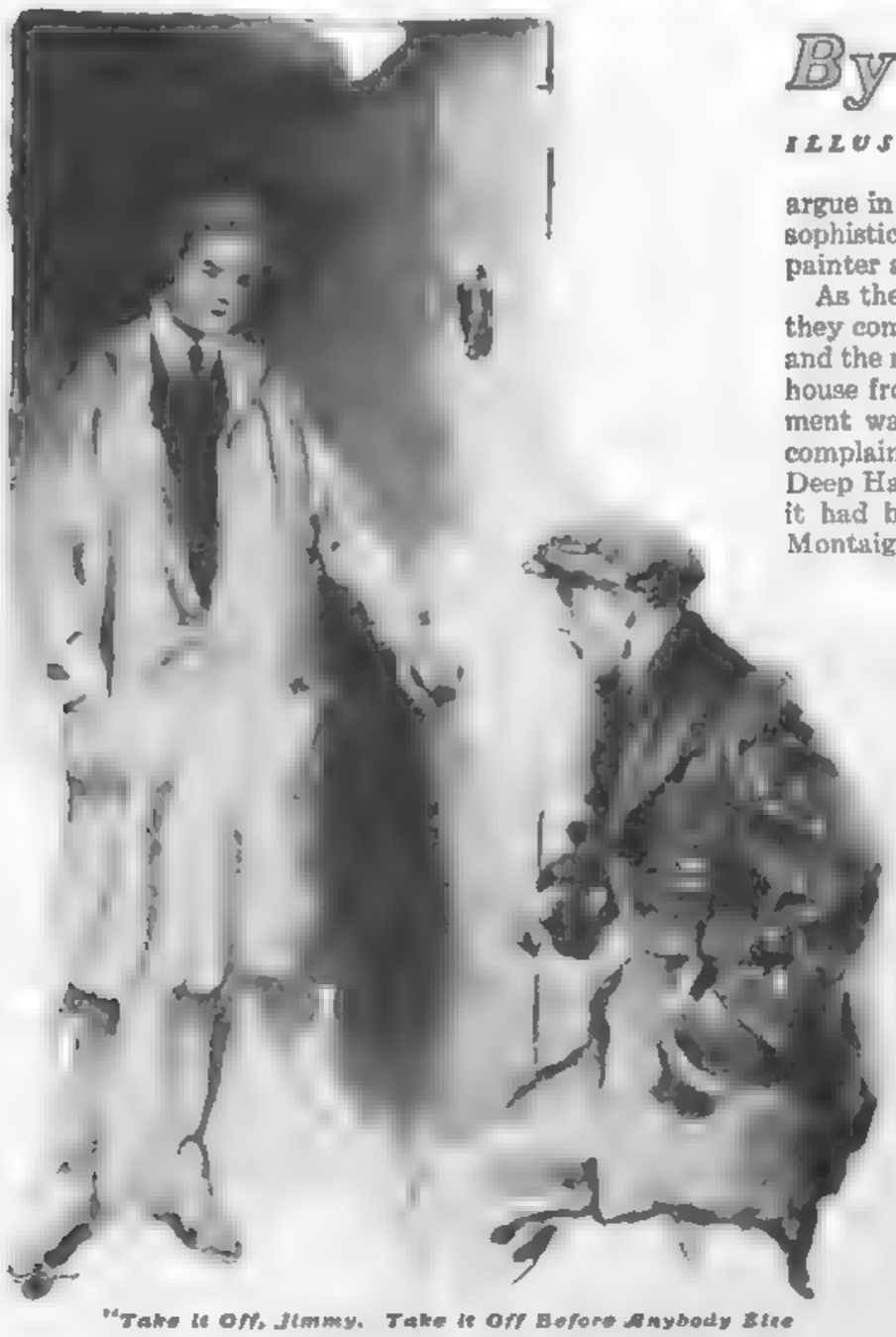
And Then He Went Off to the Studio Over in Jersey, Where He and of All Awful Woman, Ruby Rosalie, Was Making a Picture Called The Wife Changer

The Art Movement in Real Estate



"Take It Off, Jimmy. Take It Off Before Anybody Else Sees You. It Won't Go"

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

DEEP HARBOR is a village of white houses with green blinds fifty-two miles from New York. Fifty-two miles has always been too far for any but the hardiest commuters. Fifty-two miles means getting up in the dark of wintry mornings to catch the six-fifty-five train. The price of real estate reflects the fact. A piece of land on the Sound big enough for a country estate has always been priceless, but a house in the village has long been cheap. Indeed, houses have often sold of late years in Deep Harbor for a good deal less than it cost to build them. And the highest known rental was thirty dollars a month, which secured a colonial mansion of fourteen rooms set in five acres of park with trees older than the town debt.

Ten years ago an impecunious illustrator discovered this delectable village. His visits to art editors called him to New York only once in ten days, even in his luckiest months. The fifty-two miles did not so much matter. The white houses with the proportions of Greek temples, with small-paned windows, with real fireplaces did matter. Steve Laidlaw loved them, and so did his wife. Those white houses awoke some desire in them that the most elegant of studio apartments in New York did not so much as stir. Besides, a white house with a barn and four apple trees and a place for a garden was actually within their reach. They bought it with what cash they could scrape up, put a studio light in the barn, and settled down to raise a family, with Rhode Island Reds on the side.

The next spring Arthur Millingham, who does those humorous drawings in color for magazine covers, and Bill Montaigne followed the Laidlaws to Deep Harbor. A landscape painter, passing through when the apple trees were in blossom, dropped off to stay a week and remained to buy a white house with lilacs in the dooryard. Another year Joe Hartley moved from Brooklyn to Deep Harbor with his whole retinue of satellites and pupils, a veritable school of illustration.

In time the village acquired a curious flavor—a piquancy. The original New Englanders possessed their full share of that strange power which enables them to take in the outlander without being themselves modified. They ran the town as they had run it since 1674; they elected the selectmen; they owned the bank; they made the roads as they had always made them, exactly as if the automobile and the motor truck had not been invented. But they, whose ancestors had admired the Greek, were tolerant of art. The illustrators found themselves free to wear their old clothes every day, to turn barns into studios of a spaciousness known only to millionaires in New York, free even to argue in the village square whether Gaugin was the most sophisticated or the most primitive of painters, or no painter at all.

As they learned more of the country of their adoption they complained bitterly among themselves of the schools and the roads and the fact that when one of them bought a house from a native and put a bathroom in it the assessment was promptly doubled on the tax list. But their complaints were only proofs of their affection. They liked Deep Harbor, and felt that they owned it, or at least that it had been created for their especial benefit. As Bill Montaigne always said when he broke a spring going over the bumps in the road that led from his house to the village center: "Anyhow, it isn't suburban." And Steve Laidlaw, who had been born in the Dakotas and gone to art school in San Francisco, and wandered from Yucatan to Nome, and from Honolulu to Valladolid, and never stayed more than a year in one place before, called it "home."

II

TO THIS Arcadia came Jimmy Dowling one blustery afternoon in November. Jimmy presented himself at Steve Laidlaw's studio about the time the daylight failed and Steve turned on the powerful electric lamp above his drawing table. Steve was engaged in finishing the second of three drawings he had promised to deliver the next morning to an art editor in New York. He had figured that he could finish the third before eleven o'clock that night and drive to Bridgeport in time to catch the midnight mail train. He did not intend to be interrupted by anybody. He did not get out of his chair when Jimmy knocked; he yelled "Come in!" and went on drawing. But when he saw Jimmy he instantly laid down his pencil and kicked a chair nearer the big stove and hunted for the cigarettes.

Jimmy was a boy of perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three with the look of one who hasn't had a good meal for two days. He sat down abruptly and lighted a cigarette with fumbling fingers and looked at Steve with eyes like those of a setter pup who has wandered from home and been kicked and lost his illusions.

Steve told Ann afterward that he guessed Jimmy's story in that first minute. He had met it before.

Jimmy had spent a season or two at the Art Students' League and now he had come to the end of his father's patience.

"I haven't any excuse for interrupting you at your work, Mr. Laidlaw," Jimmy said. "I don't know why I came—except that I've always admired your stuff—and imitated it as much as I could. I just thought I'd have to see a real illustrator once before I—before I went back to Dayton, Ohio, and my father."

"That's all right," Steve said. "Is your father a business man?"

"Yes," Jimmy said.

Steve grinned.

"My father was a farmer."

Jimmy grinned back at Steve.

"That's just as bad, isn't it?"

Steve laughed.

"It was pretty bad," he confessed. "I had to farm or else get out. So when I was seventeen I got out."

"How did you get along?"

"I don't know, but I did—somehow. You can if you have to."

"That's just it," Jimmy admitted. "I don't know that I have to be an artist. I don't know but I ought to go back to my father's office."

Steve reflected that Jimmy was hardly the type to fight his way up. He looked intelligent but he didn't look strong. He himself had stood six feet at seventeen and done a man's work in the threshing field and on the San Francisco docks.

"Have you got any money at all?" Steve asked.

"I've got the price of a ticket to Dayton," Jimmy said.

"H'm," said Steve thoughtfully.

"I know I'm interrupting you," Jimmy said. "I wish you'd go on with your drawing. I'd like to sit here and watch you work for a few minutes—and then I'll go."

Steve picked up his pencil.

"I am in a rush," he admitted. "But you're going to stay to dinner with us, and spend the night, and in the morning when I'm through with this job we'll talk."

"Gee!" said Jimmy Dowling, and somehow managed to put into that small word a great deal of the gratitude he felt at being thus accepted by Steve Laidlaw.

The next morning Steve led Jimmy round to Hartley's place and introduced him to Joe and the three young chaps who were working under his tutelage. Hartley had worked out a system suggested by a reading of Vasari's lives of the painters. His own work was in great demand but it pleased him to spend a great deal of his time in trying to teach young men his own skill. He was an entirely self-taught draftsman himself. He did not call his establishment a school, but a shop, and his young men were anything you pleased except pupils. He was always plugging for them with art editors, and when one of them got a commission he saw to it that the commission was satisfactorily executed even if he had to go over every square inch of the drawings with his own masterly hand.

"Want to join my gang here?" Hartley asked. He was a small man with a big voice, a voice that rather overawed Jimmy.

"Why," said Jimmy, stammering and blushing, "I-I-I'd l-l-like t-to. But I haven't got any money."

"You Know I Care, Steve. You Know I Love This Place. You Know I'm Proud of It—Busting Proud"

"Who said anything about money?" roared Hartley. "If you have any talent I'll show you how to make money."

"I d-d-don't know if I've g-g-g-got any talent," Jimmy stammered. "The Art Students' League said I hadn't."

"What do they know about talent?" roared Hartley.

"I-I-I-I d-d-don't know," Jimmy said.

"They don't know anything!" said Hartley. "You come round here to-morrow morning and we'll find you a table and you go to work."

Afterward Jimmy admitted to Steve Laidlaw that he wished he had the nerve to accept Hartley's offer.

"Why don't you?" Steve asked.

"I've only got fifty dollars."

"I'll lend you another fifty," Steve said. "Be glad to. And in time Hartley'll get you jobs to do. You might make a go of it, you know."

"Think I might?" Jimmy asked.

"Of course. Why not?"

"I don't know," Jimmy said. "I just can't see myself making a living out of art."

Steve couldn't see Jimmy making a living at anything but, as he said afterward to Ann, "You never can tell."

Jimmy stayed on with the Laidlaws a week, and after a day or two he joined Hartley's gang, and after a week he insisted on finding a place of his own to live in. Steve knew a little old house of the sort that the early Connecticut farmer built round a chimney and that he thought might be cheap. He took Jimmy to see it. Jimmy was entranced at the idea of having a house of his own. But the owner did not wish to rent. She wished to sell.

"How much do you want for it, Mrs. Thorpe?" Jimmy asked.

"I'm asking fourteen hundred dollars," Mrs. Thorpe said.

"I'll tell you what," Jimmy said. "I'm short of cash just now. But I'd like to buy it. Suppose you give me an option for six months at fourteen hundred dollars."

Mrs. Thorpe nodded.

"And in the meantime," Jimmy continued, "you rent it to me for ten dollars a month."

"Would you pay ten dollars a month?" Mrs. Thorpe asked.

"I would if you'd let me use the furniture," Jimmy assured her.

So it was settled by the magic of Jimmy's phrase, "option for six months."

Everybody in the Deep Harbor crowd kept an eye on Jimmy and saw that he got a good dinner occasionally and never went really hungry.

And if Jimmy had had just enough talent for drawing to hang on in Hartley's shop he might have become an illustrator and even have earned his living at it. But he hadn't any gift for drawing. Hartley hated to admit it, but the Art Students' League had been entirely right in its estimate of Jimmy. It was in January that he told Jimmy the truth.

And if Jimmy had been the unhappy young vagabond he looked he might have gone on, leaving his several debts behind him, and Deep Harbor would have known him no more, and nothing would have happened.

But Jimmy wasn't that sort.

He couldn't bear to treat Steve Laidlaw and his wife thus, nor Bill Montaigne, nor Joe Hartley, nor the Russells.

He spent three days pacing the floor of the little house, and thinking out a scheme by which he could repay them not only the money he had borrowed but the kindness he had received; and in the end he evolved a plan, which he mightily resolved to execute.

III

ON SUNDAY morning Ann Laidlaw addressed her husband.

"Now what do you suppose this means, Steve?"

"What?" said Steve.

He did not even look up from the sporting page.

"Listen." And she read aloud from the classified columns in the Times:

"'For sale: Colonial house of six rooms with studio; more than a hundred years old. Four fireplaces, original quaint iron latches, and small-paned windows; the home of a painter; charming Connecticut village; unspoiled; artist colony; fifty miles from New York, on the Sound and river. $3000. Golf club, express stop, peace.'"

"What's that?" Steve asked.

"You didn't listen." Mrs. Laidlaw read the advertisement aloud again.

"It Was Pretty Bad. I Had to Farm or Else Get Out. So When I Was Seventeen I Got Out"

"Whose ad is it?" Steve asked.

"I don't know. It says: 'Address RX2, The Times.' But it must be somebody in Deep Harbor. We're the only town fifty miles from New York on the Sound. But whose house is it?"

"Might be Millingham's. He was talking last fall about moving nearer New York."

"The Millinghams have talked about moving nearer New York every winter for six years. Besides, they've got seven rooms and two fireplaces. It might be the Binghams'."

"Their house isn't a hundred years old."

"Well, whose is it?"

Steve got up and leaned over Ann's shoulder and read the advertisement with his own eyes

"Damned if I know," he said.

"But, Steve," Ann said, "we know every house in town that's got a studio. We ought to be able to figure out what house this is."

"And what if we could?" he said. "What difference does it make?"

"But, Steve, aren't you interested?"

"No," said Steve, "I'm not interested in any ad that calls Deep Harbor an artist colony. Deep Harbor is a Connecticut village."

In the afternoon Steve got into his rubber boots and started out to find somebody to talk to. It had been a real winter and there was still enough snow to make walking necessary. Steve wandered down the road with no very definite objective. At the corner where the village street joined the Post Road it occurred to him that he hadn't seen Jimmy Dowling for a week. He crossed the road and walked on toward the Thorpe house. As he approached it he noticed that the woodshed had been moved from its position behind the house and now stood almost beside it, one corner touching the northeast corner of the house.

"That's funny," Steve said to himself.

He knocked on the door. He waited three minutes without getting an answer. He had turned to walk on when Jimmy Dowling opened the door. He was wearing a fresh, not to say new, painter's smock. Now whatever may be the convention in their illustrations, it is not the custom of illustrators to wear painters' smocks in their houses. Indeed, the smock which incased Jimmy Dowling was the only garment of the sort that Steve had ever seen in real life. Steve eyed Jimmy with a growing disfavor. He shook his head.

"Take it off, Jimmy," he said. "Take it off before anybody else sees you. It won't go."

Jimmy grinned uncomfortably. "I wouldn't have put it on if I'd known it was you, Steve," he said.

He seized his skirt with both hands and, lifting them high above his head, removed the smock with a single gesture.

"Come into the studio and I'll tell you about it."

"Studio?" said Steve. "I didn't know you had a studio."

"Well," said Jimmy, "it was the woodshed, but I'm learning to call it a studio. I'm using it for a studio, and so I guess it's perfectly honest to call it the studio."

James led the way to the woodshed and Steve followed him.

"How'd you get this shed over here?" Steve asked as he entered.

"I got a couple of men to help me move it last week."

Steve looked round. The most conspicuous object in the room was an enormous wooden easel with a canvas in place. The canvas had been painted black. There was a great shapeless splash of vermilion near the middle of it, but no man could have guessed what it was going to be. At least Steve couldn't

"What is it?" he asked Jimmy.

"Well," said Jimmy, "I haven't decided. It's anything you please. Of course it isn't finished."

Steve looked at the painting with narrowed eyes.

"No," he said; "no, it isn't finished."

Against one wall was a stack of canvases. Steve advanced toward them.

"Those aren't mine," Jimmy said. "I just borrowed them."

Steve paused. In the middle of one wall was a large Franklin stove. One leg had been replaced by a couple of bricks.

"Where'd you get that?" Steve asked.

"I found it in the attic."

Steve sat down in one of those straight chairs that had once had a rush bottom, the sort of chair that is characteristic of New England kitchens.

"What's the big idea?" he asked.

"Well," said Jimmy Dowling, "I decided I'd just have to make some money." He waved his hand at the room. "I'm going to sell this place."

Steve looked puzzled. He didn't understand how Jimmy could sell a house he didn't own.

"I've been setting the stage a bit," Jimmy explained, "but it's perfectly legitimate, don't you think?"

"But you don't own it."

"I've got an option on it until May first," Jimmy said. "Don't you remember?"

(Continued on Page 65)

O TEMPORA! O MAWRUSS!

A Story About Luck—By Viola Brothers Shore

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"GOD," observed Neil Wolfe to his friend Irving Apfel, in whose office they were seated, "loves the British, but he certainly gives the Jews the luck."

Irving selected one of two cigars his friend proffered him and tilted back his chair so that his six feet of broad-shouldered manhood made a perilous triangle with his desk and the floor. His square chin showed a late afternoon shadowing of blue, and his shiny black hair, wetly plastered back in wide, sleek ridges from his square forehead, suggested recent thought waves in the direction of home. But it was only five-forty-five, and an unwritten law among men forbade their leaving the office for another fifteen minutes.

Neil Wolfe was half a foot shorter than his friend—blond, dynamic, forceful, with a magnificent bass voice and a sense of humor. He teased Irving as unmercifully as he bullied him, but Irving adored him.

"I don't know," Irving replied. "I think it's more smartness than luck."

"Don't tell me, you big lucky stiff! My Uncle Abraham is smarter than any Jew I ever met—even you. But he just hasn't got your luck."

"Luck? Luck? I don't believe in it! Your Uncle Abraham is a *risches ponem* and that's why things don't go right with him."

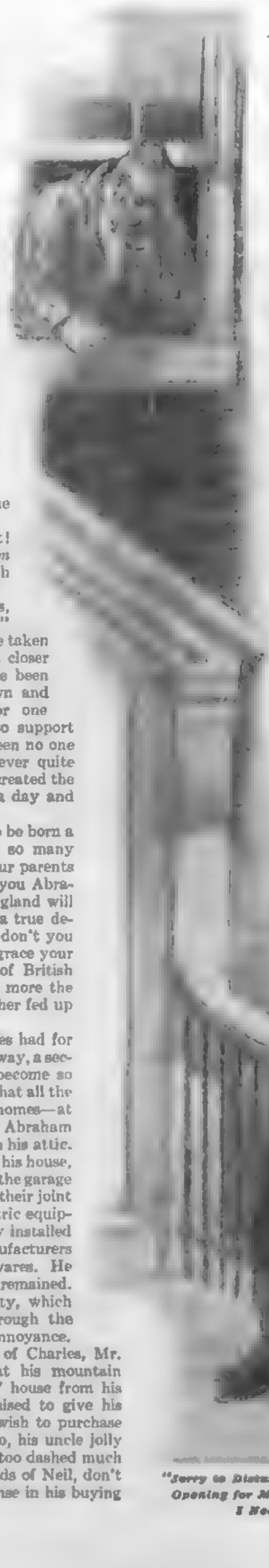
"I don't know what a *risches ponem* is, but it sounds bad, so I guess Uncle is it."

He was. If Abraham Wolfe could have taken this sorry scheme entire and molded it closer to the heart's desire, there would have been in the recasting no church but his own and no Jewish charitable institutions. For one thing there would have been no one to support them. For another, there would have been no one to need them. No, Mr. Wolfe could never quite understand why the good Lord, having created the Church of England, had not called it a day and quit then and there.

And the worst of it is, if you happen to be born a Wolfe, though you spell it with never so many silent e's, and if in addition to Wolfe your parents have had the rummy notion to christen you Abraham, not all the baptismal water in England will wash away the suspicion that you are a true descendant of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, don't you know. Especially if God has seen fit to grace your countenance with a goodly allowance of British nose. And if the more you resent it the more the thing seems to stick to you, you get rather fed up on it after a while, what?

Abraham Wolfe and his brother Charles had for many years owned homes in King's Highway, a section of Brooklyn which had suddenly become so infested with kosher delicatessen stores that all the God-fearing Christians had to sell their homes—at a profit—and move elsewhere. But not Abraham Wolfe. He had a gymnasium rigged up in his attic. He had a vegetable garden at the back of his house, and to the left a concrete pathway led to the garage which his brother Charles had erected on their joint properties. His wife had a complete electric equipment, which Mr. Wolfe had solicitously installed for her at the expense of sundry manufacturers eager to have him recommend their wares. He would not consider moving away. He remained. So did a slight tendency toward acidity, which his doctor had hoped to cure only through the absence of all nervous excitement and annoyance.

About three months after the death of Charles, Mr. Wolfe's nephew Neil wrote to him—at his mountain hotel—that he had an offer for Charles' house from his best friend. However, as he had promised to give his Uncle Abraham first say, did his uncle wish to purchase the house for nine thousand dollars? No, his uncle jolly well did not. Nine thousand dollars was too dashed much money. Besides, if the people were friends of Neil, don't you see—why, there was no blooming sense in his buying it at all, what?



Mr. Wolfe returned to find Irving Apfel et al. installed next door. His acidity fairly waxed fat, figuratively speaking, on his mental anguish. And when almost immediately thereafter prices began to boom in King's Highway, so that the house became worth double what Mr. Apfel had paid for it—and if Mr. Wolfe had bought it his bank balance would have been burdened with about nine thousand unearned dollars—he simply could not keep his mind from dwelling on his misfortunes, and he became so impregnated with acid that he had to drink his milk through a straw to keep it from curdling—really!

Irving had fitted up half the garage, which they shared jointly, as a playhouse for little Ruthie, aged six. Mr. Wolfe had no use for his half. You see, he was Ruthless. Such was the pervasiveness of his acidity that an idea up in his brain began to ferment. In the end he bought a second-hand car. Irving was stunned by the news.

"What do you mean—a regular automobile? That piker? How do you know?" he demanded of his wife.

Bessie, a small armful of slim womanhood in a bungalow apron which entirely covered her dark blue dress, had seen him drive it into the garage. Her hair fluffed softly round her flushed little face, and in her eyes was a helpless sort of light, as though salad dressing were her soul's despair. As a matter of fact, at making salad dressing, as at everything else her capable little hands undertook, she was invariably successful. Her expression—wistful, appealing, almost despairing—had nothing to do with the matter in hand, but was altogether a racial characteristic. You may have noticed it. It is very seductive and very misleading.

"He needs a car," commented her husband, "like I need a hole in the back of my head to let out the steam. For what does he need a car?"

"For enjoyment probably," suggested Bessie, puckering up her little mouth wryly at the taste of the salad dressing.

"Enjoyment! Him? He don't enjoy nothing only to see somebody fall down on a banana peel and break their necks. It's dangerous to leave him walk round the streets—the kind of enjoyment he's looking for! I don't wish him no hard luck, only I hope he runs into a telegraph pole the first day. What kind of a car has he got?"

"I didn't notice. But you can run out and look while I ——"

"Yo! He should live so long! What do I care about cars anyway? I rather hire a taxi when I need it. Let somebody else get the headaches. I should go look what kind of a car he's got! Yo!"

However, a few minutes later, just when he happened to be examining the paint on the side of his house, Mr. Wolfe, with an air of casualness which ill concealed his low-minded exultation, came rolling out of the garage and drove away.

"I should walk," muttered Irving, heading for his back door and forgetting all about the paint, "while such a nothing rides round in a Fearless. D'y'ever see?"

To Bessie he announced inspiredly out of a silence which had enveloped him throughout almost the whole of dinner: "I know why he done it!" He nodded his head knowingly. "He thinks we wouldn't leave Ruthie play in the garadge no more! That's why he got it! I knew it wasn't only for pleasure. How I hate such a spite face! All he thinks about is spite—spite! But wait! I'll show him!"

Bessie raised questioning eyebrows from the complicated problem of disposing of a chicken wing with equal regard for good breeding and efficiency.

"I got a good mind to buy one twice as big—he should *plots* with aggravation!"

Bessie betrayed a certain amount of interest.

"You mean you're thinking of buying a ——"

Irving interrupted her hastily:

"Sure! Right away I'll run out and buy a car! I was only thinking, if I'll buy a car, so I'll buy one it'll take up twice the room in the garadge—he should bust his gall. Only I ain't thinking about it yet."

And neither was he—consciously. But you know how it is, once the deadly germ has gained admission to your subconscious storeroom. How futile the antitoxins of prudence, caution, economy! How vain the preventive of previous good resolutions! You and I know that the best thing to do, once you have been bitten, is to go out and sign an application blank, thereby saving wear and tear on the gears and brakes of your willing centers. But Irving did not know.

He fell asleep that night as easily as if there did not exist such a thing as autosuggestion. Poor Irving—already as firmly hooked as though he had paid his deposit and the check had gone through and he couldn't even stop payment on it any more.

And in this untroubled slumber he dreamed that he came riding home in a big, new, magnificent automobile—so big, so new and withal so magnificent that beside it the car of Mr. Wolfe suggested something the ash man was carrying away the week after Christmas. And Mr. Wolfe, beholding it, became green with rage and began to sneeze and cough and sputter.

Irving woke, thereby dissipating the dream. Not so the sneezing, coughing and sputtering. They belonged, it developed, to Mr. Wolfe's car, which he, with noisy disregard for the slumbers of Mr. Apfel, was coaxing into the garage. It was eleven-thirty.

Irving's next dream was also of the car, only now it was late at night, and Mr. Wolfe, who had returned some time before, making a noise like goodness knows what, could be presumed to have entered his first delicious slumber. And now the car in which Irving rode was not only twice as big and three times as grand as Mr. Wolfe's, but it was at least ten times as noisy. This dream was even more soul satisfying than the first, probably because it took place within the full consciousness of the dreamer.

Well, as I said before, once you start thinking about automobiles, comes a day when such a feller nilly gives you a divorce from your heels, only instead of hurrying on like always, a-scared of your life, you stand still and even give him a shake with your fist, and "Wait, you son of a gun!" or words to that effect, you mutter.

"Sorry to Disturb You So Late, But Would You Mind Opening for Me the Door to Our Blooming Garadge? I Need My Blooming Stepladder"

"It's a Bunch of Junk. There's Only One Medium-Priced Car on the Market"

Comes another day when you're hanging on a strap making up your mind which you hate worse, *post-mortem* garlic or long since departed tobacco, and even the subway has to come up for air, and you can see such a bunch of nothings riding across the bridge in automobiles as if it was coming to them. And you shut your mouth tight, forgetting that you opened it on purpose you shouldn't have to breathe through your nose, and something—something happens in your insides!

And then—well, you know how it is yourself when you come home early from the office and your wife is giving a hand in the kitchen and you got nothing to do only sit on the porch and read the evening papers which you already found out got nothing in; and there on the lawn next door is a feller taking apart his car from head to tail light, and—well—not that you change your opinions of course, only ——

And one fine day you find that fellers with automobiles ain't really such a terrible bore like you used to think. Really, to hear them talk don't give you such a pain at all. Even, you ask them a few questions yourself. Asking don't cost nothing. You even get to figuring, if you ever did get a car—you know, if you ever got to the point where you had to have it for your business, what kind would you get? And though you know positively that you ain't in the least interested in buying a car, still you open a magazine at the back instead of the front—just for the reading. They really make them ads more interesting often than the stories nowadays. Honest!

And whereas before you never took any notice of a car unless it picked on you first, now you begin to read the names on the wheels of all the automobiles you pass parked along the curb. And you try to make out the name plates on those that are coming toward you without malicious intent. It got to be a sort of game with Irving to see how far away he could spot the makes he knew. Many a time he crossed a street to verify a casual guess. Soon he began to be proud of the scope of his knowledge. It was this pride which ——

Far be it from me to indulge in any bromidiocies in regard to pride. Only, one Sunday morning as Irving and Bessie were walking down to her mother's for dinner he began naming the cars as they passed. Of some he wasn't exactly so sure, y'understand, but Bessie wouldn't know the difference anyway. She didn't. But she wasn't altogether stupid. She regarded her husband with a little narrowing of the lids over her misleadingly helpless brown eyes. And when, upon arrival at her mother's house, Irving made himself comfortable with the automobile section of the paper the look in her eyes deepened, and she remarked something to her cousin, Arthur Jacobi, the lawyer—a tall, wavy-haired, handsome youth, the pride of the family.

"Why don't you buy a car, Irving?" asked Arthur at dinner. "A rich man like you ——"

Irving started, his face dully red.

"A car? What do I need with a car?"

"You could come round Sundays and take Aunt Essie out for a ride."

"Yo!" Irving grunted. "If I made my money easy like you, maybe. But I ain't a lawyer. I got to work for my living."

"We don't want a car," supplemented Bessie, "until we can really afford one. I don't want to feel every time we puncture a tire—'there goes my winter suit!'"

"To hear you talk," put in Irving, "you would think I'd deduct it from your allowance if a tire busted. And anyway if you get good tires they're guaranteed eight or ten thousand miles."

"Sure! I'm surprised at you, Bessie! Here's your husband dying to buy a car, and "

"Who? Me?" Irving's indignation was enough to convict him. "I never even thought of such a thing!"

Isn't it a shame the way that automobile bug can make a liar out of an honest man? Why, just two nights before, watching Mr. Wolfe and his shadowy wife emerge half frozen from their open Fearless, Irving had lost himself with significant ease along a well-worn avenue of thought ending in a series of comparisons between the merits of open cars—even the most magnificent—and closed, even the more humble, which were all in favor of the latter. True, a sedan, for instance, wouldn't take up so much room in the garage as the car which had heretofore occupied that place in Irving's mental wanderings. But on the other hand, to see him come home nice and warm on such a night while Mr. Wolfe was perishing with the cold would be *krenk* enough for that gentleman. A big car was not such a bargain either, y'understand.

"First place," pondered Irving, "you got too much room in it. Your friends are all the time expecting you to take them along, and especial your wife's family. Not that you wouldn't take them along once in a while for a ride, but—you know how it is with people you take out in your car—they always got their pockets sewed up. And especial the women should ever think of shelling out a dollar, God forbid! Your wife's mother, for instance. Not that she ain't a grand woman. But you don't need to see her every day for your happiness. Between you and I, for your happiness you wouldn't need to see her at all. Even, a cuppay might be better than a sedan. If people weren't *grad* so comf'table they wouldn't come along all the time. And if Ruthie had to sit on the little seat every time Bessie wouldn't be so quick to invite along every Tom, Dick and Julius."

Yes, a coupé was the thing. Not that he was thinking about buying a car of course!

One day he noticed a shiny new padlock on the door of the garage.

"What's th' idea?" he demanded, bearding old man Wolfe on his back porch. "Trying to lock me outa the garadge? I own half that garadge!"

"I say don't get so dashed excited! I've got to protect my blooming property, what?"

"I don't know nothing about your blooming property. I only know you got no right absolootly to keep me outa my garadge."

"I say, don't be a bally ass! I'll let you in any time you like, you know. But my blasted insurance ——"

"What I got to do with your blasted insurance? All I know is, you got no right positively to put a padlock on my property. Every time I want to go in my own garadge I should ask yet your permission? You should live so long!"

"I don't see what you're going to do about it—really."

He found out the following Sunday night, as with a creaking of gears, a honking of horn and a screeching of brakes he arrived at his garage, and stepping out of his car began fumbling in his pocket for his keys. Suddenly his eye was caught by something on the door, and inspection having verified his worst suspicions, language began to issue from his lips, which, though perfectly good English, was by the same token decidedly more English than good.

As he reached the Apfel porch the door was opened noiselessly and the friendly voice of his neighbor assailed him:

"Did you want to get in the garadge, Mr. Wolfe?"

With biting sarcasm Mr. Wolfe responded: "You don't suppose I jolly well want to leave my blooming car in the street, what?"

"No," replied Mr. Apfel seriously. "I stayed up on purpose to leave you in, because I know what a inconvenience it is to be locked outa your own garadge."

"I say, look here now," began Mr. Wolfe, who had found that even the most biting sarcasm wasn't a dashed bit of good with the blooming rabble, "what's the dashed idea of having two blooming locks on the door?"

"To protect my property."

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"I Ain't the Kind of a Man That Makes Himself Small for a Quarter, Which is More Than Some People Could Say, Not Mentioning No Names"

THE PETROLEUM PROBLEM OF THE WORLD — By M. L. Requa

An Effort to Formulate One Essential of a Lasting Peace

IN THE Congressional Record of May 17, 1920, there was published a message from the President of the United States transmitting to the Senate a report from the Department of State in reply to Senate Resolution 331, of March 19, 1920, which resolution requested, if not incompatible with the public interests, information:

"First, as to what restrictions, if any, are imposed either directly or indirectly by France, Great Britain, Holland, Japan, or any other foreign country, or the dependencies thereof, upon the citizens of the United States in the matter of prospecting for petroleum, or in the acquisition and development of lands containing the same within the territory subject to the jurisdiction and influence of such countries.

"Second, if such restrictions exist, what steps have been taken by the Government of the United States to secure their removal and equality of treatment in respect of citizens of the United States.

"Third, if any restrictions are imposed by the Government of Mexico upon citizens of the United States in regard to the acquisition or development of petroleum-bearing lands within its jurisdiction which are not imposed upon nationals of other foreign countries.

"Fourth, if any such discriminating restrictions are imposed by the Government of Mexico upon citizens of the United States, what steps have been taken by the Government to secure removal of such restrictions and equality of treatment in respect of citizens of the United States."

The passage of this resolution by the Senate indicates that nationally we have at last wakened to the vital need for discussion by Congress of our petroleum problem. The question at the moment is *not* so much where our supplies are to come from, but rather what is the policy of other countries as compared with our own policy of equal opportunity for all, under which foreigners are accorded practically the same rights as our own nationals.

Foreign Restrictions Upon Aliens

NO BETTER example of this liberality can be instanced than the activities of the Royal Dutch Shell Company in gathering oil production in United States oil fields, laying pipe lines, building refineries and marketing the resultant products upon an equality with American companies. In fact the Royal Dutch Shell—the great foreign combine controlled by English and Dutch capital—has received from our Government treatment more favorable than that accorded the Standard Oil interests, in that their operations have not been attacked or their activities limited. The Royal Dutch Shell, in association with the Anglo-Persian, is to-day the great petroleum corporation of the world. In the sum of its more than one hundred and twenty-five subsidiary companies its activities reach every corner of the globe.

A Lake of Oil in California

During the war the British Government acquired a very large holding in the shares of the Royal Dutch Shell—as much as forty per cent, it was stated. The present whereabouts of these shares is somewhat of a mystery, though it is reported that the British Government, through the Anglo-Persian Company, of which it owns the controlling interest, has arrived at an agreement with the Royal Dutch Shell of such character as to bring both companies into close association and coöperation; in other words, two of the greatest oil companies of the world have as a partner the British Government, with all the tremendous influence and power the British Government exercises throughout the world.

It will therefore be instructive—in the light of our own liberal treatment of foreign corporations engaged in the oil industry in the United States—to know what conditions confront American oil companies in their attempts to acquire and develop sources of supply in various foreign countries. Ours has been a policy of equality, regardless of nationality. In contrast with this policy, it will be interesting to review briefly the report made by the State Department concerning the treatment accorded our nationals in foreign lands. Space forbids quoting the entire document, but it may be briefly summarized as follows.

The report of the Department of State deals first with France, and makes in part the following presentation:

"There is reason to believe that the policy mentioned above would find expression in a restriction on development by aliens, at least to the extent that concessions would not be granted to alien groups unless they form a part of a French joint-stock company of which two-thirds of the directors should be French citizens. This policy would probably be effective in Algeria, French West Africa and Madagascar, should petroleum be found in these dependencies."

Regarding the British Empire the report states in part as follows:

"In general, each dominion and colony has its own legislation on the subject of the petroleum industry.

"The policy of the British Empire is reported to be to bring about the exclusion of aliens from the control of the petroleum supplies of the empire and to endeavor to secure some measure of control over oil properties in foreign countries. This policy appears to be developing along the following lines, which are directly or indirectly restrictive on citizens of the United States:

"1. By debarring foreigners and foreign nationals from owning or operating oil-producing properties in the British Isles, colonies and protectorates.

"2. By direct participation in ownership and control of petroleum companies.

"3. By arrangements to prevent British oil companies from selling their properties to foreign owned or controlled companies.

"4. By orders in council that prohibit the transfer of shares to other than British subjects or nationals."

The State Department report deals also with Australia, British East Africa, Uganda, German East Africa—occupied—British West Africa, British Guiana, Burma, India and Trinidad; all of these countries having rules and regulations directly and emphatically detrimental to nationals of the United States, making it as a matter of fact impossible for our nationals to operate successfully in those countries.

American Prospectors Barred Out

"IN THE Dutch East Indies prospecting licenses and concessions are granted only to Dutch subjects. American companies have for years without success endeavored to secure leases in this field. The Royal Dutch Shell Company has a complete economic monopoly of production.

"In Japan foreigners would seem to be restricted in the development of petroleum properties by Article 5 of the Japanese mining law, promulgated by Imperial order on the seventh of March, 1905, reading as follows:

"'No persons other than subjects of the Empire or juridical persons duly formed in accordance with the laws thereof are entitled to acquire mining rights.'

"The meaning of 'juridical persons' in the Japanese law is such that it is believed to be practically impossible for foreign companies to retain or transfer undisputed possession of mining rights in Japan."

The countries of Central America and South America show an increasing tendency to make exploitation by foreign nationals more and more difficult.

Replying to the second paragraph of the Senate resolution, the State Department makes in part the following answer:

"With reference to steps taken by this government looking to the removal of restrictions operating directly or indirectly on citizens of the United States as mentioned in the second paragraph of Senate Resolution 331, it should be noted that in general the restrictions set forth are so drawn as to distinguish between aliens and nationals.

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Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XXXVII

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

ANY attempt at conveying to the reader an accurate idea of the situation of affairs and of the moral atmosphere prevailing in Russia's capital during the last months of the existence of the empire must necessarily fail on the score of incompleteness when undertaken by one who, like myself, though an eyewitness of passing events, was not in touch with the inner circle of the actors of the tragedy and can therefore only relate his personal impressions as an outside observer.

These impressions were not far removed from those gathered by an English visitor who had come to study the situation and had summarized the result of his observations in this brief sentence: "It looks to me like a mild bedlam." It was a mild bedlam indeed, presenting the pitiful spectacle of the governing body of a great empire helplessly floundering in a sea of self-evoked catastrophal troubles which they had thought themselves capable of facing successfully and which now threatened to sweep them off their feet, lacking the means to stem the rising tide of disaster as well as the moral courage to take the only decision that could have saved the country, and gradually sinking deeper and deeper in the mire which was to engulf them and with them all that remained of Russia's former greatness and prosperity.

Only the willfully blind could fail to see that the country was drawing ever nearer and nearer to the brink of the precipice and that its salvation could only be found in the earliest possible conclusion of a general peace. It is hardly possible that the really able and perspicacious statesmen at the head of affairs in Allied countries could have entertained any illusions in this regard. But it is quite comprehensible that, being bent on continuing the war at any cost, our Allies should have made every effort to keep Russia, as a still valuable though already somewhat doubtful asset, as long as possible in the field, whatever might become of her in the end. It might have been to their own interest to save Russia from her impending downfall and ruin, but it was certainly neither their duty nor their business to suggest to the Russian Government the only way in which it could be done. Moreover, the members of our government as well as our party leaders seemed to be much less concerned about saving their country from the manifestly impending disaster than they were anxious to save their own faces—as a Chinese would put it—in the eyes of our Allies by fervent protestations of loyalty to their cause.

This curious trait of the mentality of our intelligentzia—I mean a certain tendency toward a readiness to subordinate the obvious interests of their own country to those of foreign Powers and a snobbish eagerness to curry favor in the eyes of foreigners, presumably due to atavistic influences dating back to the centuries of Mongolian domination over medieval Russia—seems to be the only plausible explanation, for example, of General Alexieff's insistence on the additional mobilization referred to in the preceding chapter. It is incredible that he, who was virtually commander in chief of our armies, could have been so utterly ignorant of the real feelings of the soldiery as not to be aware of the sinister portent of the eventual addition to their numbers of many new millions of men drawn from a war-weary peasantry, seething with discontent and hatred of the classes whom they held responsible for the war and its indefinite prolongation. This fateful measure could only have been devised as a grandiose gesture intended to impress the Allies with the fervor of the government's devotion to their cause and the magnitude of the resources of human material at its disposal, without apparently reflecting that the day might be near when this human material would object to the part of cannon fodder assigned to it.

Likewise nothing but similar atavistic influences could have accounted for the mentality that made it possible for some of our politicians to seek the countenance of foreign, albeit Allied, diplomacy in plotting the dethronement of their Sovereign, whom they suspected or pretended to suspect—a question which could not be answered in one sense or the other without impugning either their intelligence or their good faith—of carrying on or suffering to be carried on secret intrigues aiming at the conclusion of a separate peace with Germany. To the fact of such relations having existed—explicable, of course, on the diplomatic side by the influence of the all-pervading war psychosis—apparently alludes Dr. E. J. Dillon, the world-renowned English publicist, best informed on Russian as well as general international affairs, when he writes on Page 17 of his Eclipse of Russia:

For, say what we may, the blast that destroyed the monarchy and shattered the nation came directly from the Duma leaders, semiconsciously aided and abetted by the simple-minded representatives of the Entente, whom history may come to regard as drowsy, if not sleeping, partners of the active plotters.

It seems, however, that the government, in spite of all their boastful assurances of readiness to carry on the war with redoubled energy, had conceived some doubts as to the disposition of the people in this regard and had come to the conclusion that in order to reanimate their obviously waning or even totally vanished fighting spirit it would be necessary to hold out to them some inducement supposedly powerful enough to reconcile them to the necessity of continuing to shed their blood, and that this could best be done by disclosing the real aims Russia was pursuing in the war.

In consequence of a decision in this sense arrived at, evidently after consultation with the Allies, the new Prime Minister, Mr. Trepoff, who in the meanwhile had replaced Stuermer, on the reassembling of the Duma on December third read a declaration, from the text of which, as cabled over by the Russian semiofficial news agency and published in the New York papers of December 4, 1916, I quote the following two main points:

We have concluded an agreement with our Allies which establishes in the most definite manner the right of Russia to the Straits and Constantinople. Russians should know for what they are shedding their blood, and in accord with our Allies, announcement of this agreement is made to-day from this tribune.

And further in regard to the Polish question:

One part of the task before us is to reconquer the Kingdom of Poland, temporarily detached by force of arms. But that is not enough. We must also wrest from our enemies territories formerly Polish beyond the old frontier. We will then reconstitute Poland, free within its ethnographical boundaries, but inseparably united with Russia.

Well might the Allies have hesitated to consent to this official disclosure of Russia's war aims, which included the dismemberment not only of Turkey but also of Prussia and Austria, from whom the former Polish territories—that is to say, Posen and Galicia—were to be wrested.

This official disclosure was an admission most dangerous to be made in the hearing of the millions upon millions of naturally peaceable human beings who, amid the untold horrors of modern warfare, were expected to continue fighting indefinitely in the belief that they were fighting for high ideals—to save the liberty of the world or to end war forever. It moreover supplied the enemy governments with a most welcome argument for use in trying to rouse the fighting spirit of their peoples, by representing to them that, in the presence of the openly declared war aims of one at least of their adversaries, nothing remained for them but to continue to fight to the bitter end if they wanted to save their countries from dismemberment and ruin.

The effect which this solemn disclosure of the government's war aims produced on the minds of the Russian people—I mean, of course, the real people, aside from the

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PHOTO FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Batum, Caucasus, Russia

THERE GOES THE GROOM

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

XVI

PROFESSOR PETERS, I learned afterward, was so disturbed by the incident under the maples that he refrained that night from destroying his chickens. I myself was so disturbed by the evil vision of Mrs. Jenks that I could not sleep. When I encountered the old lady at supper I shuddered, but she seemed unchanged—perhaps a bit more talkative and not quite so hungry. She disappeared immediately after supper, before I could make up my mind whether or not I desired a word with her in private. I firmly believed that she had gone out to continue her spying on Professor Peters and his works.

Vainly once more I struggled to put myself to sleep with the aid of Les Misérables. Once again Victor Hugo's great work betrayed me and left me abstracted and wakeful. George I knew to be at Esmée's house and the admiral and the Ramsens had gone to bed early. Mary was in her room with a book of optimism, and besides, Mary was never any great help in times of stress. There was nothing to do but to get out and walk myself into a more soporific condition—a method that I always employ when Victor Hugo fails me.

I went down to the shore to listen to the deep-voiced sea, the mother and lover of men, as Swinburne calls it. It was a cloudless night, the sky filled with stars and a dying moon hanging pale in the midst of them. I chose the direction away from Esmée's house, for I had no desire for company or casual conversation; and especially I had no desire to encounter Florian. To do so, I felt, would mean rehashing the whole painful affair of the afternoon.

At a short distance from the village the shore road swung inland, but a footpath branched off from it, following closely the contour of the beach. This path led me out to the extreme tip of the crescent that formed the main harbor and then, turning abruptly on itself, skirted the shore of a deep adjacent cove, so sheltered and landlocked that the ocean lay within it tranquil and noiseless save for a gentle crooning at its margin. I could see the reflections of the dark pine trees almost undistorted on its surface.

"Annabel," I Repeated, "am I an Old Fool?"
"That," She Said, "Depends on What You Say Next"

Finding a comfortable spot, I stretched myself out full length on my back, my hands under my head, and contemplated the eternal stars. And I thought, as one always does think in that position, of the immensity of space and the puniness of the world. It consoled me in a fashion to reflect how utterly unimportant the most important of us is—to realize that my own most momentous act had less effect upon the great scheme of things than the act of a sand flea had upon me. I could readily comprehend how, believing this, men came to adopt the philosophy of eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die; and I only wished that I could cease to worry over the petty complications that surrounded me and sleep undisturbed in the belief that all was either for the best or for the worst, but that in either case I was powerless to alter it. A sincere materialist, I decided, must be a very contented person, for it is only the idealist who is caught napping that can be dissatisfied with himself.

My reverie was interrupted by a break in the rhythm of the ripples on the beach. I sat up and looked across the narrow cove, and opposite me, in the deep shadow of the pines, I saw a white figure moving down toward the shore. At the water's edge it hesitated. Then it emerged from the shadow. The starlight struck it and clad it with silver and I saw that it was Deborah.

I remembered Actæon and the fate that befell him when he surprised the chaste Diana bathing—I remembered Actæon, but I could not turn away my eyes. It was a picture that Chabas would have delighted to put on canvas, and I regarded it as I should have regarded a glorified Chabas. And yet there was about it something more of the classic inspiration. Almost I could behold the daughters of Nereus stretching out their white arms to welcome her to their home, the water. Almost I could hear drifting down from the hills the notes of the pipes of Pan.

There should have been whispering and laughter behind the trunks of the pines, and the flash of white-limbed dryads dancing in the starlight. There should have been satyrs peering with red eyes through the branches or beating time with cloven hoofs to the music of their reeds. All this there should have been that the picture might be complete, but all this my imagination was able to conjure up before my eyes and I seemed to live again in the days when the pagan gods walked the earth.

Deborah advanced timidly, with many a backward look, into the water. When it was to her knees she stooped and ran her hands through it, tossing it high in the air. Drops of it fell on her hair and hung there, sparkling like diamonds in a black setting. Then slowly she let herself fall forward, her arms outstretched, her head back, her lips parted, and in an instant I saw no more than a white arm flashing rhythmically above the water, and a trail of silver spray to mark her path as she swam.

"Now," I said to myself as I walked home—"now I understand what Mrs. Jenks meant when she accused Deborah of being a wanton hussy. Damn Mrs. Jenks and all her works, for it is only wanton eyes and wanton tongues that make wantonness of beauty!"

I was still engaged in my diatribe against Mrs. Jenks and all others who see the world only through impure glasses when I reached the Hoffmann Arms, and as I rounded the corner by the gate I almost collided with the especial object of my invective. Mrs. Jenks was at first more startled than I at this unexpected encounter. She emitted a sudden sound that I can only compare to that of an angry cat—a sort of spitting snarl. I, for my part, said "Good Lord!" But she regained her equilibrium, both mental and physical, very quickly.

"Well," she said sharply, "what are you doing prowling round all alone at this hour of the night?"

"That," I answered, "is entirely my own affair."

"It is," she said, "providing you've been minding your own affairs and not spying on respectable old ladies like me. If you've been following me, young man, you'll be sorry for it."

I assured her I had not been following her—that I had no desire to follow her ever.

"You think you're pretty smart," she retorted, shaking her cane in my face—a cane that I imagined she did not really need to employ. "You think you're pretty smart, but you're not as smart as me for all you think. I'm a poor deserted widow lady, but I've still got wits in my head, and before long you'll know it—and that old fool Peters'll know it too. Now go to bed you, and leave me alone. Such goings on I never did see, spying round on a poor defenseless old woman."

"Madam," I said with a bow, "won't you precede me? Surely your evening's work is completed—whatever it may have been."

She glared at me. I could see her red eyes gleaming in the starlight. Then without further words she hobbled up the path and into the house. I followed slowly and meditatively.

XVII

IN SEARCH of advice and counsel, I waylaid Annabel the next morning and told her of my encounter with Mrs. Jenks. For some reason I did not think best to tell her of my vision of Deborah. I felt perhaps that words of mine were too crude to express the beauty of it—that it was a subject for poetry but not for prose. But I told her

about Mrs. Jenks, for Annabel had been with me under the maples when I had glimpsed the old woman's evil face spying through the bushes and Annabel was prepared to witness that the face had really been there. Anything seen by her eyes was reasonably certain to exist and not to be a phantom conjured up out of a fanciful brain.

"Annabel," I concluded, "I think this is very serious. There is no doubt that Mrs. Jenks is keeping a close watch on the Peterses, and with no laudable reason. I know, and she admits, that she loathes the professor and is at the least not pleased with certain of Deborah's traits. It is apparent that she is plotting some injury to them. What shall we do about it?"

"We should warn Professor Peters, I think," said Annabel promptly. "Perhaps Hector Ramsen would be the best person to do it. He's more intimate with the Peterses than we."

"I agree with you, Annabel," I said. "You're a very sensible woman, besides being a very beautiful one. How does it happen you haven't been spoiled? I should have thought that gallant youths would have turned your head long ago."

"Well," said she, "I don't pay much attention to what youths tell me. They are too enthusiastic to be sound judges. But of course when old gentlemen like you condescend to drop me a kind word I value it enormously and blush deeply with joy."

She made a profound curtsy, and though the action partly hid her face I vow that she actually was blushing.

"Annabel," I said, "you urged me the other night to quit harping on my age and now you yourself call me an old gentleman. I'm not so old as that after all, you know."

She nodded.

"I know," she said. "Let's go and see if we can't find Hector Ramsen."

We found Hector brooding by himself under a tree in the front yard. Of late I had noticed that he seemed depressed, disinclined to talk, and at the same time I had noticed that he was seeing less of Deborah than had been his custom. Florian, I suspected, was the cause of this. Poor Hector, what chance did he have with both George and Florian in the field? I was sorry for him, but I could not but admit that it was his own stupid fault; that he had brought the consequences upon his own bowed head. Why in heaven's name had he not seized his opportunity when he had it? Why had he not run his race when there were no other entries against him? Even a spavined, broken-winded old crock is certain to win in a field of one.

"Hector," I began, "cheer up. We've come for a conference. We need your advice."

"'*Disce, sed a doctis*,'" said Hector sadly.

"No," said Annabel, "we must have it in English."

"Forgive me," said Hector. "I will not lapse again and I am all ears. What is the trouble?"

I explained to him at length and in detail. He listened quietly, his mouth puckered up to whistle when my recital touched on the more startling events. When I had finished he removed his spectacles and shook his head gloomily.

"How very unpleasant!" he said. "What is to be done—what is to be done? We must deliberate."

"You must warn Professor Peters," urged Annabel. "That's the only thing to do, and it ought to be done at once."

Hector replaced his spectacles and stood up.

"Come with me," he said. "I will warn him, but I shall need you both to bear witness."

We went with him.

Had it not been for Annabel no word would have been spoken on the way and all she said was: "Poor Deborah, she's the one I'm sorry for after all!"

Once more we entered the Peters' gate and once more we traversed the garden to the house. But we did not reach the house, for Professor Peters, who must have seen our approach from the window, burst forth from the door to meet us. That he was not tearing his hair was due solely, I am sure, to the fact that he had no hair to tear. But he conveyed the impression of being a man who would have torn his hair had it been possible. I had seen him angry and excited; now I beheld him bewildered and in anguish. Through all these emotions he maintained his resemblance to a bird. I mean of course merely a physical resemblance, for I am sure that no bird could have experienced anything that approached the professor's mental processes. Almost he threw himself into Hector's arms. Almost he wept on Hector's shoulder. He murmured incoherent phrases, while Annabel and I stood by, silent, awkward, aghast.

At length from his incoherence there emerged a phrase that recurred at intervals like a theme in a musical composition:

"She has gone! She has gone!"

Hector, Annabel and I glanced one at the other.

"Who has gone, Professor Peters?" asked Annabel.

May I remark here parenthetically that it is usually the woman who finds her tongue first in times of stress?

"Who has gone?" repeated Annabel.

The professor straightened up and blinked at her.

"Deborah, of course," he said in a tone that implied she should have known that at once.

Annabel nodded her head sagely.

"Where has she gone?" was her next query.

"How should I know?" retorted the professor.

"When did she go?" ventured Annabel.

"I don't know—at daybreak—last night—I don't know."

"Well," said Annabel, now apparently quite calm, "if you would tell us all you do know perhaps we could help you find her. We have an automobile."

"Yes," agreed Hector nervously, "let us go into the house and talk it over."

Professor Peters signified a hopeless assent and led the way. We took chairs in a circle in the amazing living room.

"Now, Professor Peters, please tell us everything," said Annabel.

Peters said nothing for a while, but eyed Annabel intently through his blue spectacles. Then he muttered: "You seem a very normal, capable sort of young female. You'd make a good wife."

Annabel at this was just a bit disconcerted, but she said, "I hope so," and urged him to return to the subject in hand.

"Yes," persisted Peters, "I don't doubt you'd make me a very good wife."

"Come, come!" I exclaimed impatiently. "This is no time for absurdities! If you have any serious news to tell us you had best go ahead with it."

Perhaps I was overharsh to the poor mad old man, but I could not stand by silently while he vented his senile admiration on Annabel. Senile! Yes, I repeat the word! He was at least ten years older than I.

"I have told you the news," said he plaintively. "Deborah has gone. She left a note—just like her mother. Her mother left a note when she left me. They all leave notes—and they all leave me."

"May I see the note?" asked Hector.

Peters fumbled through all his pockets before he found it. Then he handed it over to Annabel, who chanced to be beside him. She read it aloud.

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Annabel and I Gathered Closer and George Whispered—a Loud Stage Whisper, to Be Sure. "The Guilty Couple Have Been Found!"

SEED OF THE SUN

XVI

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT WAS a morning in late summer, and the drying north wind had been blowing its fiery breath across the valley until fields and vineyards seemed to smoke on the verge of conflagration. In that oven breath grapes withered before they ripened on the vine, though the harvest season had already come to some of the ranches. Only yesterday Anna had been driven by Henry Johnson out to where the hot fields were populous with workers gathering heavy clusters of the amethystine globes.

The world which had blossomed so invitingly for Anna upon the day of her arrival had grown sere with the progress of the crop. Branches were borne down with brilliant blue fruit, but dust lay heavy on the boughs or flew away in brown clouds to gather in brown shapes and disappear among the foothills. The river banks had lost their fresh color; their foreheads, topped with seeding grasses, blew silvery as though old age had come upon a savage god while he lay asleep in the sun.

Anna Bly, as she came to her veranda and looked through the sere leaves, had changed a little too. Life out of doors had tinted her cheeks a soft brown. She had not grown bent with toil as Tazumi had predicted, but her figure was slimmer than it had been since girlhood. As she stood there in her simple muslin gown, the mass of her dark hair artlessly coiled, she showed the influence of her season in a new environment. The mark of sorrow had faded from her face, but something else had come there—something more disturbing. The mouth which she had schooled so long to utter no complaint had become a little wistful, and her clear gray eyes roved over the orchards with a look that suggested both worry and unrest.

Up the path from the Japanese camp she saw Shimba, the farmer, shuffling toward the porch. He held something between his open palms, and his whole attitude was like that of a pilgrim bringing offerings to a shrine.

One Day Anna Had Found the Little Bride Alone in a Corner of the Orchard. She Was Leaning Very Sadly on the Handle of Her Hoe

"What have you got there, Shimba?" asked Anna from her height.

"Prune!" he giggled, and revealed a double handful of small blue plums, which he laid on the steps and smiled his toothful benediction.

"Pretty soon those prune will be finish," he announced, proud as though he had had a share in the ripening process.

"These are ready to dry now, aren't they?" she asked, seating herself on the upper step and examining the pretty fruit.

Shimba laughed at her joke.

"When they jump off tree then prune make ripe," he explained.

"How soon will the jumping begin?" she asked.

"Two week come plenty. Maybe rain drop first. That make crop all spoilt."

"No fear of rain now," said Anna cheerfully.

"Somebody can't tell," he gloomed.

Two weeks! Anna's eyes grew dreamy with the thought of harvest time, that last dramatic act in the farmer's year.

"Think of it!" she cried. "I hope you've made arrangements for pickers. They say that labor's dreadfully scarce."

Shimba giggled again.

"I got plenty good boy long time," he informed her.

"You think of everything, Shimba," she complimented him.

His face was perfectly solemn, his eyes as hard as agate as he replied, "I think sufficient."

He picked up one of the ripening prunes and turned it over in his horny palm.

"Japanese boy from Santa Crara catch fourteen cen' a poun', best grade prune," he grunted. "We catch twerve cen'."

"What's the matter with our prunes?" she asked, though what he told her had ceased to be news.

"Too good. That 'mission merchant make contract by me last year—two year prunes fo' twerve cen'."

"We'll lose on that," she sighed.

"Farmer all time lose," he told her, smiling at the disagreeable announcement.

He was turning away when she stopped him with a question which she seldom asked, since it was her policy to interfere as little as possible:

"How's your wife, Shimba?"

"Oh, she very nice."

"Is she getting to like America?"

"All Japanee lady like him," he declared, weaving from foot to foot as if anxious to go.

"Isn't she ever lonesome?"

"Oh, no! She have too nice time!" he smiled, and made his escape among the trees.

Since the late spring day when Shimba had come rolling back with his picture bride Anna had watched the strange match with considerable curiosity. She had peeped at the little thing getting out of the grand automobile in her preposterous clothes; and remembering the terrifying end of the late Mrs. Shimba, she had felt a surge of pity for the young creature who had come into these new surroundings to stare blankly like a frightened animal.

A day later she had scarcely recognized the girl as she appeared in the fields, hoeing round an irrigation ditch, her body bent, her head obliterated under the flaps of an enormous sunbonnet. On several occasions she had tried to talk to Chizo-san, but Matsu or Shimba or Mrs. Matsu had always been hovering about.

Henry Johnson, exercising his prerogative as white and yellow man in one, had come to Anna with gossip of the fields. He had hinted that Mr. Shimba was not doing very well with his latest matrimonial venture. Young Mrs. Shimba had notions in her head. She had discarded the traditional obedience of her race and talked among the neighborhood women.

One day Anna had found the little bride alone in a corner of the orchard. She was leaning very sadly on the handle of her hoe. Her sunbonnet had dropped to her shoulders, revealing a bowed, pathetic head.

"You speak English?" Anna had asked, approaching the discouraged figure.

The picture bride raised her eyes, and Anna could see that she had been crying. Until then she had not known that a Japanese woman could weep.

"Plenty," chirped the bird. "I learn him by high school."

"Are you happy here, Chizo-san?"

"I—no—happy," she had replied, pausing on every word.

"Is your husband good to you?"

"Yiss. He too good."

"What's the matter, Chizo-san?"

"I—no—could—un'stand—everything."

"Do you want to go back to Japan?"

"Ah!"

It burst from her in a tiny wail, and she began to cry again.

Anna had taken Chizo-san's trouble to Mrs. Awaga, the yellow pastor's wife. But the good woman had been able to give her but poor satisfaction.

"They are often so," was all the pastor's wife could say. "But what can we do?"

She spoke in the same baffled tone she had used when she had looked across at the Buddhist temple, put there to steal away her husband's congregation.

"Our government has given gentleman's word no more picture brides shall be sent over. I hope in that sincerity! But do not think too much about the new Mrs. Shimba. Our women got married by family arrangement since time commenced.

"With my husband and I it makes different—perhaps that is why they think us so peculiar."

She had cast a fond glance toward the shabby study where the Reverend Professor Awaga was preparing a sermon.

"But please not worry about Chizo-san. When next you see her maybe she will be such a good wife."

The little schoolma'am's prediction had proved true. Less than a week later Anna had found Chizo-san alone a second time. She was hoeing her row, her loose sunbonnet flapping with the regular strokes of the tool.

"Good morning, Chizo-san."

The young Mrs. Shimba had looked up, her face a perfect blank, her eyes unfathomable.

"Do you still want to go back home, Chizo-san?" Anna had persisted.

"No—un'stand—Inglis'," the little bride had lisped, and turned again to her hoeing.

Thus ended poor Chizo-san's chapter. Her husband had won.

This torrid summer day which found Anna Bly sitting dreamily beside a handful of ripening fruit had set her thoughts turning—turning in the spell of soul change which had come upon her even as her orchards had felt earth change working forever mysteriously among them.

Something more than two years had passed since her husband's life had been blasted away upon the face of the waters. In her first anguished prayer of widowhood she had promised that his spirit should be with her always. Yet in spite of that grief and that love she sat to-day struggling to remember his face and his personality. Alas for the narrowness of love! The human heart is too small a thing to accommodate more than one picture at a time.

Dunc Leacy had been at the Brand farm a great deal during the summer, permeating it with his cheerful spirit, taking things in his own hands now and then, for Leacy was a bit fond of having his own way.

To Kipps he was no human being, but a demigod called Dunc. "That's a he man, mother," had been the boy's announcement after his first view of Leacy. A he man indeed he was! His wholesome personality seemed to put tonic into the air whenever he came to the Bly farm. For Anna it had been a frank and happy companionship, with no trace of sentimentality. So far as she could see, he was just about as attentive to Zudie as to her.

Had he come in some day to announce his engagement to her sister Anna would have felt no pang of jealousy. At least so she told herself—and telling, she lied. She had never confessed to her heart the need which any normal young woman, alone and mateless in the world, has always with her.

She sat on the top step steeped in the reveries which crowded closer and closer in her mind with the solitudes of her farm. No. She would be glad if Dunc would marry Zudie. Poor Zudie, she could see, was putting a brave face on everything, yet she was pining for the world she had so impulsively forsworn. Sometimes she flamed up in fits of anger which recalled the wayward moods she had left supposedly in New York. She would rail unreasonably at the land and the climate and the yellow people forever infesting the soil. Fear came to Anna that Zudie was wearing out her enthusiasm.

Something must be done about Zudie. Anna wondered why Dunc Leacy had never thought of marrying. He seemed enormously popular with women. Too popular, she had heard it hinted here and there. Surely, with his growing prosperity, he could afford to settle down.

Flashing its self-assertive nose among the trees, she saw Dunc Leacy's car approaching at its usual reckless speed. Dunc, the very soul of summer in a linen suit and Panama hat, was driving alone, and his smile was broader than the sun as he came beaming up the steps to greet her.

"Some day!" he chuckled. "And how are prunes?"

"See what Shimba just brought in!" exclaimed Anna, brightening as she always did in his presence.

He turned them over skillfully, squeezed them and tossed them bouncing across the porch.

"Good full fruit," he pronounced. "I shouldn't wonder if you'd make up in prunes for what they bilked you in strawberries, if the rain holds off."

He removed his hat to mop his brow and brush his flaxen pompadour.

"Going to put your fruit through that quaint Noah's ark effect out there?" pointing over his shoulder toward the antique prune gallows.

"Why, yes, Shimba seems to think it will do."

"Well, he's the doctor. It's his loss in labor, that's all."

He lit a cigarette and spoke the question which seemed uppermost in his mind.

"Say, Anna"—they were Anna and Zudie and Dunc to each other now—"has that flathead Helmholtz been round again with a buying proposition?"

"He was here yesterday," she admitted.

"Offering more money?"

"No, he stuck to his original offer. But he urged me to sell right away. He said that another hot wind like this would spoil the crop, and I'd do well to get out before I lost everything."

"Lord!" swore Leacy. "You'd think he was wishing the red spider on your trees! I wonder what's back of all this?"

"Of course he's too good a business man to tell me that."

"Just look here!"

Dunc Leacy brought a shred of newspaper out of his linen coat and indicated a headline:

BIGGER JAP COMBINATION IS PLANNING SCOOP
NATURAL ENERGY FRUIT AND LAND CO.
BEGINS WHOLESALE GRAB
INDEFATIGABLE K. SATO PRESIDING GENIUS IN SCHEME

As soon as Anna had read the column, written in a vein of race hatred and sensationalism, she handed the slip back to Dunc and smiled.

"Well, they haven't grabbed my land, you see!"

"I've been worrying about you," he confessed.

"About me?"

She scarcely knew it, but her heart fluttered.

"Of course you're going to hang on to this strip—or sell out to a white man," was his next decision.

"Why shouldn't I sell out to anybody I want to?" she asked perversely.

"A few weeks ago," said Dunc slowly, "I couldn't have answered your question. But right now, to-day, I've been forced to a conclusion. A lot of that stuff I've been calling cheap politics and newspaper tommyrot is only too true. The Japanese thirst for land isn't just individual and natural. It's inspired."

"Inspired by what?" she persisted, smiling at him.

"The Japanese Government."

"There are Californians who don't think so," she said in reply.

"There are members of the Bohemian Club who never heard of Dan O'Connell," he answered in parable.

"But, Dunc, you can't blame the Japanese Government for K. Sato!"

"All right!" he said. "I'll bet you something that you'll agree with me before it's done with."

"What will you bet?" she teased, determined not to take him in earnest.

"Well, let's see." Good humor was restored to his florid face as he calculated. "Let's see. We'll make the stakes high. Suppose I bet you a carload of asparagus against ——"

He paused and reddened a shade.

"Against what?"

"Against a kiss," said Dunc quite shamelessly.

Anna Bly felt her color rising. With all her experience in the wide world she had never been a flirt. The intimate suggestion of Leacy's bet shocked her sense of propriety, and being a normal young woman she liked him at that moment more than she had ever liked him before.

"We'll make it Grade A Eastern grass, spring cutting," he was going on.

(Continued on Page 110)

"You Would Enjoy Among My People the Place You Deserve. You Would be a Figure in Court Society. You Could Live Again Among the Great of the Earth"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 30, 1920

Are You Ready for the Question?

PRESIDENT WILSON is probably the only man in the United States who has not changed or modified his views on the League of Nations since the first months of the armistice. Having yielded much to European statesmen then, he refuses to yield anything to American public opinion now. With him it is still the league of nations, not a league of nations, though time and a changed world psychology have developed weaknesses in the original draft that call for correction.

The first of these weaknesses, though it is the one least often referred to in discussion, is the binding together of the peace treaty and the league. More and more it is apparent that the treaty carries the seed of future wars in its text, that the league must revise the treaty or the treaty will destroy the league. In the light of events and soberer second thought, even those of us who were most hopeful see that it is impossible for the league to leap full-grown into life.

The extremist view that if we had bolted down the treaty and the league without delay and discussion there would now be no war, no want, no woe in the world, is as far from the truth as the view that President Wilson is personally to blame for everything that has gone wrong since the armistice, from the slump in silk shirts to the boost in rents. It is as foolish to deny the great qualities of the President as to ignore his great defects.

The situation in Europe after the armistice called for a strong man, a firm man, but not a stubborn man. President Wilson's greatest mistake was that, being an idealist, he failed to go down fighting for his ideal of reorganizing Europe for peace, but allowed the greater issues to be confused with the lesser ones; that, being a professional man, he failed to surround himself with the highest type of business executives to reorganize America for business. In short, like all stubborn men, he yielded at the wrong time and he was obstinate at the wrong time.

The psychology of the theorist is curious in that he usually wants to make a clean sweep of everything that has been done, good and bad, through the centuries, preliminary to trying out his own cure-all on the world. It has sometimes seemed as if President Wilson had this defect to the extent of being indifferent to the reshaping and reorganizing of the practical everyday affairs of the country in the belief that, once the treaty was signed and the league in force, everything would make a fresh start overnight and go forward hummingly and swimmingly. A workable league of nations would be incomparably the greatest step forward in the world's history—so great a step forward that we must be reasonably sure of the untried territory into which we are advancing. A misstep, a league that failed, that plunged the world down into the abyss, would set civilization back a century. In a league of nations we must offer mankind not only an ideal but a practical certainty.

There was a time in the first weeks after the war when a strong man, surrounded and counseled by strong men, could have formulated a safe peace and a strong league. That was the President's moment and his opportunity. The people of two continents were solidly at his back; his enemies were impotent. His friends could have been cemented to him and his enemies confounded by a broad, bold course, whether it led to success or failure. But he should have surrounded himself with big men, both at home and abroad, to share his big moment, whether of victory or defeat. The glory of a great man is enhanced by the sum of the greatness of his subordinates, but every little man in his administration subtracts something from the bigness of his chief.

A better peace, a strong league could have done much in hope, something in reconstruction for the world, but it could not have cured its ills outright. Causes of new wars could have been removed, strong assurances given for the future, but the corpse of the World War will not disappear overnight. It must be buried in toil and tears, spadeful by spadeful. Only time can finally heal the scarred earth.

The League of Nations should never have been dragged into partisan politics. But so long as it is there, so long as the President has made its acceptance a personal matter, so long as he has made the record of his administration the first issue and demands an unqualified indorsement of it, the question before us is perfectly clear. As Mr. Blythe puts it in his article, that question is: Do we indorse "Wilson, his works and his workers"?

American sentiment is in favor of a League of Nations. The differences between the great majority of Republicans and Democrats on this issue can be composed, once the personal issue, Wilson, has been passed on. Common ground between all our opposing views can unquestionably be found in a broad, simple agreement, round which a body of opinion and decision will grow with experience. Meanwhile the time for haste is gone. It was frittered away in Paris. The loud cries of those who tell us that we have no friends left in Europe may be disregarded. If we enforce the trouble-breeding provisions of the treaty and get into the wrong kind of league, we shall have neither a friend nor a dollar left. Nor need the appeals of either Europeans or Americans to haste and sentimentalism carry special weight. When one is urged to hurry and to sign on the dotted line, it is best to scrutinize with great care the clauses in small print. When promises that one did not make are lumped in with those that one did, and a man is called a welsher for not making good without delay on both kinds, it may properly give him pause. On the whole, we do not believe that the reproaches of the propagandists and the demands of the ax grinders represent the real sentiments or the wishes of Europeans. They still want our friendship as much as we want theirs, and they want it put on a stable and permanent basis.

It must be the first business of Americans after this election to follow up their votes and to insist on an understanding that will put world peace on a firm foundation. The objections to such an agreement are not sound. Man is a predatory, a fighting, an instinctive animal, but he is also a reasoning animal. We have found ways to curb his thieving, to limit his fighting almost altogether to international wars, and to guide his instincts into the paths of intelligent selfishness. The mass of men are intelligent enough to want peace; the lack of intelligence that heretofore has led to war has been among their leaders. War-making has been the sport of kings, of statesmen—not of the people. It has cost our sportiest kings their jobs; and the world is sick of sporty statesmen. No insurance policy for rulers who want to keep on ruling offers such inducements, such attractive terms as a league.

No word has been so manhandled in recent months as idealism. There is something fine and splendid in aspiring to the remote, the unattainable even, provided it does not make us impatient of the poorer possibilities at our hand and contemptuous of the slow steps toward the better things that are attainable. But there are many kinds of idealists, doctrinaires like Darius Green, who make themselves wings, mount to the ridgepole in a glow of aspiration and leap out into the pleasant, sunshiny air. Then there are those more pragmatic idealists who fashion their wings with due regard for the rules of strains and stresses, who have a wholesome respect for the law of gravitation and who take off from the ground. Darius simply had a vague yearning to fly; our pragmatic aviator wants to get somewhere, and to land without a smash when he gets there.

Wilson has elements of true greatness and we have no sympathy with the sneers at his league idealism, but he has always needed help that he refused, advice that he would not take, to realize so much of it as is practicable.

Lincoln was a great man because he forgave his enemies, took them into his household and made them work for him. He was a great man because though infinitely patient, when his generals proved incompetent he changed them for men who could win, and in the end the glory of their victories was added to him. He was a great man because he realized the impossible ideal of his generation and freed the slaves. A plain man and practical, at times a compromiser for harmony's or expediency's sake, he knew that no trading stamps go with a great moral issue. Emancipation was not tied up in a package with other matters that he had compromised and handed to the North with a take-it-all-or-none message. Lincoln knew when to say "no compromise, no surrender," when to compromise, and enough to surrender when he was wrong.

A Lesson From School Street

SCHOOL STREET, in Boston, is a short, narrow and overcrowded thoroughfare that dips down past old King's Chapel, the Parker House and City Hall and connects the two seventeenth-century cow paths now called Tremont Street and Washington Street.

A third of the way down the slope is an old-fashioned savings bank. It was founded in 1854 and has nearly two hundred thousand depositors. Its trustees are canny and conservative Bostonians, whose policies are guided not only by their native shrewdness but also by a code of uncommonly rigid banking laws. If a prospective depositor has any misgivings as to the soundness of this institution, he can stroll up Beacon Hill to the Statehouse, a matter of ten minutes' walk, and get for the asking an opportunity to inspect the bank's financial statements for a period covering an entire generation. Or, if he prefers to study the personnel of the board of trustees, a little discreet inquiry would uncover their business records from the year they left school or college, and a few days of painstaking research would probably reveal the family antecedents of these gentlemen as far back as the time when good Queen Anne ruled the Massachusetts Bay Colony through a royal governor. Old as this institution is, its trustees think it is doing very well if its deposits show a net increase of four million dollars a year; and its depositors are quite content to receive four and a half per cent interest upon their savings.

Rather less than a year ago another financial institution opened its doors on the opposite side of School Street and made a far higher bid for the privilege of handling the savings of its prospective clients. Mr. Charles Ponzi, the presiding genius of the new establishment, let it be known that he would accept funds against his note for forty-five or ninety days and pay fifty per cent interest at maturity. He explained his dazzling offer by the statement that conditions in foreign exchange were such that he was able to jockey the moneys intrusted to him between one European country and another with such vast and speedy profit that he could well afford to pay handsomely for the use of the funds put into his hands.

No one seemed to know or care much about young Mr. Ponzi's checkered past in this country, in Canada or in Italy; and no special inquiries appear to have been made until Federal and state authorities began to scrutinize his

not unspotted record. Thousands of clients thronged Pie Alley and the little School Street office and poured their savings into Mr. Ponzi's lap. Along with the bright fifty per cent lure they swallowed hook, line and sinker. Hundreds of notes were paid in full at maturity and an incredible number of delighted speculators were only too eager to pyramid principal and interest and do the same thing over again, bringing with them as new recruits brothers and sisters and fellow employees. Many of these poor people were too ignorant to know better and had no one to warn them. Others who boasted of their winnings to level-headed employers were begged and implored to keep away from the fifty per cent shop; but with fanatical faith they continued to empty their money into the hoppers of Mr. Ponzi.

Presently the law stepped in and the crash came. When the receivers were endeavoring to reel off the tangled skein and determine what was left for the creditors, it was estimated that Mr. Ponzi's credulous clients had put into his hands something like ten million dollars. It appeared that the inventor of Ponzied finance, who had pridefully told the reporters that his talents were too great to waste on Italy, had actually managed to rake in during six or seven months two and a half times the amount of the old savings bank's net increase in deposits for a whole year. Overnight young Mr. Ponzi became a figure in world news and a fresh name went on the books of East Cambridge jail. Meanwhile, Rome did not ring with the name of the savings bank across the street and transatlantic cables were not crowded with news dispatches relating to its affairs; but it is still doing business at the old stand and depositors can withdraw their money at will or allow it to remain and earn a modest four and a half per cent.

Boston is not exceptional in the diversity of its financial institutions. Every city affords facilities for getting rich slowly and for going broke quickly. The choice between the two lies solely with the individual. He can take his money to a savings bank run by a dozen or twenty solid citizens whose past is an open book and whose activities are governed by strict banking laws or he can go to the tribe of fancy promisers across the street. The former will faithfully serve him and conserve his earnings; the latter will trim him to the very bone and waste no time in doing it.

The war has taught us so much about finance that lots of us think there is nothing left for us to learn. We have talked so much in billions that hundreds seem mere chicken feed. Sudden fortunes played up in the newspapers make old-fashioned thrift seem mean, petty and ineffectual. Many of us, who are possibly not half so smart as we think we are, have come to look upon savings banks as all very well for green immigrants and timid old ladies but not for "wise ones" like ourselves.

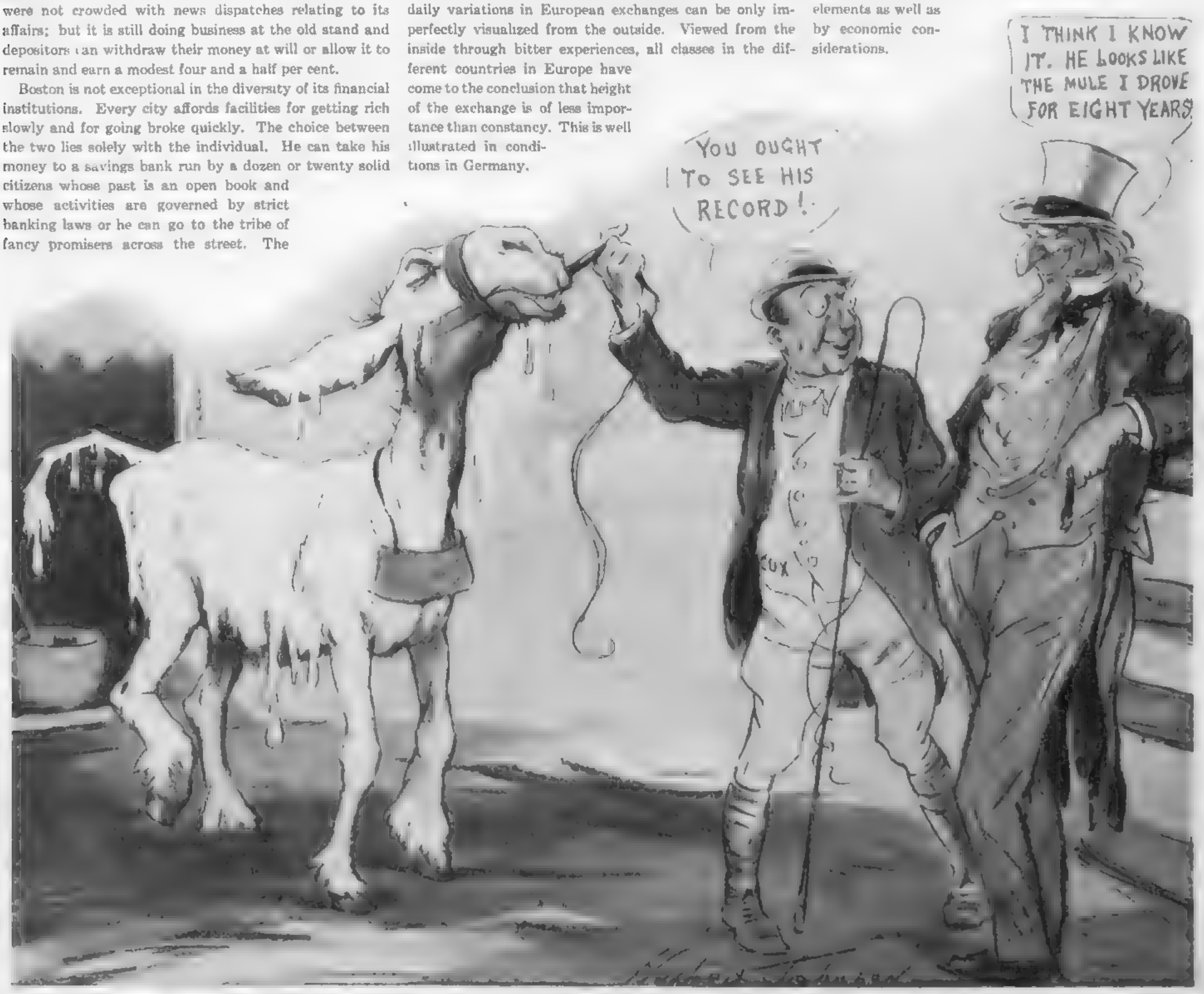
As savings banks are not money-making institutions in the ordinary sense of the term, they do not seek free advertising; but if they did they would be under enormous obligations to the operators of get-rich-quick schemes. Every time one blows up the report jolts thousands of young men and women back to their senses. After a fervent "Never again!" they squeeze out a few dollars from last week's pay and shove them through the proper window at the nearest savings bank. They have learned their lesson once and for all; and, in the long run, it will perhaps be worth all it cost them.

German Exchange

PRICES in this country are high, but they are at least free from the results of fluctuations in currency. The daily variations in European exchanges can be only imperfectly visualized from the outside. Viewed from the inside through bitter experiences, all classes in the different countries in Europe have come to the conclusion that height of the exchange is of less importance than constancy. This is well illustrated in conditions in Germany.

The lowest point to which the German mark fell was about one cent. It then rose gradually to three cents. It is again falling, has already dropped below the two-cent point and may descend to one cent. When the rate of exchange was lowest, there was heavy speculative buying of the mark outside of Germany This provided bills of exchange wherewith raw materials could be imported. These raw materials could be manufactured and exported advantageously to Germany's neighbors. These exportations improved her trade balance, afforded a revolving fund for further importations and gave employment to workers. When the mark rose to three cents the men who had imported materials when the mark was one cent faced huge losses. Exports dwindled and finally almost ceased.

With the cessation of exportation the mark began to fall But reimportations in large volume will not be resumed until currency speculators outside of Germany and importers within Germany are convinced that about the lowest level has been reached. When the mark is falling, the banks and the currency system of the country suffer heavy depreciations. When the mark is rising, importers, manufacturers and merchants are exposed to great losses. It would have been much better for Germany if the mark had been fixed at two cents. The instability of the mark introduces a speculative element into all transactions, even those of agriculture. And the matter is made worse by the fact that the rate of exchange is influenced by psychological elements as well as by economic considerations.



The Same Old Mule

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Furs

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE late war changed the commercial map of the world quite materially. Some of these changes were to the advantage of the United States. This is especially true in the case of the fur industry. Up until 1914 the world's market for raw pelts was in London; to-day the greatest markets are in New York and St. Louis, and optimistic Americans seem to hold the belief that the United States will continue to retain the leadership it has gained in fur dealings.

Though we can hardly say that the furs worn by women during the warm days of summer in compliance with the dictates of fashion are essential articles of wearing apparel, it is true, nevertheless, that fur garments in the winter-time are extremely useful and ornamental if not wholly necessary.

Like most other products in common use, the prices of furs have advanced to record heights in recent years. This rise in cost is well illustrated by the story of a coat with a high-grade fur lining purchased in 1910 by a man in New York for $500. Nearly three years later the fur in the coat was sold for $1000 and the garment was relined with a different kind of fur for $150. This second lining was sold for $250 and the coat was relined again for seventy-five dollars during the days of war. This third lining was sold at a profit of more than 200 per cent and the coat, having rendered valiant service, was retired from further active duty.

Experts are unanimous in saying that the time has come when measures must be taken in all countries to conserve the supplies of fur-bearing animals if we would keep the cost of furs within reach of the average purse. It is such suggestions I wish to embody in the text of this story. At the same time, in view of the size of the outlay many individuals are making in the purchase of furs at present prices, it is likely that some thoughts on the type and quality of the furs now being used will be helpful to both present owners and prospective buyers. Some furs last hardly a season, while others are good for a decade and more. Some are natural in color; others are dyed. Fancy names are given to many commonplace imitations that tell anything rather than the name of the animal the pelt came from.

The fur industry was the first business upon which the adventurous pioneers embarked when they set foot in the new world. Great fortunes have been made in it, and in the early days of American and Canadian history the big fur-trading companies practically ruled the immense territories under their jurisdiction.

Though trading posts, with their factors in charge, are still maintained in the Far North, the Indians and other trappers who come to the stations to barter off their pelts demand a far more substantial consideration than a looking-glass or colored beads for the skins they own. The first fur-trading companies in North America were French and Russian concerns, commencing operations about 1550 A Dutch organization called the West Indian Company opened headquarters in New York in 1621, and for a while shared with the Plymouth Company of England a monopoly of exporting beaver skins from America.

It was the French, however, who first realized in full the possibilities of the fur business and pushed into the wilds of North America in pursuit of the beaver. When Champlain first explored the region of the Great Lakes he was really out hunting for fur. Joliet, Marquette and La Salle, after whom cities were named, traveled the valley of the Mississippi in search of beaver. It was the lure of this same little animal that led La Vérendrye out into the Black Hills of South Dakota and up into Saskatchewan. Many of the French fur traders married Indian women and became identified with the various tribes.

Two daring Frenchmen, Radisson and Groseilliers, who had violated the trapping laws of New France, now a part of Canada, fled to England, where they told tales of the immense wealth that might be obtained in fur trading in the new land over the sea. As the result of this information brought to England a company of hardy adventurers was formed and the English king granted them a charter in 1670, which gave them control of a territory almost half the size of Europe. This incident marked the beginning of the famous Hudson Bay Company, which great corporation still remains a factor in Canadian life. Much of the trouble between France and England three centuries ago was the result of disputes among the fur-trading companies in North America. The Seven Years' War and the Indian rising called Pontiac's War may be traced in large part to the contest between the English and French for supremacy in the fur trade of North America.

Just to show how times have changed, it is interesting to note that in the early days eight to twelve beaver skins were sold for a gun; one beaver for a half pound of powder, a pound of tobacco or a half pound of beads. The first recorded auction of furs was held in Garraway's Coffee House in London in 1671, when the public were offered "3000 wt. of Beaver Skins comprised in 30 lots." Among those present at the sale were Prince Rupert, the Duke of York and the poet Dryden. New York City is the oldest fur market in North America not originally established as a trading post. There are now approximately 280 fur merchants in business in New York and the same city boasts 1080 fur-manufacturing establishments. Only a few years ago the greater volume of fur dyeing and manufacturing was done in Leipsic, Hamburg and Berlin. Most of this business is now being taken care of by American concerns.

St. Louis has rapidly forged to the front as one of the world's chief markets for raw pelts. The great warehouses in St. Louis now hold from $20,000,000 to $40,000,000 worth of raw skins, which are sold at public auction three times a year. The catalog covering the last sale listed eighty-eight varieties of raw pelts. Some came from the arctic regions of Alaska and Labrador; bales of pelts were transported by means of camel caravans from the center of Asia; the Russian steppes and the trackless snow-covered wilds of Siberia produced other rare skins, while the mountain peaks of South America yielded large numbers of the little silver-coated chinchilla, which animal can be secured only by perilous climbing over rugged heights.

The immense supplies of furs in St. Louis also include sealskin and blue fox from the United States Government herds in the Pribyloff Islands, where they are scientifically conserved and marketed under the direction of government experts. The breeding ranches of Prince Edward Island have furnished many pelts of the silver-black fox, rarely found except in captivity, whose pelt is one of the highest-priced of furs. There are Persian lambskins from great ranches in Asia; Chinese dogs, raised for the value of their skins on dog farms all over Manchuria and the eastern borders of Mongolia; and enormous supplies of opossum from Australia, where under wise regulations these animals constantly increase in numbers notwithstanding the fact that millions of the species are taken annually for the fur value of their skins.

And not the least valuable source of fur supply is the farm and ranch country of our temperate zone. Contrary to common belief, fur-bearing animals do not necessarily decrease with advancing civilization. An enormous fur crop is furnished each year by our American farm lands.

(Continued on Page 28

Sea Lions on the California Coast. These Animals are Hair Seals and are Chiefly Valuable for Their Hides, Which are Made Into Belts for Machinery. The Sea Lion Has Not the Fine Underfur of the Seal

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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 26)

The muskrat, that most useful of fur-bearing animals; the skunk, once with a bounty on his head, now highly regarded, and rightly so, by fashion; the mink; the smaller foxes; moles; weasels and raccoons—all multiply as our farms increase. The trapper to-day is often a farmer or a farmer's son, converting a farm pest into a remunerative by-product of his occupation.

Thanks to modern manufacturing methods we are now able to utilize the pelts of this great variety of fur-bearing animals. Few people would have believed a few years ago that we would effect a permanent deodorizing of the skunk pelt, but such is the case, and to-day we may accept it as a fact that skunk is one of our handsomest and best wearing of native furs.

The United States is the leading country in the world for fur production, fur manufacturing and fur consumption. The majority of the skins sold in this country are secured from farmers in practically all states. They carry on trapping activities as a side line, but often it is the most remunerative of all their labors. New Jersey furnishes a great quantity of muskrats for the market, while New York State abounds in skunk and mink. Fur farming to be profitable must be conducted on a large scale, for the animals require much care. Fox-fur farms are most successful.

Fur dealers and manufacturers are in the main of foreign extraction originally, and the workers in the dressing and dyeing plants as well as in the factories are also generally foreign-born or descendants of foreign-born parents. The trade is not difficult to learn and does not require highly skilled labor. The process necessitates great care but can be learned in a short time by a person of average intelligence. The principal factor entering into the cost of most furs is labor, especially in the finished product, in which labor on the silk lining of a garment must be taken into consideration. In common with those engaged in other forms of occupation, the trappers now demand higher prices for the skins they collect. Last January muskrat brought from $1.05 to $6.80 a skin; so it is easy to figure that when conditions are favorable there is a nice profit in trapping this animal.

Full-Grown Silver-Black Foxes on a Fox Ranch

As indicative of the growth of the fur business in the United States it is interesting to note that in 1913 the imports and exports to and from this country totaled $39,168,000; in 1919 this business amounted to $100,639,000, an increase of about 150 per cent. During the same period Great Britain increased her fur imports and exports from $64,005,000 to $74,980,000, an increase of less than eighteen per cent. In former times it was the practice to send the furs trapped in the United States to London for sale. From there they were shipped to Leipsic, Hamburg or Berlin for processing and dyeing. By the time they again reached our shores the finished furs bore an added burden of import duties, which was passed on to the consumer. About ninety per cent of the furs now handled in the United States are treated in New York City. A large part of the seal dyeing is done in St. Louis. The St. Louis auction sales of furs for the year ending June, 1916, were $5,302,679; similar sales for the year ending June, 1919, totaled $32,000,000. It is estimated that Americans spend more than $100,000,000 annually for fur skins.

Saloniki, in Greece, is an important fur center and handles the Serbian marten, which is one of the most desirable pelts secured in the Balkans. Southern Sweden is building up an important fur trade and has lately shipped quite a supply of raw furs to the United States. The low prices of the Swedish furs have attracted many American buyers. In years past Paris was the world's style center, but American fur manufacturers no longer depend upon the French capital for their styles, but employ expert designers of their own. This change also resulted from the war and it is hoped will be permanent.

Though the life of all furs can now be prolonged by dry cold storage, which protects them from moths and prevents the evaporation of the natural oils in the skin and hairs, the durability of the various types of furs differs greatly. The skin of the otter is generally given a durability rating of 100 and is then used as the standard of measurement for other furs. On this basis natural beaver has a durability of 90; seal, 80; leopard, 75; natural mink and skunk, 70; mink, dyed, 35; skunk, tipped, 50; Persian lamb, 65; raccoon, natural, 65, and dyed, 50; Krimmer, 60; sable, 60 when natural, and 45 blended; natural wolf, 50, and dyed wolf, 30; natural muskrat, 45, and dyed, 33; natural fox, 40, dyed black, 25, and blue, 20; civet cat, 40; natural opossum, 37, dyed, 20; genet, 35; Russian pony, 35; jackal, 27; ermine, 25; nutria, 25; kolinsky, 25; lynx, 25; squirrel, 23; cony, 20; chinchilla, 15; goat, 15; astrakhan moiré, 10; mole, 7; rabbit, 5.

Some of the standard furs become novelties on account of their scarcity in the market. The sea otter is one of the most expensive skins even when there is a normal supply. To-day it is almost extinct so far as the raw fur market is concerned, but as the Alaskan otter herds are being protected we may again see a supply of it, just as the Alaskan seal has returned to use. What sea otter we have is generally used for collars on men's coats. The skin of the inland otter is also used for this purpose; in its natural form it is very smart on day coats. Unhaired, its deep glossy brown somewhat resembles beaver. For dressy evening coats the fur manufacturers occasionally dye otter a seal black.

One of the greatest romances of the fur industry is the story of the Alaskan seal. This fur has always been highly aristocratic and, possessing good durability, has been one of the popular furs among people of wealth. In 1867 the United States Government purchased Alaska from Russia for $7,200,000. Some short-sighted people referred to this transaction as "Seward's folly," for Mr. Seward was Secretary of State at that time. His critics declared that ice was the only crop Alaska would furnish. However, subsequent developments have proved that the United States made a wonderful investment when it bought Alaska. Among other assets of the purchase was a great herd of deep-water seals estimated to number from 2,000,000 to 5,000,000 animals. Though the privilege of sealing was leased by the Government, days of indiscriminate slaughtering of the seals followed.

The females were killed in the open sea where no distinction could be made, and in 1910, when the Government decided to abandon the leasing system, the seal herd had so declined in numbers as to be in danger of extinction.

In 1911 a treaty became effective between the United States, Great Britain, Russia and Japan, abolishing sealing on the high seas, known as pelagic sealing, for a term of fifteen years. As a result of this wise move the government herd is now in a healthy condition and has largely increased in number. The seals come annually to the Pribyloff Islands for the breeding season, and in the autumn depart to unknown waters. With few exceptions it is only the young males, the bachelor seals, that are now killed, and the entire operation is under the supervision of government officials stationed on the islands. Though the number of seals taken for their furs at the present time is still strictly limited, the proceeds of the annual seal catch to the Government are now running at the rate of approximately $3,000,000. Since the yearly cost to the Government of the sealing operations does not amount to more than $200,000, it is quite evident that this industry is one of the best-paying financial enterprises Uncle Sam has. As a business it is capable of almost unlimited expansion, provided the females are protected at sea and the surplus males are removed from the herd. The fighting of such males on the crowded rookeries causes a large mortality among the females and young.

The carcasses of the animals killed were formerly allowed to waste, but last year a by-products plan was put into operation by means of which it is expected a superior oil and animal meal will be placed on the market. Last year's census reported 540,000 animals in the Pribyloff herd. It is expected that this year's census will show the total raised to 600,000. The raw pelts are now sent to St. Louis to be dressed and dyed, and Doctor Smith, Commissioner of Fisheries, says that the St. Louis seal dye, which is a lustrous black with a suggestion at the fur roots of the seal brown, is superior to the dye formerly produced in Europe. He also points out that the American method renders the skins more flexible than the older processes did.

So many kinds of furs are now being made up to represent the better-known and more expensive skins that it is difficult for the average purchaser really to know just what kind of fur he is buying. The Russian sable has been a famous fur for years and we now hear of another fur called Hudson Bay sable. Both of these skins belong to the marten group of fur-bearing animals and are quite similar as to color and quality of fur. Generally the Russian sable is thicker, the fur darker and more dense, and the whole pelt more luminous than the American sable. In all sables the value depends on the color and quality of the top hairs rather than the nature of the underfur.

When garments made of unhaired and dyed muskrat first appeared on the market they were generally called Hudson seal, and many women undoubtedly purchased them thinking they were the pelt of an animal akin to the Alaskan seal. Though this trade name is still generally retained, the growing custom among reliable furriers is to state frankly the origin of the skin by adding the explanation "seal-dyed muskrat." When the skins are well selected from evenly haired stock and expertly unhaired, dyed and made up, they make handsome garments, though the fur does not possess the luster and permanent beauty of the Alaskan seal. Though the muskrat is perhaps the best substitute for seal, there are others. The Belgian and French rabbit, which is raised in coops, has a very good fur, which, sheared and dyed, appears on the market in great quantities as "seal-dyed cony," or "sea lion." Another durable imitation of seal is made of Australian ring-tailed opossum. Many processes of manufacturing are protected, and the skins so treated are sold to the furriers under a trade name.

By an electrical process it is now possible to take the kink out of a species of lambskin, and then by a process of dyeing it is made up into an acceptable substitute for beaver. Ring-tailed cat has been sold as "Grand Street sable," due to the similarity of this animal to the marten. There is quite a difference, however, between the prices of "Grand Street sable" and Russian sable; the first will bring something like one dollar a skin, while a small piece of Russian sable will sell for as much as $500. Chinchilla is one of the most expensive furs and the hardest to obtain. It comes from South America, and with nutria is practically the only fur derived from that continent. Ordinary cat fur is the cheapest of all furs and can be dyed to resemble seal closely. It is not durable, however, and is seldom used for anything other than trimmings.

The common large skunk is restricted wholly to America. It is one of the most useful of the native mammals since it wages a constant warfare against insects and rodent pests which annoy the farmer. As a source of fur, skunks are an important asset to the country, as they bring to the trappers of the United States more than $3,000,000 annually. The animals should be protected by a closed season of at least nine months. Experiments seem to indicate that it is possible to breed the animals, so it is likely that skunk farming will become an important industry. The luster of their fur resembles that of Russian sable.

(Continued on Page 134)

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Tents of a Wandering Tribe. Above—Bazaar Street of Kashan

By Maude Radford Warren

WE WERE leaning out of a fourth-story window, that five-year-old boy and I, looking down on a group of Bolshevists who stood in a courtyard below. We hated them with a deadly hatred, for they had just told us that they liked our quarters and that we must all move out, bag and baggage, by the next morning. Despite my blazing rage I laughed at the child. I am afraid this is not a very proper story, for he indicated eagerly the convenient position of the Bolsheviks, almost directly under our window sill, and he said: "If we were to lean out just a little farther we could spit on their heads. Don't you want to?"

When the Bolsheviks have got you—laugh. That was the tacit slogan of a household of us whom the Bolsheviks had interned in Baku, it might be for years and it might be forever. This account tells how we lived; it does not attempt to give the history of the occupation of the new little republic of Azerbaijan on the Caspian, where we were caught; nothing of the almost bloodless taking of Baku nor of the march toward the neighboring republic of Georgia; nothing of the way the revolutionary committee got to work nor of the committee for the checking of counter-revolution; nothing of the imprisonment and execution of "traitors"; and little of the slow course of negotiations with Georgia. That may be important from a historical standpoint, but it is only the background—has very little indeed to do with the hourly drag of living when one is a prisoner. This account merely tries to tell how a group of people, all in suspense and all on edge, and perhaps at times all showing their worst sides, on the whole honestly did their best to laugh.

Fellow-Prisoners at Baku

WE WERE at first sixteen at table until our Bolshevik officer brought in his wife and child. He was in a way our master, since he was made head of the house; doubtless he was our spy, and certainly he was our safeguard from various inconveniences. I have seen people in Minnesota who looked a good deal like him—tall, bony, alert, agreeable, never more so than when he listened with attentive face to the long monologues in Russian with which Madame G——, our landlady, favored him.

Madame G—— was a typical landlady, in that she had seen better days. The Armenian family across the way, with whom she was at war, said she was a Jewess. All the same, she used to cross herself when she was alarmed. She was pretty, rather conscientious, not very competent, and unceasingly devoted to her two daughters—lovely fragile Tamara, aged eighteen, and young leggy Tania, aged ten. Besides these Russians there were five Frenchmen; four English—Mr. and Mrs. W—— and their little boys, five and seven, always addressed with a hyphen, as Dicky-Donald; there was Mr. Van L——, an American, who came for dinner only with his Georgian friend, Mr. M——, and there was I. There was also the life of the party, a frequent caller on us, Captain C——, born in New York, but with a Canadian passport and a record of nearly five years in the Canadian Army. He was our one and only comedian, and we valued him accordingly.

Sometimes he appeared clad in his Georgian cavalry costume, a most picturesque garment, long, wasp-waisted, decorated on the chest with a slanting row of cartridges, ornamented at the belt with an ivory-handled dagger and various dangling ornaments in ivory. There were also long leather boots and a low fur cap stuck on at a rakish angle. With that went a rakish sliding walk that convulsed the small boys. Whenever Captain C—— appeared the little boys uttered wild yelps of joy and cast themselves on him. He always pretended to think they were girls.

"Why, hello, Gladys! Hello, Muriel!" he would cry in mincing tones. "How are you to-day? Can you remember that you are good little girls, and behave like an accordion? Do you recall that good little children should be like the soup, seen but not heard?"

Then Captain C—— would address Mr. Van L——.

"Well, how's old man Gloom to-day?" he would ask.

Mr. Van L—— is one of the handsomest men I have ever known—dark, vivid, with a voice that corresponds; but his wife was sick and he took his own confinement hard.

His face looked as if it was made for smiling, but I saw him smile only once, and that was when Captain C—— planned the bill of fare we were to have when we escaped.

Barmecide Feasts

"NOW, folks," he said, "don't think for a minute that you are going to get out of here by Thanksgiving; you're not; it'll be Christmas, and your families will have the food you like best. What do you say to oysters first? Blue points for those that like them little, or else Lynn Haven, or that Canadian kind that you have to put your foot on to hold them down while you eat them. Clear soup next, with the alphabet in it. Then I'd like a little warm lamb and small potatoes. Then that turkey, stuffed with chestnuts and oysters, and along with it sweet potatoes glacéd and a salad. Mince pie deep as a pit and plum pudding with brandy sauce. Don't ask for any ice cream yet, children. We now take a long walk in the country and come back for a nine-o'clock supper of cold lamb, salad and the ice cream. Follow me, and I'll get you out of here by Christmas."

It wasn't subtle humor, if you like, but it was cheering, always on tap, and a pleasant break in the routine of our days. The routine was always the same. For me, the day unfortunately began at five-thirty in the morning. The other members of the household slept with their windows closed, or all but, and the blinds down. I slept in a closet, nine feet by four, without a window and giving on a corridor. The only way I got any air was by leaving the door open. Then early in the morning Katcha, the maid, began slapping by in her slippers to sweep the dining room and set the table. She was a small, faithful, sullen-faced girl of eighteen, who had divorced her husband for cruelty and other causes. But during the Bolshevik occupation she took him back. Her theory seemed to be that if Bolsheviks could prevail, why not heavy-handed husbands? Her honeymoon did not seem to interrupt her job. She went home for two evenings, whereby I gained an hour more sleep; then she returned to her old room, having allowanced her husband to Sundays from five P. M. till next day.

After Katcha had scuffled over the floors for half an hour, Madame G—— would appear to interview the cook.

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Strength

IN rope there are thousands of slender fibre strips. Individually, they are insignificant. Woven together, they are of sufficient strength to "make fast" the sea's mightiest vessels.

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(Continued from Page 30)

The cook was a quarrelsome old woman at the best, and now she was at her worst, for she was sure the Bolsheviks would back her up in any demand she made. She seemed to choose the early morning hour to demand that madame get more tips for her out of the boarders. After the row madame would go forth to shop for the day, and Tamara, the pretty elder daughter, who worked for the Bolshevik newspaper, would swallow a glass of tea and go forth to the office. About nine the two little boys would emerge for a glass of milk, and then, in turn, we breakfasted.

M. F—— generally came in first. He was a plump middle-aged Frenchman from Marseilles, the only one of the five who had not fought in the war. He had prominent dark eyes—"fat eyes," the little boys said—a regular Marseilles accent and the gayest air. He liked to waltz round the room, fanning himself with a huge fan. Just before the Bolsheviks entered he had sold a lot of chemicals and had several millions of rubles of Azerbaijan money. He was afraid it would presently be so much waste paper, and so he spent the hours trying to buy up jewelry. The pessimists among us told him that he would never be able to get it out of the country. Mrs. W—— and I encouraged him; we liked to see what he bought and, besides, it was an occupation for him. Every time he came he had fresh rings to show us, or jeweled watches or some badly set priceless pin. Mrs. W—— always tried them on. She is a pretty woman, and somehow the things always seemed more worth while after she had worn them. If I thought so, how much more a susceptible Frenchman!

Sentiment and Utility

I HAVE an idea that M. F—— thought he did not get on too badly with the ladies. He was always telling us little adventures. He would leap from his chair in the midst of dinner and, taking out a fat cigar, would say: "Do you see this magnificent cigar? I will tell you how I came by it. I was walking along the street—but I was of an ennui. I look up and down the street—nothing to see, *parbleu!* I hear a little sound, soft as a bird—a sound of invitation, do you see? I do not look along the street. I look up. *Voilà!* It is a blind in the window that stirs, as if a soft hand had been there but a moment before. I look; my face implores me. 'Ah, madame,' I cry in my heart. 'I know you are there. Come back to me.' The window blind stirs again. Aha! She comes! All is well. She is not an infant, that lady, but what would you have? I am not an infant, either. She smiles and drops her eyes; I smile and keep mine lifted. She leans out of the window; she advances one hand. A love token? But better than that. That so adorable hand clasps this cigar. She holds it out to me with a gesture of invitation. I stretch out my arms in gratitude. I leap forward. That cigar is more to me than the silly love token of a young girl. Here is a woman who understands a man's real feeling. Fat she is; Bolshevik she may be, but she has a heart that answers to a man's needs. She leans out; she drops the cigar; I catch it; I kiss it; I press it to my heart; she smiles; she is gone. It is a memory; but the cigar, my friends, the cigar I have it yet."

M. A—— was a bridegroom of twenty-two. He had been married only a fortnight when business had taken him to Batum. No doubt he worried a good deal about the anxiety of his young bride, but he kept a cheerful face. He was a whimsical-looking lad, with eyebrows always slightly lifted, and the ghost of a smile on his lips. When he told me that his brother was a comedian in the Théâtre Français I could well believe that perhaps the talent ran in all the family. M. A—— used to talk very little, but would go about singing or humming in a beautiful barytone voice. He never asked what the news was, but he always listened to everyone's words.

Thirteen Days In Jail

THE talkers were the roommates, little dark M. D—— and large blond M. B——. They never by any possibility agreed on any subject that was introduced, not even on Bolsheviks, for M. D—— said that M. B—— showed too plainly his detestation of them, which was not wise with one of them in the house, and for all we knew able to understand French. What was the use of calling them *canaille* when they could put you in jail? M. D——, when he was excited, thrust his head back hard on his throat and inflated his face with air. It was a gesture, if you can call it that, most fascinating to watch. Sometimes Dicky-Donald would go and put their arms about his neck, and I believe it was to see if they could flatten out the air. M. B—— got very fluent when he was excited, and if we sided against him he would grow silent and grieve. The fifth Frenchman, M. P——, was a slim, elegant youth, with the most exquisite accent, the others said, and with a war record to be proud of. Indeed, three of them had notable war records, M. B—— having been wounded three times.

Perhaps the most interesting of us prisoners was Mr. W——, the Englishman. He had been in Persia for eleven years, and had at last obtained a six months' leave. From Tabriz, where he lived, he and his family had taken a nine days' journey by carriage, and then a day on the ship to Baku. They had arrived when the revolution was about three days old, and Mr. W—— had been taken straight to jail. There he had met Captain C——, freshly arrested by a Turk. It was a never-ending

(Continued on Page 104)

Top—American Mission School Children in Front of Tribal "Tents." Center—Persian Woman, Negro Slave, Servant and Children. Bottom—American Relief Work in a Caravansary at Teheran

ISN'T it a fact that people, almost as a matter of course, expect more of the Hupmobile?

Consciously or unconsciously, they look to it to do better in performance, and to cost less to run and to keep up.

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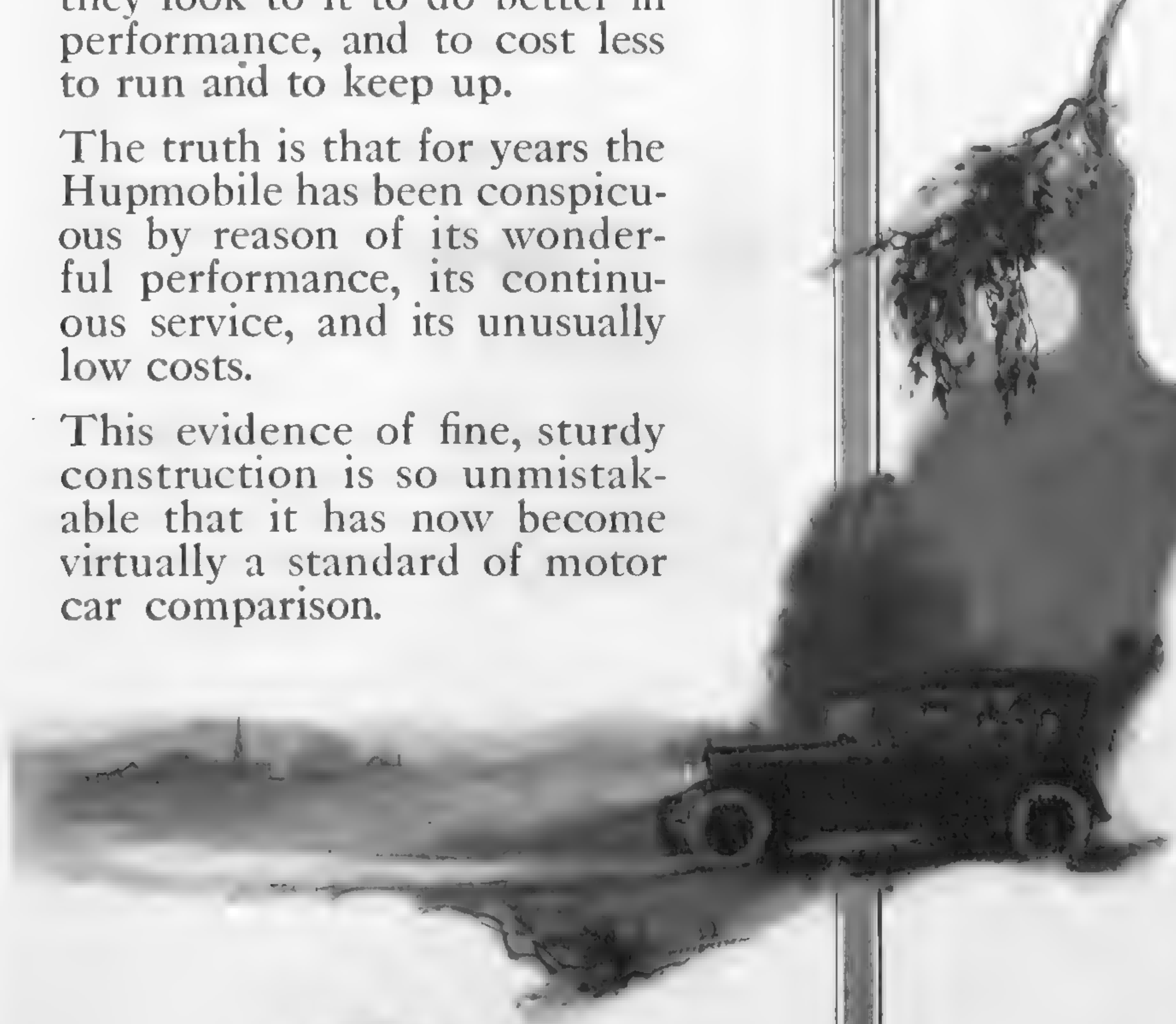


Hupmobile

AS I REMEMBER

Glimpses of Old Actors—Edwin Booth

By Jefferson Winter

And stories of remember'd excellence,
The rosy radiance of suns long set
That bathes fond Mem'ry's world in pensive light,
Hallowing the deeds of players vanish'd!

—*The Spanish Stroller.*

THE tribe of tragic actors is practically extinct. The English-speaking stage used to be dominated by the tragedian. Burbage, Hart, Betterton, Barton Booth, Garrick, Henderson, Cooke, Kemble, Kean, Macready, Charles Kean, Phelps, Irving, in England; Hallam, Douglas, Henry Wallack, J. B. Booth, Forrest, Hamblin, Davenport, Edwin Booth, McCullough, Barrett, Mansfield, in America; those are the names of representative men, all of whom exercised abiding influence upon the theater, yet who—with perhaps two or three exceptions—sans tragedy, would have exercised no influence at all, and would be unnoted in the annals of the stage.

In America to-day there is but one actor who really, in Henry Irving's phrase, "keeps the oriflamme of art afloat" in the field of tragic drama, and that is the sterling old player, Robert B. Mantell. E. H. Sothern, transiently resurgent from the tomb of formal farewell, now and then with methodic accuracy essays a tragic personation. But Sothern, even at his best, was no tragedian. He was distinctively a comedian.

Mantell is indeed the last of an illustrious race—and Mantell, though hale and hearty, with all the alacrity of spirit and cheer of mind that youth is wont to have, is already, in fact, much older than were Garrick, Henderson, Kean, Charles Kean, Booth, McCullough, Barrett, Mansfield and other chieftains of the bygone times when they bade the world good night. Moreover, Mantell, though there can be no question that he possesses and has displayed authentic tragic power—witness his Brutus, Othello and Lear—strictly considered, should be rated as an actor of romantic and high-comedy parts rather than distinctively those of tragedy.

Yea, verily, the tribe is extinct.

I have been informed on various recent occasions that times have changed; that there is too much real trouble in the world; that the methods of the old-time actors would not go to-day—and much more to the same effect. Perhaps it is all true, but I rather doubt it. Times change a good deal less, it seems to me, from age to age, than superficial observance might indicate. The main objects which the world over are pursued in life, whatever else they be, do not appear so notable for their novelty. The oftener I read the Book of Ecclesiastes the more impressive it seems to me. The end of our earthly pilgrimage strikes me as quite tiresome in the monotony of its eternal sameness. Even as that preacher who was a king over Israel in Jerusalem very sagely remarked concerning men and beasts, I perceive "that one event happeneth to them all."

Memories of a Gentle Tragedian

AS TO tragedy, therefore, which has been so transcendently influential in the past of the theater, I believe that when competently interpreted there will always be abundant public interest in it. As to the methods of the old-time actors, I would venture to answer those who—often knowing little or nothing of such methods—idly disparage them in the words of old Colley Cibber to Garrick, "How do you know they wouldn't go? You never tried them." All the greatest themes of life are tragical, and sooner or later, I believe, there will come a revival of true tragic acting. At any rate, of this much I am entirely sure: The old, genuine tragic actors were immensely more in earnest and immensely more impressive, attractive and interesting than most actors now visible.

Thus much I may venture to say out of my personal experience and knowledge. In my boyhood I saw many of the last generation of tragedians—some of them almost daily—in my father's home; and several of the very last of them I knew intimately and for many years, both on the stage and off, and vividly remember. Chief among those were Edwin Booth, Henry Irving and Richard Mansfield.

That marvelous master in the art of writing the lives of other men, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who at once provided the subject of and prescribed the method followed in making the best of all the lives ever written, observed that "The business of the biographer is often to pass slightly over the performances and incidents which produce vulgar greatness, to lead the thoughts into domestic privacies and display the minute details of daily life, where exterior

Edwin Booth in Early Life

appendages are cast aside. There are many invisible circumstances which, whether we read as inquirers after natural or moral knowledge, whether we wish to enlarge our science or increase our virtue, are more important than public occurrences."

Volumes could be—and indeed have been—written about the lives of each of the three famous tragedians whom I have specially mentioned. Nevertheless, I venture to think that, even within the limits of a magazine article, I can in a discursive way provide pictures of them in little cameo-like sketches, so to say, which may lead the thoughts of readers into domestic privacies and interestingly display some minute, perhaps suggestive, details of life.

I do not recall the first time that ever I met Edwin Booth, because on that occasion I was only about as long as his favorite pipe. He carried me into a room in the house in which I now dwell and deposited me upon a pillow on the floor, where, after an earnest though unsuccessful endeavor to swallow one of his thumbs, I went peacefully to sleep. My father has told me that he sat by me on the floor for more than an hour, without attempting to extricate his hand from my infant grasp, lest he should "wake this poor mite."

I have read, and heard too, that Booth was most entirely successful in acting characters of dark, fierce, base and malignant cast—the intention, of course, in such statements about him being to insinuate that such characters were most nearly harmonious with his own and thus most entirely within his comprehension and the scope of his histrionic art. No detraction could well be more stupidly unjust. Booth was greater in Hamlet than in Richard, in Richelieu than in Iago, in Brutus than in Bertuccio, in Lear than in Shylock. His personal aversion to sinister and base characters was shown throughout his life, and is manifest throughout a vast mass of correspondence. He discarded Sir Edward Mortimer, Sir Giles Overreach and Pescara from his repertory, because he considered them too dark and repellent. The fact that he would squat, cramped and uncomfortable, upon a floor for more than an hour lest he might momentarily disturb a sleeping baby if he moved was a far truer index of his real personal quality than the fact that he could "appall the guilty and make mad the free" by his stage delivery of such passages as that which follows the abduction of Fiordelisa in The Fool's Revenge, or that in King Richard III, beginning, "Have mercy, Jesu!"

Booth's susceptibility to gentle feelings and his compassion toward suffering were manifested in many ways throughout his life. My father told me of his friend's sincere and painful contrition when, after setting out poison to destroy flies, it had occurred to him that in so killing the pests he had inflicted suffering. I remember to have heard him express wonder that Jefferson, whom he dearly loved, could find pleasure in fishing. And also I remember that Booth once very earnestly said to me, when he chanced to find me in my father's garden in delighted possession of a large turtle to which I was feeding flies, "Most lads are thoughtlessly cruel. Don't you be so, my boy. Let him"—meaning the turtle—"go. Let him catch his own flies; he has to do it. Don't ever hurt anything. If ever you want to see a beetle squirm on a pin, try sticking it into yourself first and see how you like it."

The Tender Heart of the Elder Booth

I RECOLLECT, too, that I let my precious turtle go and that a wagon squashed him in the roadway, where I picked up his remains and bore them to my father, complaining, "Mr. Booth told me to let him go, and I did, and now see what's happened to him!"

Several times likewise I heard Edwin Booth speak of his eccentric parent, the famous Junius Brutus, and of his extraordinary kindness of heart.

"My father," he said, "would not let anything on the farm—where I was born—be killed; not even a toad or a snake."

On another occasion, speaking to Winter, who has recorded the remark in a journal, he said, "Nothing more beautiful or pathetic ever was heard than my father's reading of these lines in The Ancient Mariner:

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Though I do not recollect the first time that ever I met Booth, I do very well remember the last time. It was on the afternoon of February 11, 1893, in his rooms at The Players'. I saw him, though not to speak to, twice subsequently—at Daly's, February 21, when Twelfth Night first was acted there with Ada Rehan as Viola; and April 3, at Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Theater, afterward Koster & Bial's Music Hall, whither he went as a compliment to witness a performance of Don César de Bazan, with Alexander Salvini, the son of the famous Italian tragedian, in the central character.

My father and I were then preparing for a journey together—the first of many—to California, and with the quietly indefatigable energy for which he was remarkable he had taken me hither and yon to many different points in the city to transact business. I was weary. The air in the tragedian's rooms was heavy with tobacco. I recall Booth that day mourned because his physician "has cut down my allowance of cigars from fifty to two a day—which sometimes I exceed."

My elders had not been long together before they got upon the interminable subject of Hamlet—a sprightly topic of which, very early in life, I had heard and read what might be deemed a sufficiency—and I soon fell asleep. Booth, my father afterward related to me, presently noting my somnolence, came and stood a few minutes looking down at me with a whimsical smile.

"Poor lad," he said, "he's sound. He did that the very first time I ever saw him. I wonder do I always make him tired?" Then after a moment's silence he half whispered to himself a line of Brutus': "If I do live, I will be good to thee!" and returned to his seat by my father before the fire. He lived less than four months.

There was a good deal in the lives of Booth and Henry Irving that was similar, though Booth's personal experience of agonizing affliction and sorrow was by far the more terrible. They had various traits of character in common, and though Irving's range as an actor certainly was the wider, by consensus of competent contemporary critical opinion they were deemed to be at their best in many of

(Continued on Page 36)

A FEW OF THE NEW

Paramount Pictures

Alphabetically Listed

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle in
"The Round-Up"
A George H. Melford Production

† Enid Bennett in
"Her Husband's Friend"

Billie Burke in
"Fruity Mrs. Johnson"

Ethel Clayton in
"A City Sparrow"

Ethel Clayton in
"Sins of Rosanne"
A Cosmopolitan Production

"Humoresque"
A Cosmopolitan Production

"The Restless Sex"

Dorothy Dalton in
"Half an Hour"

Dorothy Dalton in
"A Romantic Adventuress"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production

"Something to Think About"

Elsie Ferguson in
"Lady Rose's Daughter"
George Fitzmaurice's Production

"Idols of Clay"
George Fitzmaurice's Production

"The Right to Love"

Dorothy Gish in
"Little Miss Rebellion"

William S. Hart in
"The Cradle of Courage"
A William S. Hart Production

† Douglas MacLean in
"The Jailbird"

Thomas Meighan in
"Civilian Clothes"
George H. Melford's Production

"Behold My Wife!"
An All-Star Production

"Held by the Enemy"

† Charles Ray in
"An Old-Fashioned Boy"

† Charles Ray in
"The Village Sleuth"

Wallace Reid in
"Always Audacious"
("Toujours de l'Audace")

Wallace Reid in
"What's Your Hurry?"
Maurice Tourneur's Production

"Deep Waters"

Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar-Proof"

Bryant Washburn in
"A Full House"

† *A Thos. H. Ince Production*

How do they get that way?

Happy, fascinated, having a bully time! You bet—and all because they knew a thing or two before they left home that night.

Did they have to guess whether it would be a good show? Not a bit of it, not for many a month past.

They know what sort of a show it will be the minute they look under "Amusements" in the paper,

—"A Paramount Picture."

Sometimes they see those words in the lobby on a poster, but however or wherever they get the news they know it is RIGHT!

That's how they get that way—why not you, too?

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 34)

the same parts—namely, Shylock, Iago, Wolsey, King Richard III, Richelieu and Hamlet. But they were dissimilar in notable ways, too, and to me it seems that they were most strongly differentiated in this: Booth was interested chiefly in death, Irving chiefly in life.

I do not mean that Booth lacked all interest in things of this world. He did not. He was not indifferent to success. He had periods of passionate and lofty ambition, when he was fierily eager to do, to accomplish great things. Writing about his foolish gifts to R. A. Robertson of proprietorial interests in his splendid and noble venture, Booth's Theater, he said, "To get that theater open I would have said 'Yes' had he asked me for all of it!"

But the executive mood was not the usual and predominant mood in Booth. He was constitutionally a dreamer. Acting, to him, was far indeed from being the most important thing in the world. It was incidental, and when in health he found it comparatively "a property of easiness," for histrionically he was what Emerson declared a poet to be—"A man without an impediment." Illness, physical fatigue and spells of lethargic inertia—which were partly temperamental, but even more a consequence of his constant abuse of tobacco—sometimes indeed combined to oppress, deject and hinder him. But after his early years of stage experience had given him technical facility in his art he did not have to struggle upward to portrayal of his characters. Rather he descended upon them, because he was in himself "greater than anything that he ever did."

Almost from the beginning, however, even before he had lost his idolized first wife, Mary Devlin, whose death on February 21, 1863, well-nigh overwhelmed him, his mind was largely absorbed "beyond the reaches of his soul," in broodings—now all but frantically despairing, now calmly resolute and resignedly hopeful—on the eternal and fathomless mystery of human experience and destiny.

Was Hamlet Really Mad?

AT A TIME when bitter affliction had fallen upon my father Booth wrote to him: "I cannot grieve at death. Look forward to the near future, in which life is sure and everlasting. Think of our sorrows and rejoice that your dear one has escaped the common lot of suffering. As I sat by what all believed to be Edwina's deathbed"—his greatly loved daughter, now Mrs. Grossman—"the thought of her dear mother was always present, and I thanked God for her early death, which spared her the suffering she would have endured in the misfortunes that so frequently have befallen me. So let your mind reflect and grow strong in Hope and Faith."

And in another letter—to his friend, Adam Badeau—he wrote: "Be brave and struggle, but set not your heart on anything in this world. If good comes to you, take it and enjoy it; but be ready always to relinquish it without a groan. I [have] always thought of death as coolly as of sleep, nothing more, and gladly would I take that sleep were I permitted."

It was possession of the overfraught sensibility and of the somber, solemnly brooding quality of mind thus indicated which made Edwin Booth's performance of Hamlet "the presentment of the spiritual state of a gifted man whom nature and experience have made so clear-sighted and yet so wretchedly dubious that his surroundings overwhelm him, until life becomes a burden and a curse." To do that, and yet to hold the deeply sympathetic attention and interest of the public, is a wonderful achievement—for it is true, indeed, that as a rule misery is soon deserted.

Booth was not only a preëminent poet among actors, and one in whom the element of imagination and the attribute of power were supreme; he possessed also in a degree unequaled by any of his contemporaries, except Henry Irving, the strange, illusive, all-conquering quality of personal charm. The defect of his Hamlet—if, indeed, in maturity it really had a ponderable defect—was the lack of a certain languor in it—or rather the presence in it of a certain fiery vitality, suffusing not only its thought but its very substance and spirit. But at its best it was beyond question closely accordant with the text of Shakspere; and though it may perhaps be true that a rigidly stern judgment should estimate character at its worst, it certainly is a wise judgment which estimates art at its best. And the wisest critic of drama and acting that ever wrote has recorded of Booth that, at its best, "His Hamlet was a man to whom thoughts are things and actions shadows, and who is defeated and overwhelmed by spiritual perceptions too vast for his haunted spirit, by wicked and compelling environments too strong for his nerveless opposition and by duties too practical and onerous for his diseased and irresolute will."

Booth, like most other actors, maintained that Hamlet is consistently sane; that his madness is wholly assumed—basing his view principally on the words of that prince in the last speech of the first act of the tragedy:

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on ——

But neither Booth nor any other student, so far as I am aware, has yet assigned any valid and sufficient reason why Hamlet should "put an antic disposition on." In a letter on this subject the great tragedian writes:

The subject to which you refer is, as you well know, one of endless controversy among the learned heads, and I dare say they will war over it till time fades into eternity. I think I am asked the same question nearly three hundred and sixty-five times a year, and I usually find it safest to side with both parties in dispute, being one of those, perhaps, referred to in the last line of the following verse:

Genius, the Pythian of the beautiful,
Leaves her large truths a riddle to the dull;
From eyes profane a veil the Isis screens,
And fools on fools still ask what Hamlet means!

Yet I will confess that I do not consider Hamlet mad—except in craft. My opinion may be of little value, but 'tis the result of many weary walks with him, for hours together, here in the lobby. Truly yours,

EDWIN BOOTH.

Booth and my father, upon whom he depended much for counsel and guidance in professional as well as in personal matters, carried on an active correspondence upon pretty much every subject implicated in the vocations of theatrical management and acting. If all the letters they exchanged, especially during the period when Winter was editing and supervising publication of The Edwin Booth Prompt Book, could be recovered they would make an invaluable addition to the history of the American stage and the curriculum of dramatic art. Alas, the greater number of them have seemingly been destroyed.

An Interesting Document Burned

OF MORE than a thousand letters from Booth my father preserved about four hundred, giving away a few of the others, but burning most of them, including a formal statement relative to events subsequent to the murder of President Lincoln and removal of the body of John Wilkes Booth from a grave beneath the granite pavement of the old Capitol Prison in Washington to the Booth burial lot in a cemetery in Baltimore, where it now rests.

That was an interesting and important document, and I could wish that it had been preserved—because, among other things, it bore upon certain facts which were grossly misrepresented in a tale widely circulated and by some credulous persons believed, which one Finis L. Bates promulgated not long after the tragedian's death, to the effect that his brother, John Booth, was not killed at the Garrett homestead, Virginia, by Boston Corbett, April 26, 1865, but escaped; fled into the Southwest, lived in Texas and Oklahoma under the name of John St. Helen until January 14, 1903, when he died, a suicide, at Enid, the latter state, after making a complete confession of his identity and revealing that Andrew Johnson, the Vice President of the United States, was the active instigator of the murder of Lincoln! A more monstrous fabrication was never printed, and it was indeed discreet to delay its publication until after Edwin Booth was dead.

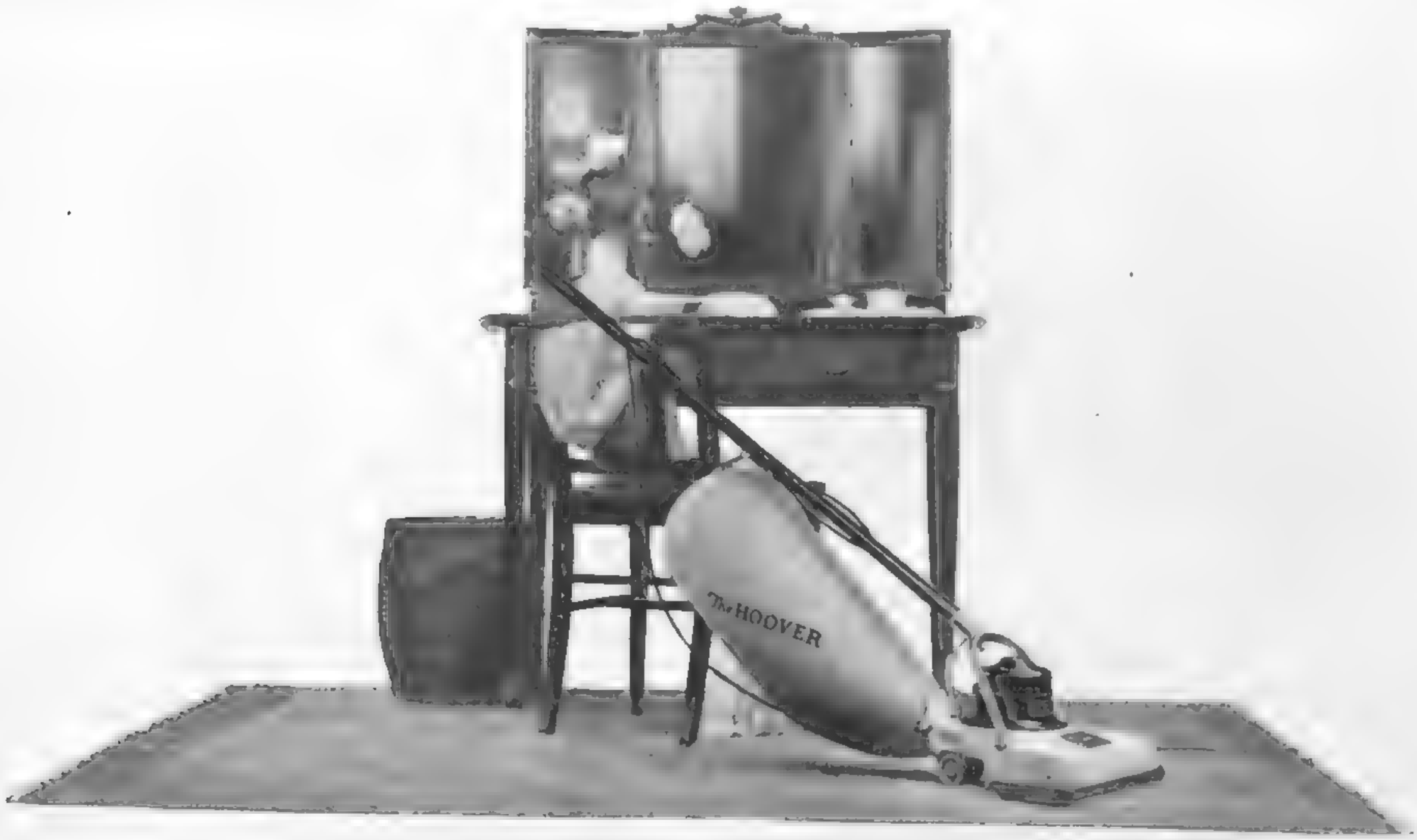
Of the immense number of letters from Winter to Booth I have been able to recover only a very few, which were returned by the late William Bispham, one of Booth's executors. Among them is one, undated, but written apparently at some

(Continued on Page 38)

PHOTO BY B. GARDNER

At the Left—Edwin Booth About 1864. Above—The Noted Actor With Elsie Leslie, the Original Little Lord Fauntleroy, Taken About 1889. At the Right—Booth and His Daughter Edwina

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life



Pride in the appearance of one's home properly must include the rugs. And like all other beautiful things, rugs respond to frequent and right care with a longer lifetime of beauty. Three processes—beating, sweeping and suction-cleaning—are vital to such care. Only The Hoover combines the three. It beats out the destructive embedded grit. It sweeps up the stubbornest clinging litter. It suctions away the loosened dirt and so prolongs the life of rugs. It is the largest-selling electric cleaner in the world.

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9073—The Simple Simon Party (Montgomery). Billy [illegible]
A Hundred Years Ago [illegible] and Bennett). Arthur Hall, Tenor—Orch. Accompaniment . $1.00
9074—Souvenir of Switzerland [illegible]
Columbia (Polka [illegible]). Cornet Solos, accompanied by Florida's Orchestra . $1.00
9075—Rose of Spain (Brown, Forioli and Miller).
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Hawaiian Twilight—(One Step) [illegible] and Vanderslot) Ferera and Franchini Hawaiian Guitars $1.00
9077—The Broadway Blues—(Morgan and Swanstrom)
Read 'em and Weep—(Bernard and Hanneschen). Al Bernard, Tenor—Orch. Accompaniment . $1.00
9078—My Little Blimbo—([illegible]son and Clark). Billy De Rex, Tenor—Orch. Accompaniment
You Ought to See Her Now [illegible]ge, Nelson and Russak). Arthur Hall, Tenor—Orch. Acc. . $1.00
9079—Nearer My God to Thee—(Mason). Charles Hart and Elliott Shaw, Tenor Baritone Duet—Orch. Acc.
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time between 1869–70 and 1874, when Booth relinquished management of Booth's Theater, New York. From it I extract the following:

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

Dear Edwin: I received your kind and thoughtful letter a week ago, but I have been compelled to delay answering it because I have been driven almost to death by work for the paper [The New York Tribune], and because I did not wish to write to you until I could reply properly to what you say.

I still think Mrs. [Jean Davenport] Lander would be a good card at Booth's Theatre—but not in Mesalliance. I saw that piece when it was first brought out at the Winter Garden, in the days of old Black Jackson, under the name of Lucie D'Arville; and I saw it again, in Mrs. Lander's version, when she revived it at Niblo's. It has, dramatically speaking, one good scene—and only one. It is not, to my way of thinking, a fit play to be produced anywhere—least of all under your management and at Booth's. Mrs. Lander's version is a better one than the other—but it is beyond me to understand why such a woman should wish to appear in such a play. Its utter improbability is just as glaring in her version as in the older one. Mary Provost, by the way, played the principal part under Jackson's management; its coarseness is just as offensive; its subject—an innocent wife overwhelmed by a vile and absolutely impossible plot—is just as hackneyed.

The spectacle of a lecherous scoundrel in silk tights getting surreptitiously into a decent woman's apartment, there to wait until the action of a narcotic shall have rendered her a helpless prey to his villainous lust, is one that ought not to be presented on the stage. It can delight only the vicious—and of necessity inspire only the deepest disgust in the minds of all persons of refinement and taste—that is, in the minds of all persons of the very class of the community which looks up to you and follows your banner. Read the piece for yourself, by all means, if you have the time to waste; but, having read it, you surely will agree with me about it. And do not, I beg, engage the lady—excellent actress though she is—for your theatre, unless she will agree to present herself in other plays—and not in that one.

Preaching to Bushels of Beans

I must concede the truth and force of what you say about Shylock. But nobody who sees you play the part could ever suspect how little you like it. However cruel and terrible he is, you must admit the terrible injustice and the brutal cruelty which have made him so. I cannot get up any sympathy with a man who spits in another's face and kicks him about the market place because he is of a different religious persuasion. And I surmise that old Shylock's prosperity in business was as obnoxious to Antonio as his religion.

I wish that you would restore the last act of the comedy; the play has a most lame and impotent conclusion, ending it with Shylock's exit. [In 1889 Booth did restore the last act of The Merchant of Venice, suitably cut, when he acted in it with Lawrence Barrett as Bassanio and the lovely Helena Modjeska as Portia; but that was long after Henry Irving had made the restoration, both in England and in America.]

As to Hamlet: I have possessed your grace of what I think—long ago, and have little if anything new to say. I somewhat doubt whether it be possible—practicable, rather—to play Hamlet fully and exactly according to the poet's ideal, because upon the stage he would then become a very tiresome person.

The true appeal of the character, as I see it, is to the highest mood of spirituality. It heats the imagination to a white heat—my imagination, anyway; and I know that it is the same with you. It involves no sensual excitements, no sensuous delights, no gorgeousness of colors, no celerity of movement. Its passion—if that be the right word—is that of intense intellectuality. Its atmosphere is that of dread sublimity and awe. How many audiences, collected within theatres, are attuned to influences fluent from such sources?

In New England, where the pervasive dish for the Sunday dinner is baked beans and pork, I have heard of a clergyman who complained that he was compelled to preach the religion of Christ not to men and women reverently thoughtful of divine things, but to so many bushels of beans. To what, I wonder, does the actor usually have to play Hamlet?

I think we differ only as to the word, and not at all as to the fact, when we come to the insanity of Hamlet. I do not regard him as a lunatic—in the sense in which that word would commonly be taken. But he is disordered—shocked—deranged—unsettled, by the effects of grief, shame, disappointment, supernatural solicitings; and, above all, by incessant brooding on the pathos of human life and the dread mystery of death—and the something, or the nothing, after death. No man who has distempered his mind by ceaseless philosophic speculations as to the purpose and destiny of the universe; who is meditating both suicide and murder; and who does instant, impulsive homicide upon a person unseen and unknown, can, it seems to me, be regarded as a man entirely sane and normal. That is all I mean.

The Marble Heart

One of the most effective, perhaps the most effective of all the attributes of your Hamlet is its direct applicability to general experience. All human creatures, save those cursed with an indurated insensibility to suffering, perceive and feel the misery which makes a burden of so much of life. That is a matter of emotion, not intellect; therefore is it very general. We all feel at times that there should be—almost that there must be—something after death, something so much better and greater than our little life here that we cannot even picture it in imagination. Yet there comes to most a revulsion to doubt and despair. If we only knew! But whatever falls upon us; however heart-rending and mind-wrecking our experience of affliction may be; however much we may wish "that the fever called living were over at last," still we must endure and strive and go on, living out our lives until the natural end and doing our duty as well as we can until that end, even though the rest be silence. It is your perception of this common experience; the clarity with which this common experience is felt by your audiences to be perceived and understood by you; the exquisite sympathy and beauty with which you interpret it, more perhaps than anything else, that endears your performance to the people. That is what I was trying to convey in my recent notice.

As to The Marble Heart: It is well enough in its way; but I counsel you urgently not to revive it. I remember you as specially good in the dream scene: but that is only one scene, and in the first act. Anything you do is interesting, of course, because you do it. But not even you can greatly commend to the respect and sympathy of serious persons the silly rhapsodies of a youth foolishly enamoured of a selfish, pleasure-seeking, money-loving coquette. Do you ever read Bon Gaultier? I do—and get much amusement from so doing.

Anent Raphael, I commend to you the following:

It is the most infernal bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago!

Daphnis himself is no doubt an excellent good fellow; but Daphnis deserted by Chloe becomes a blight on social existence! Don't do it, Ned. Let us meet soon.

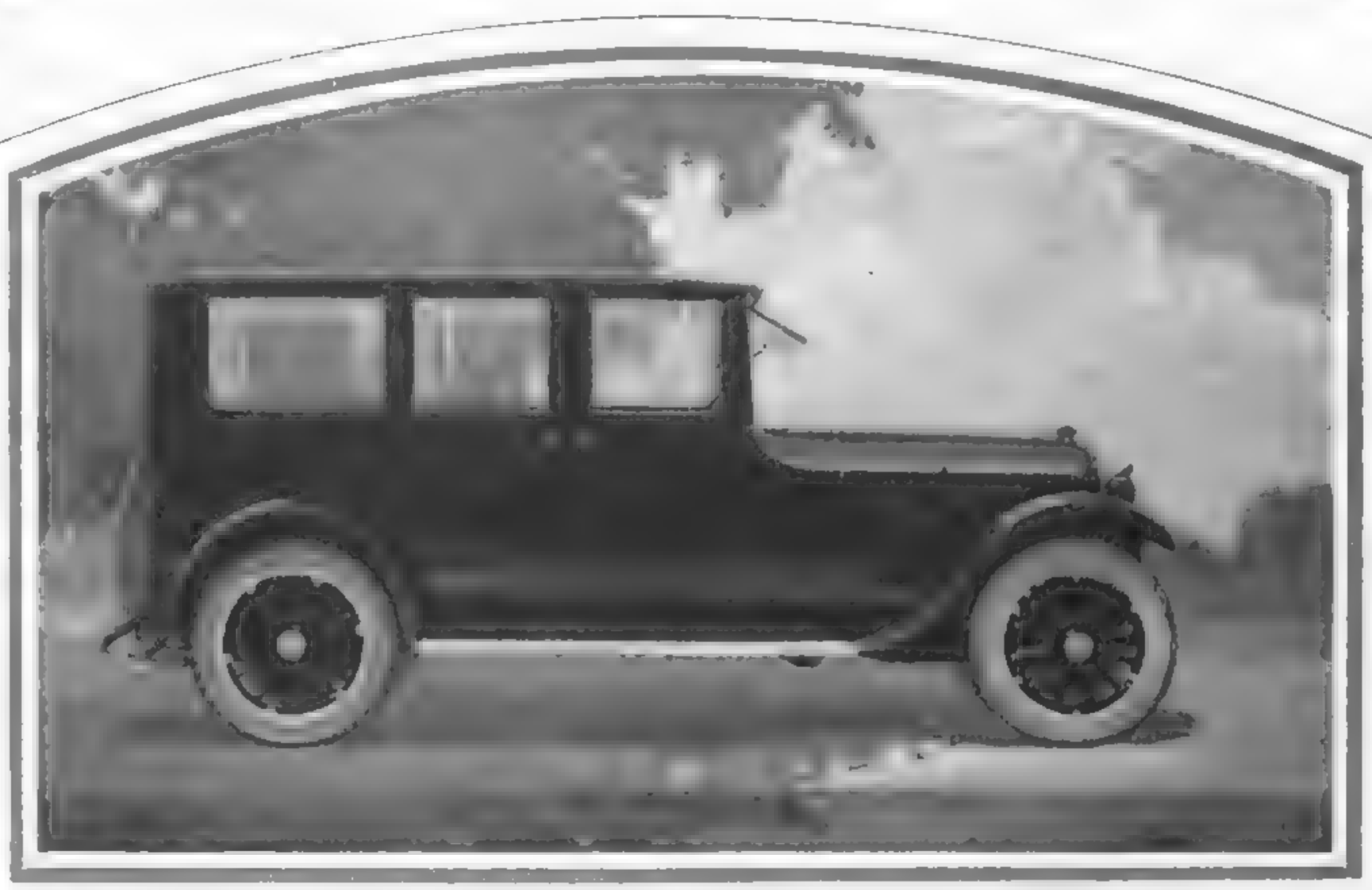
Ever yours,
WILLIAM WINTER.

Another of my father's letters to Booth, written, however, at a much later date than that above, may appropriately be given here. It touches, among other interesting and important matters, on the feelings which subsisted between those great rivals of the now vanished tragic stage, Booth and Henry Irving.

THE GRANGE, BROOK GREEN, LONDON;
KENSINGTON, W., June 18, 1888.

My dear Edwin: I was not surprised to-day, although much pleased, when a letter from you was brought to me—for you have been much in my thoughts for many days past. Yesterday afternoon I was at Laleham, sitting beside the grave of Matthew Arnold, and I thought of you there—for those who are especially dear to my

(Continued on Page 40)



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(Continued from Page 38)

heart always seem present with me whenever I am in a sacred place. Your letter is dearly welcome. I hear the voice of sadness in it—but how could that be otherwise? I very well understand the loneliness of your life; how much you are constrained to live among memories and regrets; how widely your spirit is withdrawn from the world that is around you; how little comfort you can find, or are likely to find, in society or in the commonplace current of ordinary affairs. It is my deliberate judgment that if it were not for the refuge that is afforded by art, no man of exalted mind and true sensibility could retain his reason or find patience to live! I can only reiterate the precept of Goethe, as phrased by Arnold: "Art still has hope—take refuge there!"

I heard, by letter from Charles Dunphie, of the death of your sister Asia [Mrs. Clarke] some time after it occurred. [John S.] Clarke had already left England with her remains. This sad event must have affected you deeply and strangely—with, I dare say, a new realization that the spiritual world is a more real world than this one; certainly that this one is most evanescent and shadowy. I heard nothing of the nature of her illness or the cause of her death. It seemed shockingly sudden. I deeply sympathize with you and with her husband in the sorrow that has thus come upon you. It comes to all. People have only to stay long enough in this world to make sure that its burdens will be laid upon their hearts.

Asia must have been a woman of very strong character and of fine intellect, if I may judge from what I have seen of her writings. You told me once that she had written poetry. A little book of her literary remains might perhaps afford you a solace, and a congenial, if sad, occupation for a while.

I wish that you would give my love to Clarke. I answered, to the Gilsey House, a very kind letter received from him in New York last spring, but have never heard from him or seen him since. That was just before we dedicated the monument at Evergreen. Should he return to England before I leave it I trust to meet him again. Mr. Dunphie proposed a dinner, but we found that Clarke had gone.

Sight-Seeing in London

I shall convey your message of kind remembrance to Mrs. Griffin, Miss Anderson and Edwin. I have seen them only two or three times and had but little talk with them. They live at Hampstead, a long distance from here, and I am rather more than ever reclusive and silent. I have devoted most of the time to prowling around London and its suburbs with Willy, to show him the sights that he ought to see. We have been to Kew, Richmond, Bushes Park, Hampton Court, Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, the Crystal Palace, the Tower, the Abbey, the Temple, many churches in the city, many theatres, up and down the Thames in steamboats; up and down the city in busses and on foot; the National Gallery, the Kensington Museum, the several exhibitions, Hampstead Heath, Finchley—with Fred Burgess, Barnet, Hedley, Totteridge, &c., &c.—Stoke Poges and the Churchyard of the Elegy, Laleham; in fact, almost everywhere. It will be a great education for the boy, and it has been a great help to me—in absorbing my thoughts in new channels, away from personal grief, at least for a time.

We sailed from New York on April 21, arrived in London at midnight of April 29, and it will be two months next Thursday since we left home. For my part, I should like to return to this country for a year, and devote myself to writing in a thoughtful way, and this I certainly should do if I were able to make any practicable arrangement to that end. There is a magnificent field, especially in Scotland, for the kind of work that I have, in time past, done well; and I might perhaps do as well again. Meanwhile the unsettled feeling and the anxiety distract me somewhat, and defeat my industry. Still I manage to do a little every day.

I have been to the Lyceum Theatre four times; the Gaiety twice, the Haymarket, the Vaudeville, the Empire, Toole's—we went to Oxford with Toole and saw him play The Don there—the Adelphia, and one or two other places. But I am weary of playgoing [though he was to have nearly thirty years more of it!—J. W.]; I feel that I have done my work in that direction; and I dread returning to that wearisome routine and most afflicting field of strife.

I observe what you say about The Players Club, and I hear, through the papers, that you have given a most magnificent property to them. Irving spoke of this to me with the greatest sympathy and admiration. No man, at home or abroad, let me say here, since the fact suggests itself now, could show a feeling of deeper kindness, respect, comradeship and sweet appreciation than is evident in every word that Irving speaks whenever your name is mentioned. He will be sincerely glad to receive your message of regard, and so will Toole.

Reverting to The Players: Various intimations, not distinct, have been conveyed to me in a particularly kind way by Daly, Palmer and Lawrence Barrett, as to my being in some way associate with the club. "Dark hints to seize my person, in this palace. His Highness trembled while he spoke!" I don't know what it all means—but I should like to know; because if there is anything that I could do to serve the institution the subject ought to be taken at once into my consideration and thought of carefully.

My feeling is that the time has fully come for a radical change in my literary life. That is why I so much wish it were possible for me to remain here, at least for a time—so that I might get into other grooves of artistic labor and quit the drudgery of night work and uncongenial criticism of evanescent and usually trivial dramatic performances.

Macbeth Never Perfect

I shall send this letter to the care of [E. C.] Benedict, as I know not where else it will certainly find you. I am at present at a house owned by Irving in the suburbs, and otherwise unoccupied. He himself lives at his lodgings, in Bond Street, Grafton Street. I purpose going to Stratford-upon-Avon within a few days; and afterward to York and Edinburgh, if I can manage it.

You will have received before this a paper that I lately sent to you containing my speech at the Green Room Club dinner on June 3. It went very well, and seems to have attracted some attention.

The news that I have from home is not bad news, and that in itself is a comfort. The place is safe and in good order. The children are well. Miss Campbell remains about the same. My wife is in better health, though completely alienated from any interest in this world. Percy is at home. The place of Artie's rest has been made beautiful with roses. I wish you could see it. Write to me whenever you can; it is always a comfort to get a letter from you. Give my dear love to Lawrence [Barrett] and his wife and children, and to Edwina. I saw Gertrude and Joe [Anderson] just before they started for America. Your namesake, little Edwin, is a very pretty child, and very interesting. I have passed a week at the Hotel Victoria, and a week with Fred Burgess at Finchley.

There is nothing of essentially great value on the London stage at present. Ellen Terry is beautiful and touching in The Amber Heart, which is a poor play, saved by her. Irving gives a strong farcical twist to Robert Macaire. Tree is picturesque but unsympathetic as Narcisse. Tom Thorne is good, but not good enough, as Parson Adams. Toole is funny in The Don. Sweet Lavender, which I have not yet seen, is, I hear, the best play now afloat here. There is a raft of indifferent actors visible. Irving will entertain the Daly Company on July 8; and Tom Thorne has asked me to a garden party on July 13.

The enclosed leaf I took from the wall of Laleham Church tower, close to the spot where Matthew Arnold is buried. God bless you, dear Edwin.

Ever faithfully your affectionate friend,
WILLIAM WINTER.

The weather here is so cold that we must have fires almost all the time, and to-day is as dark as November.

Booth's letters are written in a fluent, nervous style, often as breezy and piquant as that of Byron's correspondence, and they reveal a frank, ingenuous, comradely spirit. The first of the appended specimens, addressed to Winter, relates in part to his second expedition into England. Those that follow it, to his experience and feelings immediately after his arrival in that country by way of Ireland and Scotland, and prior to his onerous, in many ways disappointing, engagement at the London Princess' Theater.

68 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK,
April 2, 1880.

Dear Will: My hands have been over full since my return, or you should have had some word from me ere this. We are busy, packing books, pictures, furniture, &c., preparatory to our vacating these rooms—Monday, I hope—for others, at the Brunswick [Hotel]. After long rehearsals I've been up to my eyes in dust for several days, and am pretty well tired. Things are in such a bad way—among scenery, props., &c., at Booth's, to say nothing of the dogans [Booth's name for his actors] that I have to attend rehearsals nearly every day, although the same people were with me in Boston, and I have an experienced man at the helm.

I want to thank you, but don't know how, for your encouraging words about Macbeth. I play the character so seldom that my infrequent performances are little better than rehearsals, and your consciousness of my physical inappropriateness—if that's the word and the way to spell it—for the stalwart Scot hampers me considerably. Old Tom Barry praised my performance of it, years ago, but told me that I should never satisfy myself, as Macbeth was a high peg that even Kean—the Elder—and Macready failed to hang on comfortably; said that he never knew any Macbeth to satisfy either his audience or himself. There's consolation in that!

I now hear that Irving is engaged by Wallack. I don't believe it; but do believe that Floyd is after him. My wife is somewhat better, but only a trifle somewhat. She eats nothing and is very thin and weak. I hope the voyage to England will build her up; if she has no sea scares it certainly will do so. I wish you could go with me, for it would be a most delightful companionship for me—amid the scenes you have so gloriously described.

It is still uncertain when I'll act in London. I shall go without engagement, and travel for a while, after seeing the London managers. It may not be till the following spring, for I shall be slow and very cautious in all my movements. Acting will not be my chief aim, this time, but recreation, health, and a protracted loaf. Of course, circumstances may change all this.

The Prompt Books don't sell, except in the theatre, and there very slowly. No matter! I can take only those of Shakspere with me. The modern dramatists—reprints—are forbidden. Tom Taylor has not replied, but as I told him I should soon be in England I do not expect an answer. I saw [Elihu] Vedder's pictures here, and met him also. No word from Clarke, but my sister sends all sorts of fearful messages regarding my advent and Irving's great influence in London! There's a man named Clement Scott who publishes ugly things about the Booth family constantly, and is very anxious to know if, and when, I am going, &c., &c.

Collecting Autographs

Wish I could hear your recital at the Lotos Club. That reminds me that my wife has been collecting poems, and hopes to get sketches from distinguished men, and wants a few lines from you. I promised to ask you. Longfellow, Holmes, Fields, Aldrich, Mrs. Howe and Ole Bull have contributed. If you can spare so much brain and ink and patience, I'll give you the sheet on which she wishes you to write. The sheets are to be bound, hereafter, when her collection is sufficiently large. I want to get a sketch as well as a sentiment from Joe [Jefferson]. The album is to be very select—only those of acknowledged eminence among writers, artists and actors; the latter number scarce half a dozen.

I have scribbled away at lightning speed, and have tried to answer your letter line by line; hope you'll be able to decipher this. Have yet a deal of packing to do, and must also go to the show shop. Sitting in front, at Booth's, I thought Boucicault had greatly improved the stage part of the theatre; but acting on it, I find that he has destroyed it for my pieces, at all events. I see Agnes Robertson, Mrs. Dion Boucicault is after him. I am to have an interview with one of my old creditors today, and I expect a disagreeable time with him. My health is good, but a severe cold in the head and a settle cramp in the back, for three days past, have kept me in agony. Hope soon to see you.

With love.
Ever yours,
EDWIN.

PORT RUSH, ANTRIM, IRELAND,
July 18, 1880.

Dear Will: Clarke forwarded your letter, which caught me at Belfast. I felt sorry to leave without seeing you. I think Edwina caught a glimpse of you on the pier as we sheered off, but I looked in vain. We had a canal-like voyage; not a ripple until the last day, and then but a ripple, nothing more. Had a pleasant set of passengers, and all the comforts, food, &c., were really homelike. The trip did us all good—my wife particularly.

Since we landed at Queenstown we have traversed the length of the island, as you see. The weather has been what the folks here call charming, but to us Americans it is simply damnable; fog and mist; but two clear days, both passed in travel on the rail. Killarney in itself is a poor apology for Lake George, but associations and the people make it delightful. It's a kind of bliss to be bebeggared in the Gap of Dunlow by the Colleen Bawns and the Kate Kearneys, &c. Bless 'em—with a D——!

We have found all the folks civil, till we came to this cheerless, dull and deserted fashionable watering place. Here the servants are German and saucy. The lack of system in European hotels is something marvelous. Boots has more to say than the proprietor, and the chambermaid seems to be the only creature possessed of a spark of intelligence. We have just returned from the Giant's *Gouge*-way [meaning, the Giant's Causeway], where you are waylaid and made to deliver five shillings at every step you take. Am not sorry I've seen the place; but if the guide were dead and the other ghouls that haunt it were exorcised it would be more worth a visit. The hotel "beats" set the example to the other robbers—'ostlers, guides, waiters, buttons and boots—and "'fore God, they're all in a tale!" I lost my luggage—baggage and luggage are constantly at war with each other on my tongue—en route from Dublin to Belfast, and I have great doubts if I'll recover it in a week; my other shirt is in one of the trunks!

At Stratford-Upon-Avon

To-morrow early we return to Belfast, and if my trunks are there, will start at once for Glasgow. After a brief tour through Scotland, will go through the English towns, and reach London about the last of August; then for 'Ammergau and the German cities, perhaps to act; if not, through Italy, &c.

McCullough, I hear, has got the spring opening at Drury Lane; and they tell me that the Princess' Theatre is now a sort of Bowery. Irving will not let me in, and consequently I may not act at all in England, unless some Yankee comes over and builds a theatre expressly for me. Where's Jarrett? [Henry C. Jarrett, the speculative American theatrical manager and partner of Henry D. Palmer.]

We have on our full winter clothing, and yet are cold, but the icebergs here keep open doors and windows, with no fire; you, I suppose, are roasting in New York.

Does it seem a month ago since we breakfasted together? Sometimes, to me, it seems long ago; sometimes but a yesterday—owing, perhaps, to the mood I'm in. It stands as a landmark of joy and sorrow in my memory.

My kind remembrances to Mrs. Winter, the boys and such friends as may speak of me. God bless you! EDWIN.

RED HORSE HOTEL,
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON,
August 17, 1880.

My dear Will: Here sit I at last in [Washington] Irving's chair, with Geoffrey's sceptre at my pen hand, on the table! I have had, to-day, in this little sanctum, the first palatable, homelike meal since I left "my own, my native land." We arrived this afternoon from Leamington—where we remained three days—by carriage, by way of Charlecote, through whose park I walked, and after a light luncheon went to the house in Henley Street. Being at once recognized there by some American clergyman, one of a party, my name was buzzed about, and the dear old ladies [the Misses —— and Caroline Chattaway] who

(Continued on Page 43)

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(Continued from Page 40)

have charge of the treasures at once overwhelmed me with courtesies. I was requested to write my name on the wall, high up on the Actors' Pillar, although such scribbling is now forbidden. [Long ago it was a custom of visitors to Shakspere's birthplace, inspired by reverence—or vanity—to write their names upon the plastered walls of that house. When Mary Hornby—a person connected by marriage with the Hart family of Stratford, and so claiming association with the line of Shakspere—who for some seven years was custodian of the birthplace, was requested to vacate the premises she did so in high dudgeon, and administered to the walls a coat of whitewash. It was, happily, unsized, and later it was found possible to remove most of it and to restore the walls to their former condition.

[Among the names written on the walls are those of Walter Scott, Samuel Rogers, Thackeray, Tennyson and Dickens. Scott's name—"W. Scott"—is also scratched upon a window pane with a diamond. The so-called Actors' Pillar, alluded to by Booth, is on the chimney piece, to the right of the fireplace, in the room which is reputed to be that in which the immortal bard was born. The names of actors written there, or near by, include those of Edmund Kean, William Elliston, Buckstone, G. V. Brooke, Eliza Vestris, Charles Mathews, Helena Faucit, Charles Kean and the all-bewitching Dora Jordan. Booth's name was, I believe, that of the last actor permitted to enroll himself at the shrine. I have been told that, after repeated solicitation by the Misses Chattaway, who greatly liked him, my father wrote his name upon one of the walls. If so, the signature has disappeared, as has that of Lord Byron—written in, probably, 1812. There is often manifested in England a very tiresome pettiness of malice toward the memory of Byron, and I sometimes wonder whether the disappearance of his inscribed signature was at all—so to speak—accelerated.—J. W.]

Mr. Hodgson, of Clopton, at once made my acquaintance and invited me to dine to-morrow—where Shakspere "smoked his pipe," as he put it. I doubt the pipe part of it—but at all events I shall smoke my cigarette there. As a governor of The Memorial Theatre, &c., of course I am a distinguished body here. Mr. [Charles Edward] Flower, unfortunately, is in Scotland, so I shall miss him. The old ladies referred to remember your visit and Jefferson's and were full of Rip and Joe. We spent nearly all of daylight in the house, and went to the church; but fatigue and the near approach of dinnertime forced us to defer our inspection till to-morrow.

Guests at Toft Hall

Mr. Seaver—is it the publisher?—turned up; he had just heard from you; had a book, I think, and hoped you were coming over. He knows me very well, and I knew his face—but could not place him.

I cannot, of course, describe my feelings. After all this flurry of travel is over, and I get my wits straightened out into something like a calm, I shall live over and over again this charmed life, by bits, as it were; each bit will be as a dream of faërie. I confess that till I reached Warwickshire and caught my first glimpse of the grand old castle—although it was from a rail-car window—I was hugely disappointed with dear old England. The absence of all my accustomed comforts; the insipid, coarse, badly cooked food, and the dreariness of the hotels, disgusted me. The lovely scenery—but little of it equal to our own, however—of course, was a delight; but the awful stillness of the nights—no sound, either buzz or chirp or croak—and the total absence of birds, except crows [which do not appear in England—he meant rooks.—J. W.], which swarm all over those parts of the Kingdom that I have visited, prevented my entire enjoyment even of that. I passed lovely nights in the Trossachs, at Lake Killarney, at Derwent Water, and such charming spots, but—not a frog, nor cricket, nor buzz of any insect! Why, a mosquito would have sung sweet music to my anxious ear, but it came not—thank God—and in the early mornings I listened in vain for the larks and linnets and "such small deer," but in their stead came "caw-caw-caw," from my inky-cloaked friends. Methought I should love old England solely because she taught me to appreciate America—which she has done, God bless her—but, having spent these few days in Warwickshire, I am prepared to love her for herself alone!

I have seen castles that interest me, as castles, more than the ruin of Kenilworth does—which is, after all, a monument to Walter Scott. At Carnarvon—to me the most remarkable—at Edinburgh and Stirling, I felt myself carried almost bodily back to their early days; but not so at Kenilworth or Warwick—though the latter I think superb.

While at Chester we visited Toft Hall, at Knutsford, where we were induced to spend a day and night with Mr. and Mrs. Leycester, whom we had met in New York, and I had a pleasant ramble over fields to the estate of Lord de Tabley, a courteous old gentleman with whose lady we took tea on the lawn in front of the grand new mansion—the old one being dilapidated by time and no longer inhabitable. But that same old hall is one of the most delicious bits of antiquity you can imagine. Only a poetical architect could describe it—and, as I ain't, I won't!

The records of Cheshire teem with Booths, and in the Leycester library—house of Elizabeth's time—I found, on a panel, the Booth arms. I warned Mr. L. to look to his title deeds, for I had read up the annals while he was at church that blessed day, and felt certain there was a chink somewhere in the pedigree! We had a delightful visit. Here we may remain several days—cannot yet determine. I don't care to leave till I've taken in all—to be digested at leisure at some future time. Your second letter reached me the day after I mailed mine to you; your third found me at Litchfield, looking at "Old Sam" [Doctor Johnson], in the market place.

Leisurely Rambles

Since my last I have closed with Gooch, to open his new Princess' Theatre, when finished, sometime in October or first of November. I shall open with Hamlet, as the safest for my voice, which I know, from experience, is less liable to suffer from that as an opening part, after a long rest. Somehow I feel little relish for the work, but I saw no other opportunity for at least a year. Irving evidently doesn't want me; he has not even recognized my presence in his country; John [McCullough] has the Drury Lane for the spring, and by that time the new Princess' would be down, as was the old, by force of "blood and thunder," unless kept up by the legitimate; and that was my only chance and choice; so I took it. This will defer my long-cherished plan for the Continent—if I succeed in London. If I fail—I know all about it; I shall be free to roam at will and loaf my fill, which I long to do.

The news of poor Adelaide Neilson's death has just reached me—or rather it came yesterday. What a miserable little game it is! The mere toss of a penny!

Good night!

TO-MORROW NIGHT.

We are just back from Clopton; had a very delightful evening with the squire and his family; dined in what was originally the entrance hall, but is now a large dining room. The place is very interesting.

To-morrow we lunch with Mr. Edgar Flower—the mayor, his brother, and president of the Shakespeare Society, being absent in Scotland.

Went to the Hathaway Cottage, and through the church and theatre. Have found myself quite well known and perfectly at home here. After luncheon to-morrow we go to Oxford for several days; then to Salisbury; then perhaps to the Isle of Wight; and so to London. Clarke is looking after my London affairs and takes great interest in them. . . .

I see no American newspapers; impossible to get them, and the English papers give very little notice to our affairs—we are so unimportant. Queer folks, these English! A young lady at dinner to-day told Edwina she was in New York in '67—probably 1767—and remembered the houses being mostly of wood! An English officer one day asked me if our New York houses were not wooden! "Jolly bright," aren't they?

Hope you will be over by the time I act; I hardly think it will be before November.

I remember old Mr. [N. M.] Ludlow very well. He was for many years partner with Sol Smith, Mark's father, in the management of the St. Charles, New Orleans, and St. Louis theatres.

Shall I get your new book in London? How jolly to have Joe [Jefferson] illustrate The Trip. [One of the editions of my father's book, The Trip to England, upon which subsequently he based his Shakespeare's England, was illustrated by the comedian, Jefferson.] Wrote to him and to Warren before I left New York. You shall often hear from me, if it's but a wretched line or two.

My sister tells me she is hard at her Memoir of father, and wants me to give her some material, &c., but I cannot possibly do so in this wretched state of mind and body. Haven't said half that I set out to say, but must perforce suspend, for 'tis late, and before I *coucher*—that's French, you Muggins—I must write an important business note. So, again, good night. Ever yours, EDWIN.

It was feelingly remarked by Lord Byron that:

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high ABOVE *the Sun of Glory glow*
And far BENEATH *the Earth and Ocean spread,*
ROUND *him are icy rocks, and loudly blow*
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils to which those summits led.

Byron surpassed mankind, and certainly he wrote those truthful observations out of superabundant experience of base calumny and that foul detraction which will not suffer virtue to dwell with the living—but not even Byron's experience of detraction exceeded that of Booth. His private life and personal conduct—which were gentle, pure and blameless—were, during his lifetime, industriously bemired by newspaper scribblers of filthy blackguardism, with as little compunction as though the slanders thus uttered were but commonplace statements of acknowledged fact concerning a notorious scoundrel. One of the most frequent expedients of detraction was that which represented him as a drunkard—and it has persisted to this day.

The facts in that matter are clear, and any student of biography curious to ascertain them easily could do so. Booth inherited from his erratic father an intermittent craze for drink, and in his youth, in the wild days of old San Francisco, in 1852–56, he sometimes drank to excess—as did, likewise, many of the other men of that time and place.

Booth's nervous system, however, was so delicately balanced that he immediately felt and showed, far more vividly than the generality of men, the effects of alcohol. In his own words, in youth, he had not yet "got control of my devil." After—and because of—the shock he suffered through the death of his first wife, and because he then realized that the intermittent craving for liquor which he had inherited was a deadly danger to him, he determined to conquer it—and he did.

Malicious Gossip

The spectacle of a man of preëminent genius, of delicate and exalted mentality, cursed by inheritance of a destructive propensity, resolutely subduing and extirpating that propensity is one which, it seems to me, should inspire for him only additional admiration and respect. In Booth's case, however, it seemed often only to inspire or intensify that contemptible antagonism which is born of envy and malice, and some cur was forever yelping drunkard at his heels. Even the celebrated Italian actor Tommaso Salvini, who professed to be Booth's friend and who was extremely sensitive about his own reputation, long after the death of the great American player helped to disseminate an injurious impression in this matter.

On April 28, 1886, Booth and Salvini acted together at the Academy of Music, New York, as Iago and Othello. Booth was in poor health at the time, suffering so much from nervousness and bilious disorder that often he could take but little food. On the afternoon of the day named he, nevertheless, rehearsed his company until after three o'clock, and then went to his home, where he tried to sleep, but was unable to do so. He was earnestly advised not to make the exertion of acting that night; but rather than disappoint the public and his distinguished associate he insisted upon doing so. He had been, for several years, subject to attacks of vertigo. That night, weak from fasting and heavy labor, near the end of the third act of the tragedy, after the speech ending, "Within these three days let me hear thee say that Cassio's not alive," he suddenly became dizzy and fell upon the stage.

Though this occurred after he had played through three acts of the exacting character of Iago, and though he recovered himself and proceeded to complete his performance, the incident of illness was immediately made an occasion of widespread censorious cackle to the effect that Booth was drunk again. Salvini, in 1913, wrote: "Booth, unwittingly, that evening could not stand on his feet, being tipsy with one drop too much of whisky, which he had taken to give himself courage." Upon what, then, I wonder, did Booth stand, during all the long time prior and subsequent to his fall?

Perhaps no single incident of Booth's life has been more gossiped about than that fall. Extraordinary tales have been built upon it—not the least amazing of which is a preposterous yarn to the effect that Salvini, unable to control his temperament, seized and hurled his American confrère into the orchestra pit, knocking down one of the musicians and so injuring the actor's shoulder that the services of a surgeon were required before the performance could proceed.

The fact, meantime, is that Booth fell because of vertigo caused by illness; that he had not touched stimulant of any kind during all the date on which the performance occurred; that, save for illness, he was, throughout that day and night entirely normal, and transacted important, exacting business in a manner impossible to any person who, in the Old-Country phrase, "had drink taken." That is the explicit testimony of those who were closest to him from about seven o'clock in the evening of April 28 to one o'clock the next morning, when he retired to bed.

Early Memories

Booth himself, commenting on this matter, wrote, "I was dizzy from the effects of dyspepsia, and being jerked up from the stage by Salvini [referring to the stage business of the scene in which the accident occurred], who let me go before I had regained my footing, I stumbled, and a rent in the carpet [stage cloth] laid me flat on my back. That was all of it. The same thing [dizziness] has happened to me before—in Hamlet once, in Romeo once, and on other occasions. It's an infamous thing that one's reputation should be at the mercy of a set of scoundrels."

Booth's sense of humor was unusually keen, and it helped him through much sorrow and suffering. On the occasion of that last visit which my father and I made to him at The Players, though he was all of the time in more or less pain, I recall that his conversation—at least while I was awake—abounded with anecdotes, and that he seemed to derive much amusement from relating them. In particular, I remember his enjoyment in reciting the difficulties which had to be overcome during an engagement of two months or so in his youth at Honolulu.

"I had," said Booth, "to go about the streets and myself stick up our bills [posters], because the native boys, whom at first we employed to do so, used to throw away the bills and eat the paste—poipoi!"

Also he spoke much of his tour in association with Lawrence Barrett and Helena Modjeska; of the goodness and gentle heart of Barrett and the austere severity of his outside seeming; of his own gladness in surrendering to him the drudgery of superintending rehearsals; of the romantic loveliness of Modjeska; and especially of his dislike of the so-called natural method in acting—meaning that method which seeks to substitute commonplace literalism and the copying of trivial detail for the essential expedients of impersonative dramatic art. And with lively glee he told of two young actors in the supporting company during that tour—one of them being Mr. Otis Skinner—who, in Macbeth, went upon the stage without tights, their legs being painted with umber, and of a newspaper comment on that proceeding which emphatically expressed preference for less meat and more dressing in the poetic drama.

I remember, too, as we came away from The Players, after parting with Booth, my father, talking to me about their long intimacy and his admiration for the character of Booth, told me of the great actor's

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LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Concluded from Page 43)

reply to a clergyman who wrote and asked to be privately admitted through a side door of Booth's Theater, so that he might witness his performances, yet not himself be seen entering a playhouse—"There is no door into my theater through which God cannot see!"

Booth greatly admired the poetry of my father—much of which he had committed to memory. On April 19, 1893, at night, he suffered a paralytic stroke from which he never rallied. The last words he ever read were those of Winter's poem of Homeward Bound. The volume containing that poem is kept in Booth's room, beside his bed, open, just as he laid it down.

There, safe from every mortal ill,
Waits every wasted wish of man;
The hopes that time could ne'er fulfill,
And only Death and Nature can!
There peace will touch the eyes of grief,
And mercy soothe the heart of pain;
And every bud, and flower, and leaf
That withered here will bloom again!

The following picture of the last moments of Booth's truly strange, eventful life is taken from a letter, written to Winter—who was far away, in California—by John Henry Magonigle, June 12, 1893:

"Edwin had been delirious since he was stricken seven weeks, to the day, before he passed away. During that time would he have a few moments each day in which he seemed at all conscious of the presence of those who spoke to him. But he was entirely unconscious from Sunday, the fourth, recognizing no one nor anything. During those four days his dear soul was making the effort to leave his body, and only succeeded in doing so at one-seventeen on Wednesday morning [June 7].

"There was present at the final moment the following: The Doctor, St. Clair Smith, Mrs. Grossman and Mr. Grossman, Mr. [William] Bispham, Mr. Charles E. Carryl, and self, and the two trained nurses.

"I had been fanning the dear soul from ten o'clock till he passed away. A singularly curious incident occurred a moment or two before his last breath, which struck dismay into the soul of poor Edwina. The lights began to grow dim until for the moment we were in darkness.

"Poor Edwina, in her hysterical condition, cried out:

"'Oh, do not let my father die in the dark!' A moment after the light was reëstablished he drew his last breath, and his spirit passed out to his spirit friends. And so passed out, as you and I know, a glorious spirit to a glorious life! And so we also know that he is not dead, but simply invisible and more alive than ever."

THE PETROLEUM PROBLEM OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 18)

This distinction causes the discrimination, if any, to fall on aliens generally, thus only operating indirectly on citizens of the United States. In the absence of prohibitory treaty provisions, this form of discrimination would seem to be justifiable from the viewpoint of international law, however impolitic it might be as regards reciprocity and international comity."

It would seem the part of wisdom that the United States negotiate at once treaty provisions giving our nationals the same freedom that foreign nationals enjoy in America.

The State Department's reply to the third paragraph of Senate Resolution 331 seems to cover the fourth paragraph of the resolution also, and is therefore quoted in full:

"In reference to the information requested in the third and fourth paragraphs of Senate resolution above mentioned, the Department of State is not advised that the Government of Mexico has imposed express restrictions upon citizens of the United States in regard to the acquisition and development of petroleum-bearing lands in Mexico which are not imposed upon the nationals of other foreign countries.

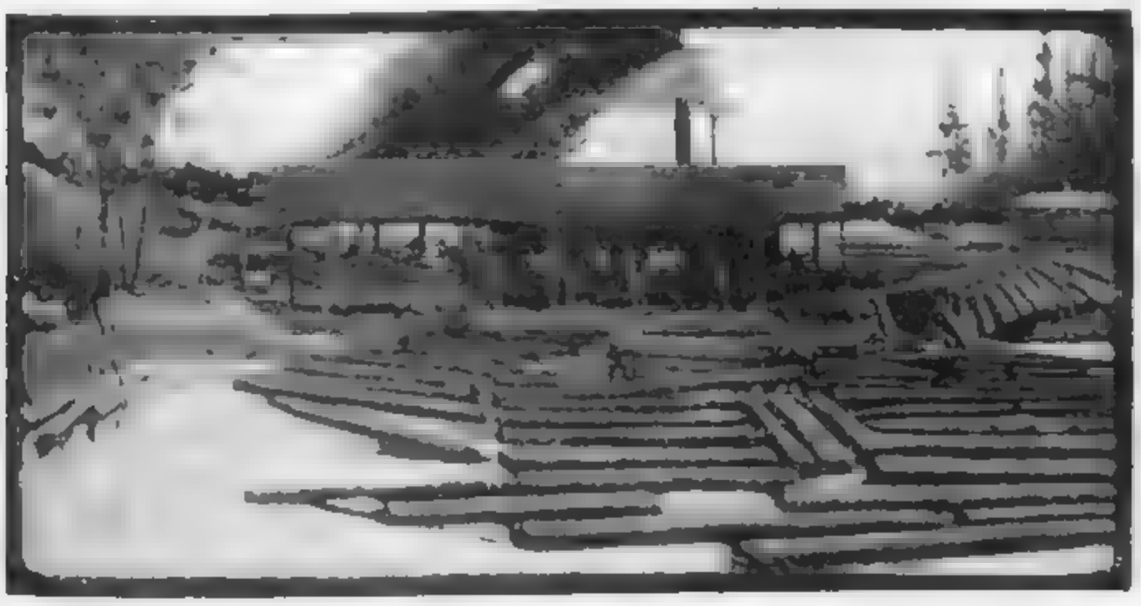
"It should be noted that the holdings of American interests in Mexico are so extensive that general restrictions applicable to foreigners fall most heavily on American interests.

"The alleged nationalization of petroleum by the separation of subsoil from surface rights, and the governmental reservation of the former, may have been effected by Article 27 of the new Mexican Constitution of 1917. There appears to have been no judicial interpretation on the construction of Article 27. It may be that some relief may be expected from a judicial construction of the conflict which appears to exist between Article 27 and Article 14, which states that no law shall be given retroactive effect to the prejudice of any person. On February 19, 1918, the Mexican executive, under authority of a congressional resolution of May 8, 1917, conferring upon him extraordinary powers in the department of finance, issued the first of a series of decrees, which seems to have been the first step in enforcing Article 27. To this decree diplomatic protests were made by this Government, Great Britain and France. The position of this Government in regard to this apparently radical legislation is set forth in the following from Ambassador Fletcher's note of April 2, 1918, to the Mexican Government:

"'While the United States Government is not disposed to request for its citizens exemption from the payment of their ordinary and just share of the burdens of taxation, so long as the tax is uniform and not discriminatory in its operation and can fairly be considered a tax and not a confiscation or unfair imposition, and while the United States Government is not inclined to interpose in behalf of its citizens in case of expropriation of private property for sound reasons of public welfare and upon just compensation and by legal proceedings before tribunals, allowing fair and equal opportunity to be heard and giving due consideration to American rights, nevertheless, the United States can not acquiesce in any procedure ostensibly or nominally in the form of taxation or the exercise of eminent domain but really resulting in confiscation of private rights and arbitrary deprivation of vested rights.'"

Since the above-quoted Senate resolution was filed there has been published an agreement entered into between Sir John Cadman and M. Philippe Berthelot at San Remo in April of this year. The agreement recites:

"1. By order of the two Governments, France and Great Britain, the undersigned



Quaker Flour

The finest a mill can make

A Flour for the Fortunate Few

No flour of the Quaker Flour quality can ever be made for the many. Only about half the wheat kernel goes into it—just the choicest bits.

Such flour requires a special selection of wheat. It requires a modern mill. Chemists must constantly analyze it, bakers constantly bake with it, to watch it hour by hour.

It is made for particular people—for the lovers of Quaker quality. For the housewives who buy Quaker Cereals. Those seekers of the superfine should get it, and a million of them do.

Grocers are proud of it

Grocers keep Quaker Flour always on display. It denotes a high-quality store. A grocer who lacks it will get it if you ask.

Commands no fancy price

Quaker Flour is sold on small margin. It is but one of our many products. So it costs you little, if any, more than other standard flour.

It means whiter bread, lighter bread, better-flavored bread. You who want such things should get it.

Quaker Flour is little advertised. But it has today a million users, because users tell others about it.

We made it to emphasize Quaker standards—to show what they meant in a flour. Now four great mills are taxed to supply it, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels.

If you want the utmost in a flour, ask your grocer for Quaker Flour. Try one sack. A glance at the flour will delight you, and the bread it makes will cause you to always want it.

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

Akron, Ohio Cedar Rapids, Iowa Peterborough, Ontario Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

In our Canadian mills we conform to Government requirements as to percentage of wheat kernel used.

Quaker Biscuit Flour

For biscuits, pancakes, cakes, cookies, etc., you need a different sort of flour. For such dainties we make this Quaker Biscuit Flour from special wheat in a special way. We make it self-raising, then seal it in round packages with tops so it can't deteriorate.

Quaker Farina

This is granulated inner wheat—just the choicest, sweetest, whitest bits. About half the wheat kernel is discarded in the making. No higher grade of farina is possible, yet Quaker Farina costs no fancy price. Serve as a breakfast dainty or in fritters. Use in waffles, griddlecakes, etc. The granulations make such foods inviting.

1466

representatives have resumed by mutual consent the consideration of an agreement in reference to petroleum.

"2. This agreement is based on the principles of a cordial collaboration and the reciprocity in the countries where the petroleum interests of the nations can be amalgamated to advantage. The present memorandum refers to states or countries as follows: Rumania, Asia Minor, territories of the former Russian Empire, Galicia, the French colonies and the colonies of the British Crown.

"3. This agreement may be extended to other countries by mutual consent.

"4. Rumania: The Governments of Great Britain and France will lend their aid to their respective dependents in all negotiations which are to be started with the Rumanian Government for:

"a. The purchase of oil and petroleum concessions, shares or other interests owned by former subjects or companies—of enemy origin—in Rumania, which have been sequestrated, for instance, the Steaua Romana, Concordia, Vega, etc., who constituted in said country the petroleum group of the Deutsche Bank and the Diskont Gesellschaft, at the same time as all other interests which it may be possible to take over.

"b. The concessions of petroleum fields owned by the Rumanian State."

Though Article 3 states that the agreement may be extended to other countries by mutual consent, Article 5 seems to divide the enemy holdings into two equal parts—one French, the other British. Just what advantage other countries would gain under Article 3 remains—in view of Article 5—to be elucidated. Article 5 reads as follows:

"5. All shares belonging to former enemy concessions of which one may gain possession, and all other advantages drawn from these negotiations, will be divided on the basis of 50% to British and 50% to French interests. It is understood in the company or companies to be created in order to carry out the administration and exploitation of said shares, concessions and other advantages, the two countries are to have the same proportion of 50% of the capital subscribed as well as equal representation on the board and equal voting power."

Article 6 is of extreme significance. It reads as follows:

"6. Territories of the former Russian Empire: In the territories belonging to the former Russian Empire the two Governments will give their joint support to their respective nationals in their common efforts with a view to obtain petroleum concessions and facilities for export, and to assure the delivery of petroleum supplies."

Under the operations of Article 6 how can American companies hope to compete successfully except with the same backing by the American Government that France and Great Britain give to their nationals?

Article 7 reads as follows:

"Mesopotamia: The British Government binds itself to concede to the French Government, or the representative appointed by same, 25% of the net production of crude oil at the current market price which H. B. M. Government may draw from Mesopotamia petroleum regions in the event of these regions being made productive by virtue of government exploitation; or in the event the government has recourse to a private company to exploit the Mesopotamia petroleum regions the British Government will place at the disposal of the French Government a participation of 25% in the said company. The amount to be paid for a participation of this kind should not exceed the amount paid by any other participant in the said petroleum company. It is also agreed that the said petroleum company is to be under the permanent control of Great Britain."

Great Britain and France have parceled out Mesopotamia between them, and again the question rises, "What is the significance or value of Article 3, so far as gaining any foreign source or sources of production for American oil companies may be concerned?"

Provision is made in other articles for transportation of oil, construction of railways, port facilities, and so on.

Article 14 reads as follows:

"14. Northern Africa and other colonies. The French Government will accord facilities to any British group or groups of good standing, which can offer the necessary guarantee, which will operate in conformity with French legislation for the acquisition of petroleum concessions in the colonies of France or in French protectorates or zones of influence, including Algeria, Tunis and Morocco. It is well to point out that the French Parliament has decided that groups formed under these conditions are obliged to contain at least 67% French interests."

This article is particularly interesting, as it indicates the policy of France in demanding 67% French interest in all petroleum companies in French territory.

Article 16 indicates the British policy, and reads as follows:

"16. Colonies of the British Crown: As far as existing regulations will permit, the British Government will accord to the French nationals who may desire to explore and exploit petroleum regions in Crown Colonies, advantages corresponding to those France has accorded to British subjects in the French Colonies."

Article 18 closes the Project of Agreement, and reads as follows:

"18. The present agreement has been initialed this day by M. Philippe Berthelot and Professor Sir John Cadman subject to ratification by the Prime Ministers of France and Great Britain respectively."

This, then, is the other side of the picture, in contrast with the "open-door" policy of the United States whereby foreigners have ever been welcome to compete in the petroleum industry here on terms of equality with nationals of the United States.

Looking Into the Future

A careful reading of this Project of Agreement should convince the most skeptical that if United States oil companies are to make any headway whatever in the acquisition of foreign sources of supply they must have the same enthusiastic government support and coöperation as that extended to foreign nationals by their respective governments—as evidenced by the above-quoted document.

That other nations prize petroleum resources is evidenced by the rules and regulations covering their exploitation and by the attempts being made to acquire additional sources of supply in territory coming under Allied domination because of the Great War. Attempts on the part of American oil companies to gain foothold, in view of these regulations, would obviously meet with ignominious failure. There is therefore no alternative holding any prospect of success save coöperation by the Government of the United States with its nationals in an effort to unlock doors now closed to us and by amicable agreement gain access to petroleum fields throughout the world on terms of equality with others.

To do this would require on the part of the Government of the United States the adoption of a foreign policy that in relation to raw materials will not be altered upon changes in administration at Washington. Nothing could be more fatal to the morale of American industry engaged in foreign trade than the knowledge that the foreign policy of the United States as reflected in the activities of our State Department is liable to sudden and violent reversal because of the success at the polls of the party out of power. And yet just this reversal has taken place in years past, and carefully constructed diplomatic programs have been smashed to smithereens simply because the party in power was ousted.

It is inconceivable, in the light of world events, that we should continue to justify such utter folly which not only creates friction where the greatest harmony should prevail, but is also an absolute injury to national welfare. We need and must have a definite United States policy regarding many things, a policy that will remain unchanged in principle from administration to administration, and the need for such a fixed foreign policy is nowhere more acutely emphasized than in the matter of raw materials.

For a long time England and Continental Europe have been compelled to seek in other countries large proportions of the raw materials upon which their industrial life is founded. In the case of some raw materials imports to the extent of one hundred per cent are necessary, and in the case of mineral products the quantity in reserve is fixed, with the result that sources of supply must in future be sought in the less developed countries; countries not only sparsely populated, but whose inhabitants do not or can not avail themselves of these resources.

At the moment the United States, so far as its supplies of raw materials are concerned, is more nearly independent than any other nation; but we are also by far the greatest consumer, and there are notable deficiencies—as, for example, tin, platinum, nickel, manganese and nitrates. The absolute necessity for keeping open during the war the lanes of communication with Chile so that niter should flow uninterruptedly caused the keenest anxiety in Washington; protracted interruption of the supply would have resulted in the Allies' loss of the war just as surely as the cutting off of the gasoline supply and the supply of lubricants would have had the same disastrous consequence.

Germany is an example of a country cut off from petroleum in time of war, attempting the use of all kinds of substitutes, and failing success in the end in part because of the lack of those very petroleum supplies. With such an example before us it is scarcely conceivable that the United States will permit itself ever to reach such a position; and yet, notwithstanding the war and its lessons, we have done absolutely nothing to anticipate such a contingency.

National necessity, having to do mainly with industrial problems, was the underlying cause of the Great War; and again in the future commercial conditions will play a similar rôle unless wise statesmanship forestalls the crisis and provides adequate means whereby the situation will be not only anticipated but controlled.

The industrial life of every nation depends to-day upon the products of petroleum that lubricate the vehicles of transportation, by land and sea and air, as well as all the machinery engaged in supplying the manufactured products which satisfy the needs of modern civilization. Power from petroleum we might conceivably do without, but lubrication with petroleum is indispensable. The collapse of industry spells national collapse, and it therefore follows that the nation must guard against any such contingency.

We have had enough of war. The welter of blood, the carnage, the desolation and starvation that swept over Europe during 1914–1918 and that is still taking toll of thousands of lives is the most eloquent argument in behalf of negotiated agreements. Is it Utopian to hope for peaceful settlements in future, rather than the decision that comes from the use of force and that as often as not proves nothing as to the justice of the cause? If it is, let us try Utopia for a while—surely it is worth the experiment—rather than appeal again to war, with repetition of the horrors that have engulfed Europe. These are the two roads the world may follow; than these there is none other.

Throughout the world there are available large reserves of all the mineral raw materials—not inexhaustible quantities, but quantities sufficiently large to guarantee the requirements of modern civilization for an indefinite period; more of some and less of others, but of them all—considering every factor—petroleum the least.

Due to the tremendous increase in consumption of raw materials, the struggle for possession of the world's reserves has assumed of late years a more and more acute phase. Farseeing statesmen have long since realized the necessity for providing—so far as possible—unlimited reserves to meet national requirements, not of to-day or of to-morrow, but for centuries—the longer the better.

Rivalry for Control

Unfortunately the very bounteousness of our supplies has made us indifferent to the future and wasteful beyond expression in past and present. Other countries less plentifully endowed have been compelled to husband not only what resources they had but to seek control of foreign sources of supply. And out of it all—this great struggle for industrial supremacy—came the World War. The iron deposits of Alsace-Lorraine, the petroleum and other raw materials of the Near East, were the underlying reasons; the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo but the excuse. There was ample foundation for the Bismarckian cry, "Drang nach Osten," for it was toward the East that Germany turned in hope of avoiding national stagnation.

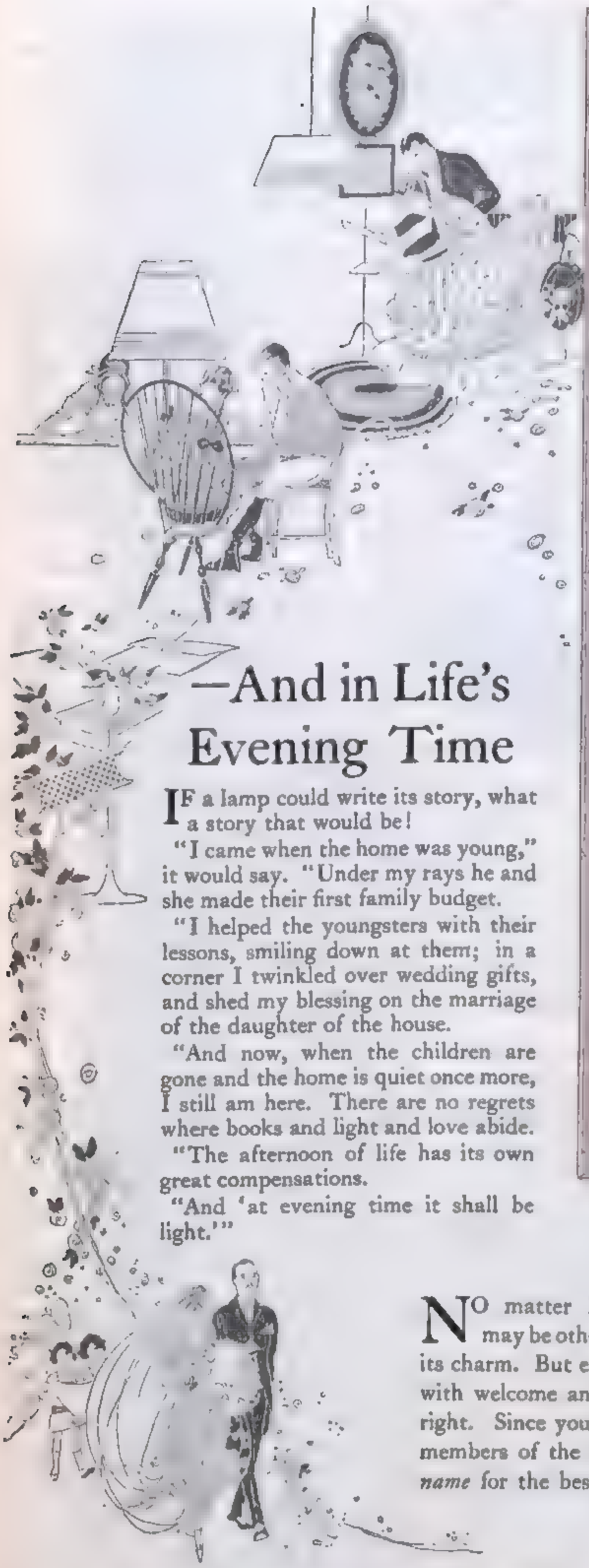
The termination of the war has not ended the struggle for possession of raw materials. Even during the war geologists and other specialists were scouring the world, and often their advance was contemporaneous with the advancing barrage.

In the world contest for raw materials the struggle for petroleum will be most intense. The uses to which it is put are fundamental and vital; the demand has grown and will continue to grow at a rate exceeding that of any other of the great mineral products. New sources of petroleum supply must be sought in the undeveloped countries. Efforts of the nationals of each leading nation to control these supplies will involve friction so intense and severe that war may be the ultimate outcome of the struggle unless some plan is adopted by which the several conflicting national interests may be harmonized.

The sea and air will not be free to all nations for purposes of international commerce unless the sources of petroleum and the petroleum products themselves are made available to all on equal terms and without discrimination. Control of some of the most important foreign sources of petroleum supply is now in the hands of

(Concluded on Page 48)

DRAWN BY CLIFFORD UTLEY



© E. L. W. of G. E. Co. *The ninth of a series painted by* NORMAN ROCKWELL *for the Edison Lamp Works*

—And in Life's Evening Time

IF a lamp could write its story, what a story that would be!

"I came when the home was young," it would say. "Under my rays he and she made their first family budget.

"I helped the youngsters with their lessons, smiling down at them; in a corner I twinkled over wedding gifts, and shed my blessing on the marriage of the daughter of the house.

"And now, when the children are gone and the home is quiet once more, I still am here. There are no regrets where books and light and love abide.

"The afternoon of life has its own great compensations.

"And 'at evening time it shall be light.'"

NO matter how charming your home may be otherwise, poor lighting can mar its charm. But even an ordinary room glows with welcome and warmth if the lighting is right. Since your lamps are such important members of the household, why not ask *by name* for the best?

The Edison MAZDA mark on a lamp is your guarantee that no better lamp has thus far been developed by Science. And when MAZDA Service, centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, makes possible a better lamp, it too will be marked Edison MAZDA.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 46)

American companies. This control must be solidified, the companies strengthened and a plan perfected whereby America can deliver fuel oil not only to her own ships but to the ships of the world at any port at which they may call.

No matter what our international arrangements may be, how liberal or fair the proposed action, we shall be unable to reap our share of the benefits or fulfill our task unless we are able to perform it as efficiently as other nations. This at present we cannot do, and unless some constructive action is taken the handicap against us will increase rather than diminish; due entirely to the foresight and wisdom of English statesmanship, in contrast with our own abysmal ignorance and neglect of the fundamentals involved.

England has been engaged for years in an effort to control the greater part of the petroleum reserves of the world. There has been no attempt at concealment; public officials have very frankly stated the objective, and have given the reasons impelling action with equal frankness. To this very laudable effort on the part of Englishmen to increase the power and the resources of the British Empire no individual can rightly object, and no nation can justly take umbrage at an action which might well have been followed by all the great nations with benefit to themselves and their peoples. It is simply the application of the doctrine "England first," just as we say "America first" and France says "France first." It is so with every nation, and quite rightly so; and to it all there is but one answer: Recognition of each other's necessities and adjustment upon the broad basis of mutual welfare rather than a basis of selfishness and might.

Adjustment should and can be made by international agreement. No one expects the petroleum companies themselves to arrive unaided at any such understanding. That is impossible. But a properly formulated international agreement, negotiated by governments, defining the rights and limitations under which the different nationals may operate, is not only possible but necessary if we are to maintain lasting peace. And that agreement must be founded on a very simple principle: Equal justice to all concerned.

British Naval Needs

It is true the peoples of the world have much to learn in the application of this broad principle. Economic pressure will probably have to be exerted in the course of demonstration. It is even conceivable that for a time and among the less enlightened nations force may have to be resorted to, for it is difficult to change the habits of centuries. But if the great nations of the world will take the lead the desired result is possible.

Because of geographical location, the British Empire has a paramount interest in the freedom of the seas which from the standpoint of national cohesion and existence transcends that of any other nation. An island insignificant in size is the nerve center from whence control of more than one-quarter of the globe is dictated—and this control is possible because of the British Navy, which since the days of Drake has been the bulwark of English freedom. Is it any wonder that on behalf of that navy which guarantees national existence efforts should be made to control the supply of fuel oil, which, Lord Fisher said, increases the strength of the British Navy thirty-three per cent?

England needs no apologist to justify a wise and statesmanlike procedure. An obvious situation existed, and the obvious remedy was applied. In the application, however, England cannot justify monopolistic control. We and other nations have too much at stake to view with equanimity such procedure. The effort of Germany to set up another Roman Empire by force failed: the effort of any nation to set up industrial monopolistic control by domination of the raw materials of the earth must meet similar fate through peaceful international agreement.

The United States cannot sit idly by and witness the passing of the world's petroleum reserves into foreign hands. With the world's raw materials under control of England the League of Nations would be but hollow mockery so far as industrial freedom is concerned. It is true we might avoid war, but at the price of industrial vassalage. From petroleum alone the annual contributions to be exacted from the United States would in a comparatively short time amount to a sum sufficient to pay the war indebtedness of the British Empire.

It is of course assumed that England has not really set as an ultimate goal the acquisition of all the petroleum reserves in foreign lands. Such a procedure would be shortsighted in the extreme, as it would at once raise the question of a world monopoly of which England would alone be the beneficiary—a procedure so charged with danger that its adoption seems hardly possible when once the United States invites attention to our mounting needs and our dominating position. Attempt on the part of England to wrest from us or to exclude us from these foreign sources of supply would scarcely be viewed with equanimity by the people of the United States, and surely not by the Government at Washington. There is moderation in all things, and we could no more justify monopolistic control than could England. The future holds a better part for both to play.

International Harmony

What applies to England applies equally and as strongly to us, though perhaps in different form. Modern civilization, with its means of communication, has destroyed forever our isolation; we cannot escape world association, much as we might prefer isolation. We are confronted with conditions that we cannot alter, and it becomes our duty—distasteful as it may be—to accept the obligation imposed upon us. As a nation we are impulsive, idealistic, generous; we will go more than halfway in an effort to reach harmonious adjustment, but we are also intolerant of anything that smacks of dishonesty, deceit or sham. And certainly in the success of such an effort no two nations are so vitally interested as the United States and England. If we do not lead the way, how can we expect other and less enlightened nations to accept the doctrines?

No situation can be permitted to arise that will in any way tend to disturb the harmonious relations that now exist and that for the sake of humanity must ever continue to exist between the two great English-speaking nations of the world. It is conceivable that selfish interests would gladly embroil us—the Congressional Record holds evidence of that—but such propaganda must under no circumstances be permitted to yield the slightest result. More perhaps than any other two nations we are bound by common interests; more than any other nations we stand as the defenders of personal liberty; and more than any other nations we have been sponsors for modern civilization.

That the United States should build a navy in competition with England or England one in competition with the United States would be a tragedy so profound as to be inexpressible—and yet if we fail to reach harmonious understanding on many things, not the least of which is petroleum, this very condition may arise. It follows therefore that those understandings must be reached. Under the League of Nations the peaceful settlement of such problems may be forthcoming, but it must also be remembered that if our oil companies are to perform adequately their task, and give that service which is the only justification for their existence from the standpoint of the public to be served, their facilities must be of a character that will permit service equal to that given by any other companies or combination of companies—for, after all, service is the foundation of industrial success.

From an economic standpoint the building up by England of the tremendously powerful Anglo-Persian-Dutch-Shell combine can be met by the United States in one way and in only one way: Permission from our Government to form a combination equally strong, and assistance by our Government in maintaining our position in the oil fields of the world. Diplomatic adjustments are necessary and desirable, but unless radical alterations be effected in the relations between our Government and our petroleum industry such adjustments would be of purely academic value owing to our inability under existing conditions to render the service as efficiently as our competitors.

If we are to understand intelligently the problem confronting us, it requires that we consider the location of the present petroleum-producing areas, their relative importance and the probable significance of areas not yet productive but because of favorable geological structures sufficiently attractive to merit development. It is of course quite impossible to say with any degree of accuracy what parts of the world may or may not produce oil. Great areas of Central Africa and other countries remain to be explored; South America holds possibilities only partially understood; Siberia and other northern countries are known to hold promise of future production, and even England and France may in time yield no mean contribution to the annual total.

We are dealing with a mineral deep hidden beneath the surface of the earth that may or may not give outward evidence of what lies beneath. There are many oil fields that in the form of seepages give unmistakable evidence of what awaits the penetration of the drill; and there are other fields that, save for such data as the geologists may correlate, give absolutely no surface indication of what lies hidden below. The world as a whole has been but little mapped geologically, and will not be save as economic pressure makes such examination and mapping profitable; and the investigations are of course directed first to those localities most easy of exploitation, geographical location and possible profuse production both considered.

It is fairly evident that the present producing areas must be reënforced by new sources of supply if we are to keep pace with world demands. It was a comparatively simple matter twenty years ago to find the hundred and fifty million barrels of world production. The United States at that time found a production of sixty-four million barrels ample for its needs. In 1918, however, the world total had become five hundred and fifteen million, and for 1920 will approximate six hundred million barrels, of which the United States will produce and consume not less than four hundred and fifty million barrels, leaving for the rest of the world the remaining hundred and fifty million barrels.

What of the Future?

Think of it! We shall require three times as much oil as all the rest of the world combined. Is it any wonder that those familiar with the petroleum problem insistently urge constructive action by the Government of the United States?

The finding of this six hundred million barrels of oil presents a problem in comparison with which the supply problem of the year 1900 sinks into insignificance. Unfortunately ten years hence it will have become vastly more difficult, because of steadily mounting demands. The various substitutes must sooner or later bear part of the burden. Alcohol, benzol, oil from shale and other substitutes for petroleum will in years to come play a rôle constantly increasing in importance.

Keeping in mind the necessity for drawing more and more on foreign fields, it will be of interest to study the location and relative importance of those fields already producing petroleum. For this purpose the table at the bottom of this page—compiled by G. B. Richardson, of the United States Geological Survey, and reproduced from an article by David White, of the United States Geological Survey—will be illuminative.

Reference to this tabulation will show the somewhat disconcerting fact that more than sixty per cent of all the oil produced up to 1919 throughout the world has come from the United States. Russia is the only country in any way comparable, and even its production is only twenty-five per cent of the total. Taking the two together, and adding Mexico, we account for about ninety per cent of the world's total production. Similarly, the production in 1918 of the United States and Mexico exceeds eighty per cent of the year's total, and again adding Russia we closely approximate ninety per cent—leaving to the entire balance of the world the remaining ten per cent. To realize the overwhelming predominance of the United States needs only a consideration of the foregoing figures.

Government Support Needed

It is impossible to say with any exactitude what will be the relative production from foreign fields in the future. It would be highly misleading to assume that the future relative importance of these oil fields bears close connection to past standards, but the following list gives some idea of the countries that will come into prominence in calculations having to do with supplying future world demands:

COUNTRIES	OWNERSHIP
Mexico	American—English—Dutch
Russia (including Siberia and the Caucasus)	Russian—English—Dutch
Persia	English—French
Mesopotamia	English—French
Venezuela	English—Dutch—American
Colombia	English—Dutch—American
Bolivia	Undetermined
Peru	English American
Rumania	English Dutch—American—French
India	Exclusively English
Trinidad	English
Argentina	Argentine Government
Africa	French English—Dutch
Central America	American English

In addition to these, there are many other countries that will produce oil in greater or less quantities; some will perhaps produce it in quantities much in excess of some of the countries listed above—time and the drill alone can answer the question.

No man may prophesy with assurance the possibilities of the future. The undreamed-of is ever within the bounds of possibility; but no nation dare risk its industrial future on the problematical accomplishment of some revolutionary discovery now deemed highly improbable. It therefore becomes the duty of our representatives at Washington so to plan that we shall be completely safeguarded as to the known and proved factors upon which is built the petroleum industry of to-day—an industry without which the wheels of the world would stand idle for lack of suitable lubricants.

Consideration of this vital problem cannot with safety be delayed. As the two great nations most gravely concerned in the amicable adjustment of this situation, the United States and Great Britain should initiate procedure and invite other interested nations to join with them in formulating an international petroleum policy and program. It is obvious that the petroleum companies themselves cannot initiate negotiations of this character; such activity is the function of government, and must therefore be undertaken by those governments whose interests are involved.

It is a world problem which confronts us. The world obligation with reference to petroleum cannot be ignored. It must be satisfactorily met; mutual rights must be regarded; mutual trust must be established, and there must prevail a mutual recognition of the great fundamental principle that banishment of war can come only through establishing and maintaining commercial and economic justice.

COUNTRY	PRODUCTION, 1918		TOTAL PRODUCTION, 1857–1917	
	BARRELS OF 42 GALLONS	PER CENT OF TOTAL	BARRELS OF 42 GALLONS	PER CENT OF TOTAL
United States	355,927,716	69.15	4,608,571,719	61.42
Mexico	63,929,327	12.40	285,482,489	3.80
Russia	40,450,182	7.86	1,873,039,199	24.96
Dutch East Indies	13,294,986	2.58	188,388,513	2.51
Rumania	8,730,245	1.70	151,408,411	2.02
India	8,000,000	1.55	106,112,365	1.41
Persia	7,200,000	1.49	14,356,963	.19
Galicia	5,591,620	1.09	154,054,273	2.05
Peru	2,536,102	.49	24,414,387	.33
Japan and Formosa	2,449,069	.48	38,498,247	.51
Trinidad	2,082,068	.40	7,432,391	.10
Egypt	2,079,750	.26	4,848,436	.07
Argentina	1,321,315	.26	4,296,863	.06
Germany	711,260	.14	16,664,131	.22
Canada	304,741	.06	24,427,770	.33
Venezuela	198,080	.04	317,823	
Italy	85,265		974,671	.02
Cuba			19,167	
Other countries			347,000	
	514,729,354	99.95	7,503,147,138	100.00

The rug on floor is Art-Rug pattern No. 362. The 6 x 9 ft. size retails at $9.75.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

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THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

ROPED

(Concluded from Page 11)

I mounts quick. The boys jumps in the clear. Folks hold their breath. Women turn pale. But Minnie stands still, lookin' like a piece of art.

"Shoot, kid, afore you lose the range!" I yells. "Earn some oats!"

"Your reputation has bluffed him!" says Bex.

The boys laughs at what Bex says.

"You may go now, Zero!" A movin'-picture squirrel announces this hoot.

The boys scoffs at me. I fans the statue with my hat. He begins to walk slow like a hearse pilot. I looked at the gang and ketches a guilty look in Lafe's eyes.

"Doped," thinks I, which was right. Lafe had overdone his friendship, an' the crowd was laughin' at me an' deliverin' remarks about a false alarm in hair pants. Lafe come a-runnin' over to me.

"I figgered he'd kill you, Zero. I give him too much, I guess."

"You git me somethin' I can make good with, an' git it sudden afore I kills you," I tells him.

I was mad. They fetched out a sleepy-lookin' sorrel an' I looked over at Bessie an' waved my hat. She made the squaw sign when she seen the rolls on the saddle an' I takes 'em off.

"Clean ridin', an' one of us comes out dead if required by her," I tells the sorrel.

The rest of it was clouded up with hair an' horse an' blood shootin' out of my nose an' stars infestin' the sky. I guess I rode him. I was present before and after, but during the work-out I can't say for sure.

We gits some pep in us from then on. I never seen a better bunch of ridin' than what them boys done after that. On the last whiz I takes a fall and rises up thankful for three things. Two of 'em is my legs an' the third is my left arm. My right arm was broke. Bessie Weatherford comes streakin' across the field with a doctor with whiskers which is in her party. I git the wing all tied up with a couple of splints, an' then I gits hauled over to where us boys was livin' near the stable lot. The show is over. Purty soon in drifts Bex an' Lafe an' Dave. We lays round, restin' up. Bex digs down an' hands out a roll of bills to me.

"Ardmore gin me this yere. He states it's wages."

I rolls her flat an' splits the pot. They was a even two hundred apiece.

"He says it's all the change he has with him," says Bex.

"Change!" thinks I. "Is he a-comin' over here?" I asks 'em.

They didn't say nothin' fer a minute. Finally Dave speaks up.

"From the way he was a-trailin' the Bessie kid you give him the knock-down to I guess you can fergit him until she shakes him loose."

I laid there thinkin'. Lafe, he went out an' drags back with some canned goods, an' we makes a fire in the heatin' stove an' sets fire to the soot in the chimbly afore we thinks of eatin' some civilized restaurant grub. We trails out an' wrops round some eggs an' pie in a restaurant near the livery stable. We finished quick, because we was tired. We come back an' rolled a smoke, preparin' to hit the hay, an' about that time in comes Ardmore an' a brace of his fish-handlin' false alarms.

"Dinner at the Plaza at eight. I promised my guests that you chaps would be there if the broken arm hadn't put you out of business," he invites.

He had me. I would have went if my neck was broke. We trails it in a couple of padded cells on wheels what was like heaven to the sore places on us. I brung my sheepskin coat along because I figgered that eatin' in the night air on the plaza wouldn't do my wing any good. We stops in front of a gold-plated mansion what was lit up like the Cinco de Mayo south of the line.

"Here we are!" says Ardmore.

I couldn't see nothin' but crowded streets. I looked round.

"Where at is the plaza?" I asks him.

He looks queer for a second, an' then laughs an' explains it's the name of the hotel where the orgies are going to be fomented.

We went inside an' turned corners an' walked a mile or two of tunnels lined with dressed-up men an' women. They was lookin' at us like we was five-legged calfs instead of riders. We got to where the crowd thinned out, and went into a cut-glass parlor. I seen a big dinin' room openin' into the place. A small gang of ladies and gents was millin' round in the parlor waitin' for the grub call. When they seen us they stampedes over our way, an' leadin' 'em all was Bessie Weatherford. I seen her an' streaked it to meet her.

"Without yore pappy is here, I don't like you in this gang," I says.

She laughed at me. I looked round at the dames with three layers of paint on 'em an' at the young heifers without any clothes north of their chest an' at the pale-face cigareet experts what was ridin' herd on 'em.

"This is no fitten place fer you. Git your hat an' I'll take you outen here."

She laughed some more.

"Zero, you remember what a fool you made out of yourself the time you reformed that preacher what was playin' whist when the house was pinched?"

I said I did.

"Well," says she, "lay off of this. These here are some of the best people in New Yawk."

I thinks to myself, "Heving help New York," but I lays off, boilin' inside about this Ardmore slicker an' his painted friends.

I counts my money an' sticks her in my shirt. Then I git scared she's counterfeet, an' hauls her out for another look. I seen one of the cigareet plugs gazin' at me, an' I remembers what I'd heard about New York rates on murder an' wishes I had me a six-gun. I imparts my idee to Bex an' the other two, an' we agrees to stick clost together an' make a run fer Bessie in case the lights goes out.

Purty soon the supper which Ardmore calls dinner is under the wire fer a run. They fetch us in some oysters. I figgered they was sick or somethin', as they was growed onto some shells. All the oysters what I'd ever see didn't have no shells on 'em when they was took outen the can they growed in.

Then they was a string of grub hauled in fer the next few whirls that demanded action, no matter how much I'd et at the restaurant. She was good grub, an' I plays her from sody to hock. Splattered in between meals was champagne enough to float a wagon. The boys was layin' on purty light, afraid of trouble an' drugged drinks, but my arm got to hurtin' an' I got reckless. I figgered I had plenty of strength to take care of Bessie if trouble come, an' the champagne sort of made me fergit the arm, so I played it strong.

I played it too strong, because purty soon they was four times as many lights in the room as when we had got there, an' the table was tippin' slow but sure.

"Throwed again!" I heard Lafe state.

Little Zero had met his boss. Lafe taken me back to the room which we had hired. Then he goes back to wind up the festivities whilst me an' my cargo of champagne is far, far away.

This yere description of what I'd done is dished out to me next day by the boys when I'd woke up. They was glad to pave the way for a short confession concernin' their own misdeeds. They allows that after the banquit they'd mussed up their wealth considerable with three of this Ardmore feller's friends, devotin' the early morning hours to seein' who could lie convincinist behind five cards an' some stacks of red, white an' blue chips. Poker. The patriot's game.

I laid there an' laffed at 'em an' counted my roll in plain sight with one hand whilst sufferin' miseries with the other.

But the bright star in our financial hopes was the prizes. We needed 'em. Along about sundown I starts out for Ardmore's hotel to prod him up a little an' garner in whatever's comin' in cash. We knowed she was some fat stakes, being as we was without competition in the ridin'. I left the boys lickin' their chops an' figgerin' out how they'd spend it all. On the way downtown I loses the trail several times, but finally lands up in front of the place where Ardmore was stoppin'. They was a major general out in front openin' automobeel doors an' bowin' round like he owned all the stock in the corral. I headed for him.

"I'm lookin' for Mister Ardmore," I states to him.

It missed him complete.

"*Hombre*," says I, "I'm talkin' to you. Where kin I find Mister Ardmore?"

This here king wakes up.

"Mr. Ardmore's baggage is on the Chicago Limited. Mr. Ardmore is on root for Chicago. Mr. Ardmore departed for Chicago on the Limited at noon."

"The dirty thief!" I says.

I loped back to the roomin' house in a rush to spread the alarm. I told the boys what I'd learnt.

"Just what I expected! The rustlin' skunk has stampeded with the cash an' played us fer suckers at two hunderd a throw!" bemoans Lafe.

"An' flimflammed us outen that, too, with a brace game pulled off by his graftin' pardners!" says Bex.

We milled round for a hour tryin' to figger out some way of lynchin' somebody. I gets to frettin' about Bessie. I remembers I ain't got no way of findin' her. Then I recollects the name of the school she's a-goin' to. I calls it up on the telephone. A dame there states that Miss Weatherford is out an' will not return until after the theater.

She's safe anyway. I'm eased at findin' that out. I decides I'd be makin' a bigger fool of myself by callin' her up at midnight, besides exposin' how we'd been roped.

"Keep your mouth shut an' save what's left of our ragged reppytations," advises Lafe.

Which is right. We agrees not to advertise how we'd been played an' stung. They is nearly two hunderd dollars in my pants pocket.

"I gits you into this," I tells 'em, "an' I'll git you outen it as fer as Chicago."

I splits the stake, an' after a short potlatch we makes medicine that gittin' back to the stockyards an' three squares is the copper play.

We ketch the rattler at midnight for the old cow town, an' when we wakes up next mornin' the country is driftin' past an' lookin' better every minnit. My arm is hurtin' plenty from sleepin' with it settin' up in a seat. I feels gloomy.

We unloads in the smoke an' trails for the yards. I figger I kin git me a job countin' stock or somethin' till I git word to Old Man Thomas an' git my job back with the Bar None. The boys breaks fer their own brands. I am taking a little solo *pasear* down the fence to the hired-help office when I sees a sight what I accounts for as bein' a hang-over from the champagne.

Ardmore comes rollin' up in a automobeel! I hails him.

"Zero!" he yells. "Well, I'm dashed! How'd you get here? Sure glad to see you!"

"Walked—nearly," I says, "an' the same to you, you pizen-fang houn'!"

He looks some surprised an' trapped. I lan's on him, verbal, concernin' prize money, crooks, respectable young females, lynchin' an' how us downtrod victims is going to massacre him an' his gang.

"You have made a mistake," he says, startin' in with some of his slick explainin'.

"You have made a worse one," I allows, "an' I'll collect yore scalp right now to square the deal."

I picked up a barrel stave what was handy an' started for him. He set there smilin'.

"Get in this car an' spare my life for ten minutes, an' maybe I can shake some of the fog out of your intellect."

I gets in the car. We rolled downtown an' stopped in front of a big marble office buildin'. I had my barrel stave ready fer any false moves.

"My office is upstairs," says Ardmore.

Just what Old Man Thomas said they'd have—fake offices where they'd sell you the Masons' Temple, hunderd dollars down an' ten a month. I froze onto the barrel stave.

We rode the cage to the seventeenth level. We stepped out an' walked to a door what was painted "Stuart Ardmore" on the glass. We walked into this office. A brunet female grafter is chewin' gum into a typewriter an' amusin' herself listenin' to a phonograft that run a pipeful of music into her ear whilst she wrote.

"Bluff!" thinks I. "No female can work an' listen to a phonograft at the same time."

We walks into a inside office where I could see the lake. It was quite a palace, this yere office, an' a reg'lar den of luxury like all them fake promoters has. Everything mahogany exceptin' the old barrel stave. I figgers the barrel stave could win agin' the field in spite of the varnish an' polishin' she didn't have.

Ardmore sets down in front of a desk as long as a pianner. He plays a short piece on some pearl buttons on the side of the desk. A pale Edgar thing glides in.

"Get me five thousand in hundreds, please, and have it entered on my personal account," Ardmore tells him.

Edgar ducks an' beats it.

I am sorry for Ardmore. The play is too raw. But I am sorrier for the four of us flimflammed punchers that should have knowed better, an' I squares away to hand this Ardmore snake the first deliberate beatin' to death he'd ever got. An' then the office door opens an' my chance is spoiled again temporary. The brunette speaks up an' hands Ardmore a card.

"Miss Elizabeth Weatherford to see you, Mr. Ardmore."

"My stars!" he says.

He looks round tryin' to find a hole big enough to hold a rat-sized human coyote.

"Fetch her in here!" I says. "How come she's in Chicago?"

The brunette looks at Ardmore. He nods, sick like. Bessie Weatherford comes in the door. She yells out my name. She don't git a chance to say no more.

"Set down," I says. "I'm going to kill a snake."

I starts for Ardmore. He met me halfway an' then some. He like to tore my other arm out by the roots a-takin' that barrel stave away from me. I'd of gave the arm an' extra leg for a six-gun right then.

"You leave him alone!" Bessie Weatherford is screamin' at one of us tigers, but neither of us knows which. We both obeys. In comes the Edgar thing. He is carryin' all the money in the world.

"I wouldn't touch a cent of it!" I says. "You kidnapin', cradle-robbin' thief! Bessie, you come over here by me where you belongs!"

She come.

"Zero, are you loco?" she asks, smilin' an' worried lookin'.

"He is," states Ardmore. "He is on the warpath. He craves a death scene. Nothing but a lynching will satisfy his sense of justice. You'd better tell him some family history. It's the only way to tame him."

She looks at me an' at Ardmore. She relieves Edgar of his load of cash an' he gits out.

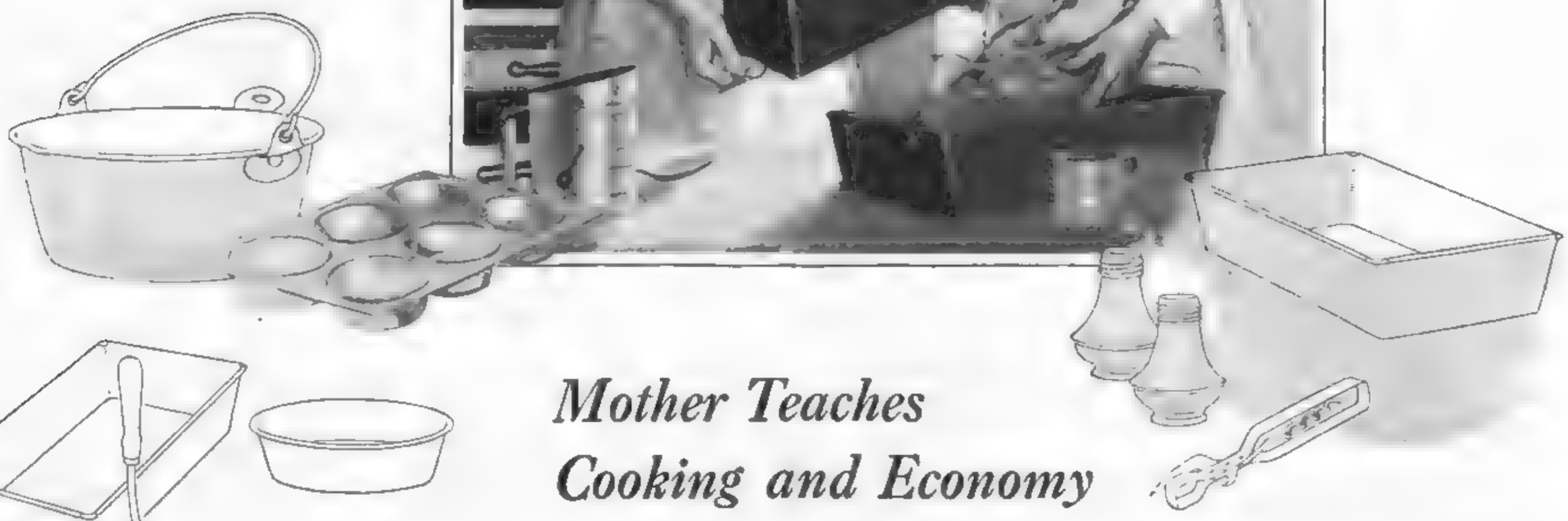
"Zero, we were married yesterday—Mr. Ardmore and I."

The fog settled back into my skull. I sets down.

"Yore pappy will kill him," I says.

The papers next mornin' spread the news like a king had died. "Love at First Sight!" They showed me shootin' two hearts with a six-gun—"Cupid in Hair Pants," they brands me.

Naw, sir-ree, Bull Head. Git notorious solo if you craves to. Me—I done my public ridin' some time back. Ride 'em, cowboy—an' git homesick.



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THE LOST TITIAN

(Continued from Page 7)

She was about to speak again, but an interruption came in the form of a distant dinner gong.

"We are about to take tea," announced Georgina Keswick with the utmost solemnity, "and I trust you will give us the honor of your company."

Conkling was tempted to smile at this ponderous unbending. But he became sober again as he caught sight of a slender young figure in organdie pass from one side of the old manor house to the other.

"That's very kind of you," he said, with his gaze following the girl in organdie as she disappeared through one of the French windows. "I should like to very much."

But he couldn't help wondering, as he meekly followed the gaunt and solemn figure in rusty black across the parched lawn slopes, just what was ahead of him.

III

CONKLING found himself in a faded room with faded damask curtains. It was a somber and musty-smelling room, but two walls of it were lined with open bookshelves edged with pinked morocco and surmounted by three Tanagra figurines which momentarily made him forget the mustiness about him. He caught sight of a carved *leggio* that must have come from the choir of an Italian church, and a mahogany pedestal table with dragon-claw feet on which stood a brass candelabrum with a square marble base. Yet the next moment he was shuddering inwardly at the sight of a handworked fire screen. On this screen, with thread and needle, patient fingers had fabricated a foolish landscape of waterfall and woodland and strolling ladies in hoopskirts. It impressed him as not so much a monument of wasted effort as it was a betrayal of a childish and impoverished outlook on life. And the house began to depress him, for even the black horsehair furniture so in need of repair became significant of a mean discomfort heroically endured.

His feeling of depression increased when the second sister entered the room. She came austere and silent and arrayed in plum-colored moiré. She impressed him as having hurriedly changed for the occasion and as still chafing under the necessity for that change. She seemed bonier and more muscular than her sister Georgina, and when Conkling saw her hands, calloused and toil-hardened and bloodless as bird claws, he was persuaded that she had been called away from labor in some neighboring field. Even her bow of greeting was a hostile one. And the young man in the stiff-backed horsehair chair fell to wondering why she had been so resolutely commandeered from her agrarian activities; and why, also, he was being so laboriously introduced into that house of sinister antiquities. He expected, until he saw tea actually being served, that the girl, Julia Keswick, would be included in the gathering. But in this he was disappointed.

He thought about her a great deal as he sat drinking his tea. It was not good tea. It was weak and watery, just as a slight aroma of mustiness clung to the solitary biscuit which was served with it. The skimmed milk which was soberly spoken of as cream, the loaf sugar which was doled out so sparingly, the old Coalport so pathetically chipped and cracked, all united to confirm his earlier impressions of a genteel poverty grimly accepted.

He wondered how the girl could stand it, and he could foretell what it would do to her. She would get like the other two in time. The years would pinch her in body and soul alike. Her color would fade and the fuller line of lip and throat would wither. Yet in her face he had detected something unawakened and anticipatory, something which made that grim house oppress him afresh with its sheathed claws of cruelty.

He was surprised to see Lavinia Keswick, having drunk her cup of tea and eaten her wafer, rise grimly from her chair and as grimly leave their presence. Conkling surmised that she was already resolutely removing the plum-colored moiré and making ready for a delayed return to her scuffle hoe.

It was not until Georgina Keswick was alone with her guest that she returned to the matter uppermost in her mind.

"You have doubtlessly heard of my brother, Kendal Keswick, in the art world?"

She paused, as though waiting for the name to strike home. But to Conkling it meant nothing. For a moment the tragic pale eyes in the tragic old face took on a deeper pathos.

"He was an artist himself in his time," she stiffly acknowledged. "But he was also a collector."

"He would be before my time," mercifully explained the young man, puzzled by the air of hesitancy which had overtaken the rusty old crow confronting him. "And what became of his collection?"

"Some of it he sold a year or two before his death."

"And the rest of it?"

"The rest of it has remained in the possession of the family. They are in fact held in trust here by me and my sister."

"Paintings, you mean?"

"Yes, paintings," she admitted.

"Then they're the property, I take it, of your niece, Julia?" suggested the young man, only too glad to direct the line of talk into more congenial channels.

"Nominally, but not altogether," was the somewhat acidulated reply. "Julia's father, at his death, left many obligations behind him."

Conkling, vaguely chilled, waited for the woman in rusty black to speak again.

"In a country such as this there are few persons with a knowledge of art—of great art," she continued with an obvious effort. "And of late it has seemed advisable—advisable that these paintings, or at least a certain number of them, should be disposed of."

Conkling felt almost sorry for her. She was plainly not a woman who could easily ask a favor, yet behind that grim front, for all its momentary embarrassment, lurked an equally grim purpose.

"And you'd like me to look them over and tell you what I consider they're worth," suggested her visitor—"what they're worth from the New York dealer's standpoint?"

She blinked her eyes like an old eagle, plainly disturbed by his slightly impatient short cut to directness.

"It would be a great service," she said out of the silence.

"On the contrary, it would be a great pleasure," contended Conkling. "So what's the matter with getting at it while the light's still good?"

He was startled to see a ghost of a flush creep up into her faded cheeks.

"That would be impossible to-day," she told him with something oddly akin to terror in the eyes which evaded his.

"Why not to-day?" he asked, intent on his study of her mysterious abashment.

"They will have to be prepared," she replied, ill at ease.

"What do you mean by prepared?"

"They will have to be cleaned, for one thing."

"And how do you propose cleaning them?" he demanded.

"I have always regarded coal oil and turpentine as quite satisfactory," she retorted, plainly resenting his tone.

"Then if your canvases are of any value you've been using something which will very quickly take the value out of them. You'd kill their color in no time. We wash a picture with cheesecloth in warm water and soap, the same as you'd wash fine lace; and a part of the trick is to dry it quickly to keep it from warping. Then dissolve mastic tears in turpentine and put it on with a camel's-hair brush, if you have to."

It was plain that she was as averse to criticism as she was unaccustomed to it.

"In that case perhaps the cleaning can be dispensed with," she said with dignity.

"Then I suppose I can see 'em at once," he suggested. But her embarrassment returned to her.

"They will have to be arranged," she said with a solemnity which in some way went lame.

"How many canvases are there?" he asked.

"Between twenty and thirty," was the hesitating reply.

Conkling showed his surprise.

"It'll take time, of course, to go over a bunch like that."

"That," said Georgina Keswick with an air of escape, "is why I should prefer making an appointment for some other day."

"It all depends on the pictures, of course, just how long it'll take me."

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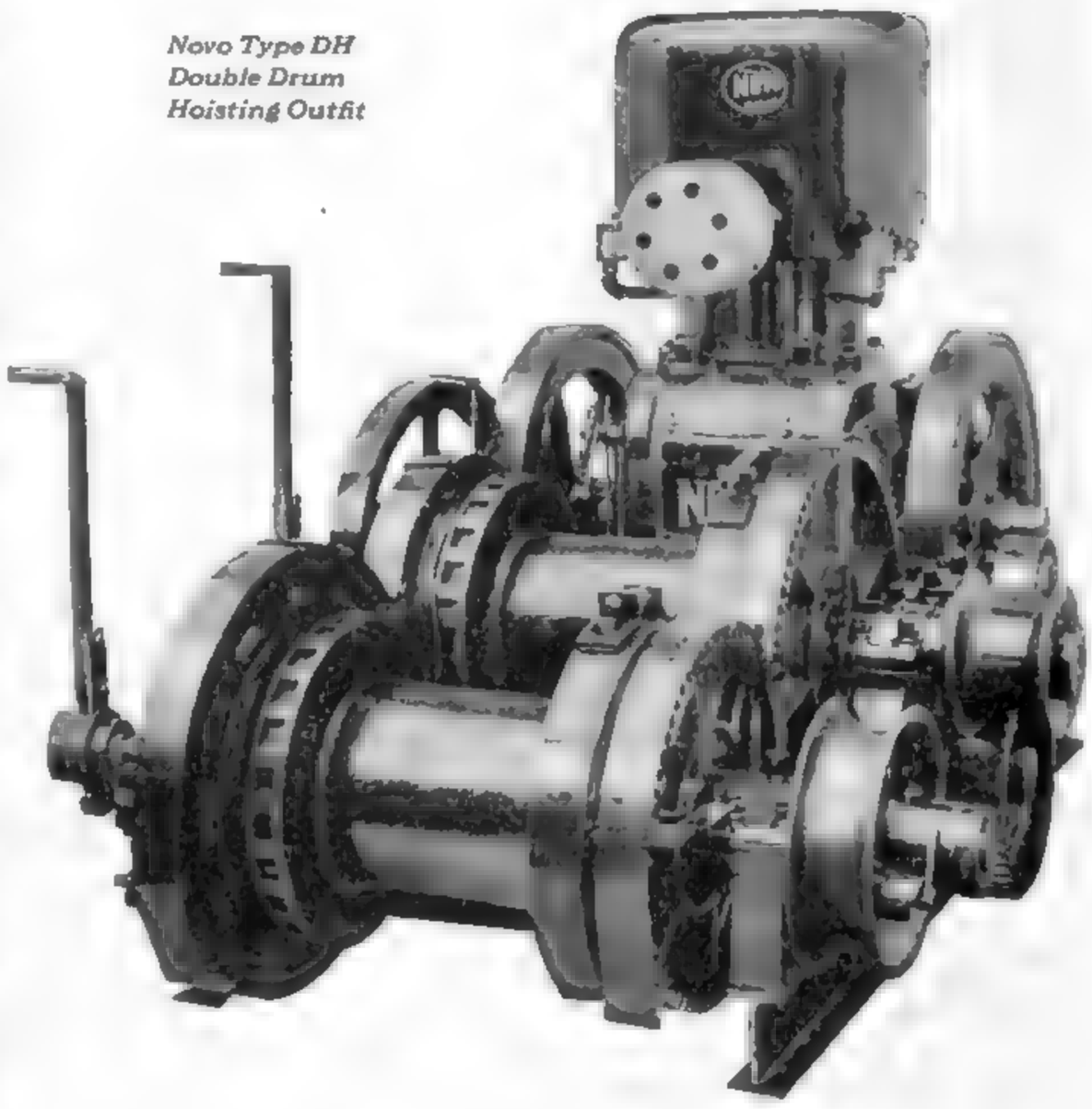

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"I don't think you'll find them altogether trivial."

He recalled the earlier allusion to old masters. But he had had experience with the bucolic conception of such things.

"Who are the artists?" he asked in his most matter-of-fact tone.

"I'm not sure," she said, after a moment's hesitation. "At least, not sure of all of them."

"But the ones you know?" he prompted. And again a period of silence reigned in the shadowy room before she spoke.

"There's a Decamps and two Corots and a Holbein," she said very quietly. "There is also a Constable—no, two Constables—and one Boldini, and what we were once led to believe was a copy of Correggio, though our late rector, who was in both Rome and Florence once, remained strongly persuaded that it was an original."

Conkling, as he sat staring at the faded face in the fading light, lost a little of his own color. It took his breath away. It was too much to believe.

"That's rather a formidable list," he murmured weakly enough, for the whole thing still seemed incredible.

Here, in the obscure corner of a Canadian colony, he was threatened with stumbling across a collection that might be the envy of a national gallery. They were claiming to have Corot and Correggio, Decamps and Holbein, housed in this decrepit old homestead hidden away in its ruinous old garden.

His bewildered eye rested for a moment on the Tanagra figurines. Yet they only added to his disturbance, for the man who had captured them, he knew, had been a good picker; and nothing, after all, was too preposterous for such a house.

"When shall I come back?" he asked with rather an anxious face.

"Will to-morrow at two be convenient?" he heard his hostess in rusty black inquiring.

"I'll be here at two," he said with a belated effort at professional impersonality. But it was an abortive effort, for he had become too actively conscious that he stood on the threshold of some high adventure. And so sharp was that inner excitement that he even forgot about Julia Keswick until he saw her rose shears hanging on a cedar twig near the broken gate.

IV

CONKLING, on returning to the Keswick house for the second time, nursed a sense of playing merely a secondary rôle in a drama of deferment. For on his way there he had come face to face with Lavinia Keswick, and that austere old figure, seated in a decrepit canopied phaëton drawn by a rawboned mare, had either failed or refused to recognize him. He was further depressed by the ominous silence which reigned when he pounded on the faded manor door with the heavy brass knocker in the form of an ape, an ape with laughter on its embittered metal face. But in a minute or two the door was opened, and Julia Keswick herself stood confronting him.

She was dressed in Quaker gray, and seemed more repressed and more mature than when he had first caught sight of her. But she had the power, for all her quietness, of making his pulse skip a beat or two.

"I was to look over the pictures," he explained, noticing her hesitancy.

"I'm afraid that won't be possible to-day," she told him in a tone of constraint.

"But your aunt asked me to," he reminded her.

"I know, but there has been an accident."

"A serious one?" he asked.

"I hope not. But my Aunt Georgina slipped on the attic steps and sprained her ankle. It's paining her a great deal, and she has gone to bed."

"Could I possibly see her?"

A ghost of a smile appeared on the girl's face. It would not be easy to explain to him that no living man had ever beheld her Aunt Georgina in bed. So she merely shook her head.

"Then how about your Aunt Lavina?"

Again the girl shook her head.

"She has had to go to Weston to see a lawyer about a mortgage foreclosure—and she has always hated the pictures."

"Then why couldn't you show them to me?" he suggested.

"I don't think my aunt would approve of that."

"But in an emergency like this?" he contended.

"I wouldn't be allowed to," she said with an odd flattening of the voice. "Some of them are not——" she broke off. Her shoulder movement was a half-ironic one. "Even my aunt objected to some of them. She was carrying one of the bigger canvases down to her bedroom to hide it away when she slipped and fell."

"That was unfortunate," he perfunctorily exclaimed. His mind plainly was on other things.

"What was the canvas that caused the accident?" he finally asked.

"It was a Bouguereau," she answered.

He was able to smile as he looked back at her in the shadow of the doorway. He thought he understood.

"It's ridiculous, of course; but it's at least given me the chance of seeing you again."

She studied him for a moment or two with her intent eyes. Then she slowly changed color.

"I'm sorry," she finally said.

"About what?

Her slow look back over her shoulder had not escaped him. But he was quite satisfied to stand and stare at her. She seemed the only point of life in that house of dead and silent mustiness.

"I can't talk to you any longer," she said in lowered tones. "I really can't!"

"Why not?" he demanded.

"I'd be punished for it," she told him, without meeting his eye, "cruelly punished."

She had spoken quietly enough, but there was an undertone of passion in her words.

"That doesn't sound reasonable," he expostulated. For she seemed, in her present mood and posture, far removed from the child.

"It isn't," he heard her answering. "But there's nothing I can do about it."

"How old are you?" he asked with a frankness aired by impatience.

"I'm nineteen—almost twenty," she told him with her habitual impersonal candor.

"Then that makes it more unreasonable than ever," he proclaimed with a touch of triumph.

"All my life has been unreasonable."

"But——" he began, and broke off. Their glances had met and locked, and he seemed to drink courage from the quietness of her eyes. "Why couldn't I see you without their knowing?"

She stood silent a moment.

"Where?" she finally asked in little more than a whisper.

"What's the matter with that old arbor of yours at the foot of the garden?" he suggested.

He still misunderstood her hesitation, for it was resolution and not timidity which was so completely whitening her face.

"Why couldn't you meet me there about nine o'clock to-night?"

"That would be too early," she said, bewilderingly composed.

"Then say ten," he persisted, marveling at his own unpremeditated deadly earnestness, and still again she stood silent. But she found the courage to lift her intent eyes and let them rest on his face.

It seemed significant of tremendous capitulations. But when she spoke she spoke very quietly.

"I'll be there."

Conkling watched her retreat into the shadow and watched the faded door swing slowly shut between them. Then he turned and went down the steps. He went away this time without thinking of the pictures, and he went with no slightest sense of disappointment.

▼

CONKLING, as he waited in the shadowy arbor, was conscious of a series of rhythms. One was the distant rise and fall of lake water on its pebbled shore. Another was the antiphonal call of katydids from the mass of shrubbery behind him. Still another was the stridulous chorus of the crickets in the parched grass, rising and falling with a cadence of its own. And still another was the beat of his own pulse, quickened with an expectancy which tended to disturb him.

He waited for almost half an hour. Then Julia Keswick came ghostlike out of the dusk, heavy with its mingled smell of phlox and mignonette. He stood up, once he was sure who it was. She, too, stood, without speaking, face to face with him in the filtered moonlight.

"Was it hard?" he asked inadequately and with a quaver in his voice. She missed his small gesture of self-accusation in the darkness.

"It was dangerous," she admitted more composedly than he had expected.

"What would happen if they knew?" he asked, more conscious of her nearness than of the words he was uttering.

"I could never go back," she told him. The forlornness of her voice, for all its composure, brought a surge of pity through his body. There was, however, something faintly dismissive in her movement as she sat down on the rough seat. "I want to talk to you about the pictures," she said in a more resolute voice.

"But I'd much rather talk about you," he objected, and he waited, with his heart in his mouth, to see if she challenged that audacity.

"I've seen you only three times before to-night," she said, staring off through a break in the shrubbery where a stretch of the lake lay like moving quicksilver.

"Well, a good deal can happen in that time," he argued, wondering where his courage had gone.

"I've found that out," she said with her Keswick candor.

He leaned closer to see her face. She did not move.

"Everything seemed clouded and hopeless before you came," he heard her saying.

"Oh, you're still thinking of the pictures," he said with a note of disappointment.

She laughed almost inaudibly.

"I wish we didn't have to think about them," she told him.

He found something oddly inflammatory in that acknowledgment.

"Then let's not think about them," he suggested. "Why should we on a night like this?"

She did not answer him. But out of the prolonged silence that fell between them a tree toad shrilled sharply somewhere over their heads. He turned and stared across the garden at the distant house front. It seemed less sinister, bathed as it was in its etherealized wash of light. But it depressed him.

"I shouldn't have asked you to do this," he said with remorse in his voice.

"It's the most wonderful night I have ever known," her small voice answered through the dusk.

"It is to me, too," he told her, conscious of some gathering tide which was creeping up to him, which was taking possession of him, which was carrying him along on its tumbling and racing immensities.

"And it can never happen again," she said as much to herself as to him.

"Why can't it?" he demanded.

"How can it?" she quietly countered.

"But I intend to make it!" he cried.

She sat back against the arbor railing, apparently startled by the passion in his voice.

"I'd rather you didn't say things like that," she told him. "I want you to be always wonderful to me."

"But I mean it," he said, his voice shaking.

She stood up with what seemed her first gesture of timidity. He could see her face, flower soft, in the ragged square of moonlight which fell across her shoulders. He rose to his feet and stood beside her, with his pulses pounding. Then in the silence he reached out for her hand and turned her about so that she faced him.

"Don't you see what it means to me?" he said, his face above hers in the uncertain light.

She looked down at her imprisoned hand, but that was all. He leaned closer. Her eyes closed as he kissed her.

"You must not do that if you don't mean it," she said almost abruptly and with a passionate intensity which startled him.

"But I do mean it, so much more than I could ever put into words," he cried, more shaken than he had imagined. "I love you."

Her hand went up to his shoulder in a gesture of helplessness.

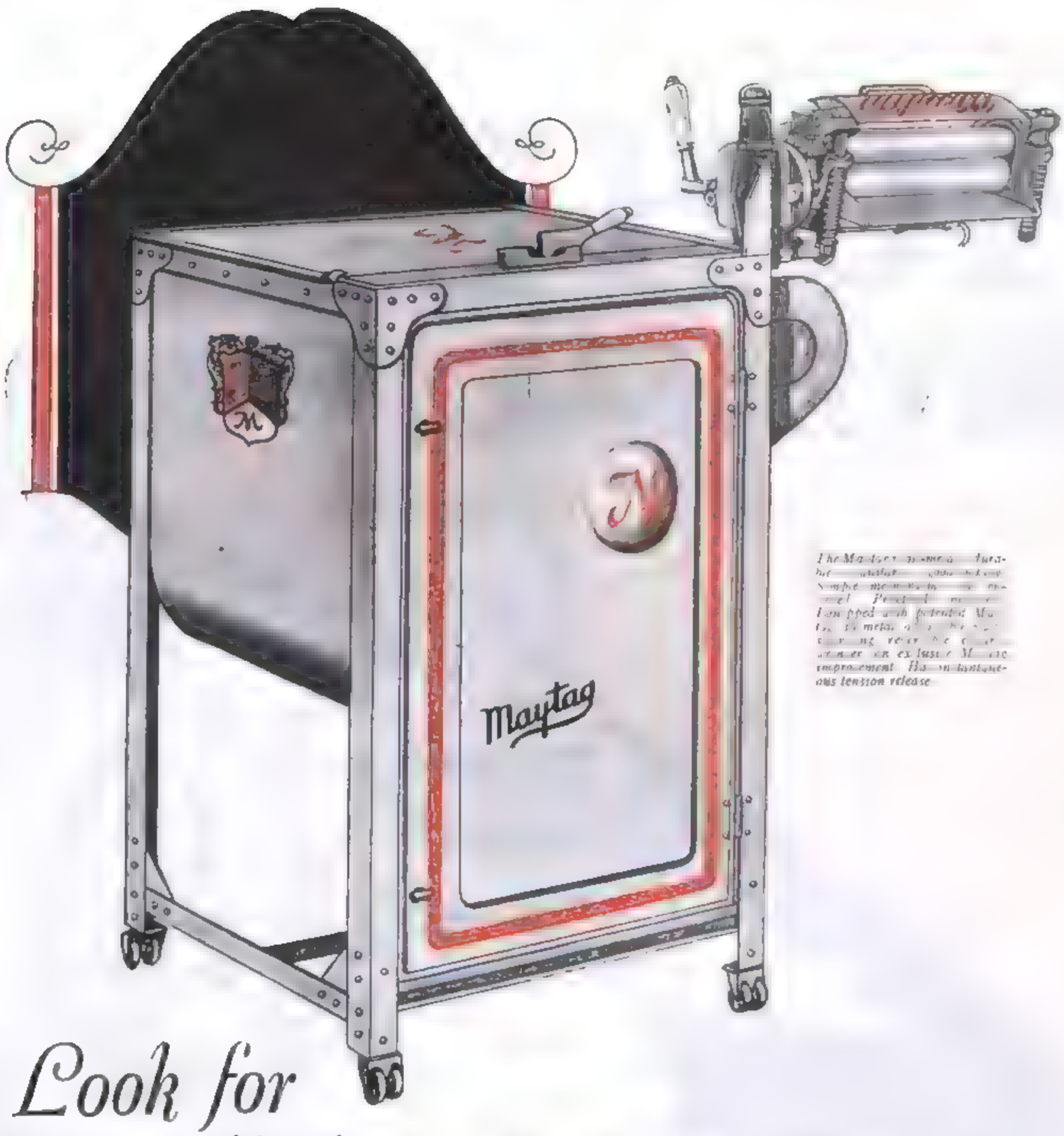
"Are you sure?" she exacted. "Are you certain?" she repeated, with a soft desperation which left her adorable.

He took her in his arms and held her close as he murmured, "As certain as life!"

He kissed her again, this time more appropriatively, more masterfully. And with it a lifetime of repression went up in flames.

"I love you," she said, her grim Keswick candor once more asserting itself. "I'll always have to love you, whatever happens."

(Continued on Page 57)



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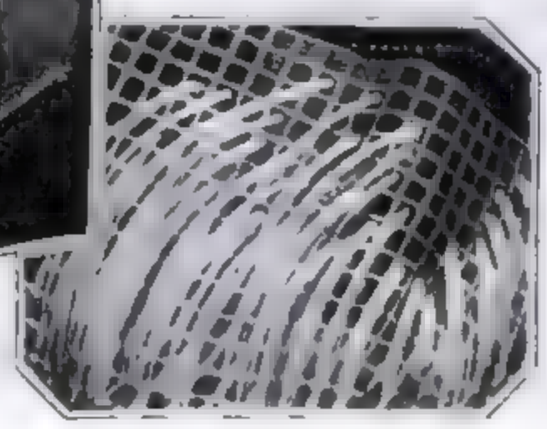

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(Continued from Page 54)

She turned away from him a little and stared toward the shadowy front of the old manor house. "I don't care so much now what they say."

"Why should you?" he demanded, realizing how little he had thought of the world beyond that arbor.

"This is my only home," she told him quite simply. "I can live here only by doing what is demanded of me."

"But when those demands are absurd?"

"That doesn't seem to have made much difference."

"But you're—you're a woman now, and you have your human rights."

"That's easy to say," she told him. "But my world's been very different from yours."

"Then we've got to bring them closer together," he said, stirred by the wistfulness of her face.

"Bring what together?" she asked, apparently not following him.

"Your world and mine!" he said quite grimly.

He took possession of her hand again. But she moved her head slowly from side to side. It seemed a protest against the impossible.

"It's got to be done!" he protested. That cry, however, seemed to fall short of her attention.

"But I can show you the pictures now," she said in a tone of quiet challenge.

"What have the pictures got to do with us?" he demanded, resenting the intrusion of a workaday world on that moment of tensed emotion.

"Everything," the girl told him. "That's why you must see them."

"When?" he asked, resenting her movement away from him.

"It will have to be like our meeting to-night—without their knowing. I'll send you word in some way—in the morning. But it will have to be secret. And now I must go!"

"That way?" he challenged, with bitterness in his voice.

She came to a stop, staring at him through the dusk for a moment of silence. Then she slowly lifted her arms, and as slowly stepped across the filtered moonlight until she came to where he stood waiting for her.

VI

IT WAS early the next day that a sandy-headed small boy brought a note to Conkling at his hotel in Weston. The note was from Julia Keswick. It merely said "Come at once." The brevity of that note disturbed him, but he lost no time in responding to its summons. When, as he started out, he once more caught sight of Lavinia Keswick in the old family chariot, this time proceeding somberly down the main street of Weston, he interpreted that migration as a ponderable reason for the hurried summons. But he remained ill at ease, even as he crossed the parched lawn and dispersed the ducks gabbling about the house front.

The door opened before he had a chance to knock. The girl obviously had been on guard, awaiting him. Her hand, when he took it, was passive, and she did not return his smile. Her face seemed preoccupied and pinched. Yet if she looked older, she looked none the less lovely to him.

"They know!"

She said it in little more than a whisper as her eyes met his.

"Know what?" he had to ask, so intent was he on what the moment held for him.

"That we were together last night," she told him.

"And what does that mean?" he asked, surprised the next moment at her look of tragic intensity.

"It means, I suppose, that I at last have to act for myself. But I'd rather not talk about it now. The one thing I want is for you to come up and look over the pictures while we've still the chance."

"I'm ready," he said.

"We must go quietly," she warned him.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because this is one of the things in which I'm acting for myself," she said in the gloom of the hallway, once the door was shut behind him.

She piloted him deeper into that gloom, and up a stairway with black-walnut banisters. Then after a moment of waiting silence at the stairhead they crept along the second gloomy hallway, passed through a door which they closed behind them and faced a flight of steep and narrow steps leading to the upper story. There the girl, after a moment's thought, returned to the closed door behind her and quietly turned a key in the lock. Then she motioned to Conkling to mount the little stairway, where the light hung strong above their well of gloom.

He found himself, when he had emerged into that light, in a hip-roofed attic with a row of dormer windows along the north. It impressed him at first as little more than a large lumber room, for it was littered, like other rural attics he had seen, with broken furniture and frayed traveling trunks, with disorderly packing boxes and obsolete bric-a-brac and the banished impedimenta of an earlier generation. A stratum of golden light flowed in through the one window on the east. This was filled with floating motes, so active that it seemed like subaqueous life in its native element. But the commonplaceness ebbed out of that dusty attic as Conkling, looking about, made out what was most unmistakably the remains of a Roman bath, a portion of a carved reredos in time-blackened oak, and beside a fractured ewer of *cloisonné* enamel a painted statuette that reminded him of the Artemis in the Museo Nazionale at Naples. He noticed a second sarcophagus, less imperfect than the one he had already observed in the dooryard, an empty easel with its heavy-timbered framework draped with cobwebs, and an artist's manikin without a head. Beyond these, in a cleared space which lay toward the southern wall of the attic studio, he discerned a vague pile covered with yellowed cotton sheeting.

This pile, he assumed, was the pictures. Yet those pictures, in some way, had already become subsidiary. A greater interest had usurped their place in his mind. But the sense of being on the threshold of some great adventure remained with him as he watched the girl cross the dusty floor and proceed, without speaking, to lift away the faded cotton coverings.

What was to be revealed by those movements he could not tell. But it impressed him as being a pretty ridiculous way of treasuring canvases of any value or any origin, to leave them unprotected in an old fire trap of a farmhouse attic. The whole thing in fact was ridiculous. The only thing that redeemed it, that vitalized it, to him was the stooping, ardent figure with the strong side light on the creamy white of her throat and chin.

But the girl, as he stood studying her, had turned and looked at him.

"How shall I show them?" she asked in a moderated voice which he first accepted as awe, but later remembered to be based on ordinary caution.

"Just as they come," he told her as casually as he could, intent on impressing her with that sustained deliberateness which one expects of the critic. "One at a time, if you can manage them. And I'll tell you when to change."

She showed him first what must have been a small collection of family portraits, for only lineal ties and obligations, he felt, could extenuate the somber monstrosities which silently anathematized him from their dusty frames.

"These don't count, of course," she said, noticing the absence of all approval from his intent face.

He could see the excitement under which she was laboring, for all her restraint. He felt vaguely yet persistently sorry for her. It was not an auspicious beginning, and he would have to be more circumspect, more noncommittal. For whatever happened, however things turned out, it was going to mean more to her than he had imagined.

"This," she said in little more than a whisper as she placed a small canvas for his inspection, "is the Holbein."

He stepped forward a little, apparently to study it more intently. But the movement was scarcely necessary, for he saw almost at a glance that the thing was nothing more than a copy by an ordinarily adept student. More than once in fact he had sat before the original in Munich. But he wondered how he was going to tell her. Her questioning eye in fact was already on his face. So after deliberately prolonging his study he merely nodded his head.

"The next, please," he said with judicial matter-of-factness.

"This is one of the Constables," she quietly told him, catching her cue from that achieved impersonality of his.

His heart went down as he examined it, for it stood a confirmation of his earlier fears. The canvas in front of him was a copy, and nothing more. It was a much cleverer copy than the first one. But that scarcely excused the effrontery of the forgery, for the painting was signed. On the frame, too, was a lettered medallion, soberly attempting to authenticate it as a Constable.

"This was your father's collection, was it not?" he asked the girl.

"Yes," she told him.

"And he was an artist as well as a collector?"

She shook her head.

"He was not a good artist. But he loved pictures."

"And these he brought back with him after his different visits to Europe?"

"I think that was it, but my aunt has always refused to talk about them."

"Why?"

"She hated my father. She blames him for all the troubles that have come into her life."

"And now she takes that hate out on you?"

The girl did not answer that question. Instead she placed a smaller canvas for inspection and said: "Would you care to see the Corot now?"

It was the same story over again, only this time the copy was of a canvas with which he was not familiar; and again he wondered how he was going to be able to tell her. She became conscious of his increasing gravity.

"You don't like them?" she ventured.

The only thing he liked in all that dusty-aired attic was the slender, stooping figure with its aura of repressed ardencies. But this, he knew, was not the time to say so.

"How do you feel about them?" he countered, watching her as she turned toward him and absently rubbed her fingers together. It struck him at first as a movement of repudiation, but he remembered that it was merely an effort to remove the attic dust from her hands.

"It's hard to explain," was her answer. "Some of them I dislike and some of them I can't understand, and there are a few of them I almost hate."

"Why?" he asked.

"I don't think I could make it clear to you," was all she said.

He saw no light through the blind wall of his dilemma, and he could not quite see how the first move was to be made. So he asked in a merciful effort at postponement: "What pictures were taken from this collection?"

"My father took the ones he liked when he went away the last time. He took them all but one."

She had misunderstood him.

"No; you spoke of your Aunt Georgina carrying some of them downstairs when she fell," he reminded her. "What were they, besides the Bouguereau?"

She met his glance courageously in the clear light that flooded them.

"One was a copy of Manet's Breakfast on the Grass and the other was the Olympe."

He began to divine the demands he had made on her courage.

"They were nudes?"

"Yes," she acknowledged.

"And that was the reason they were removed?" he asked, smiling in spite of himself.

"They hate everything like that."

He found it harder than ever to go on. So he said almost curtly: "Let's see the Correggio."

She turned back to the stacked canvases.

"Now the others," he commanded, after he had confirmed his suspicions as to the larger canvas with the mendacious medallion on its tarnished frame.

He went through them patiently, and the inspection left him more depressed than he could understand. Yet he was tired of equivocation. He felt that nothing was to be gained by any further deferment of the death sentence.

"I'm afraid I have a very great disappointment for you," he began as gently as he could.

He watched her as she turned slowly away and stared at the stacked canvases and the strips of faded cotton littering the floor. He could detect no stirring of emotion on her face, and for a moment he thought she had failed to catch at the note of forewarning in his voice.

"You mean they're not as valuable—not as valuable in the matter of dollars and cents—as my Aunt Georgina has been led to believe they are?"

"I'm sorry," said Conkling, "but the two Constables are only copies, and there's

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no chance of being mistaken when I say the Holbein is a palpable forgery. The Correggio is not even worth considering. It impresses me as a gallery student's sketch—the sort of thing they used to sell to tourists by the mile. Strictly speaking, it has no commercial value. As for the others—well, candidly, I'm afraid it would scarcely pay you to put them in an agent's hands. They're not the character of work a city dealer could handle—could handle with any degree of profit to you and your aunts, I mean."

She studied his face with her questioning, grave eyes.

"I was afraid so," she finally said with a new listlessness in her voice.

"I know it hurts," he said, moving toward her, "and I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what?" she asked with no reciprocal movement.

"That instead of bringing you happiness at the very first I've only been able to bring you the other thing."

"I wasn't thinking about myself," she told him. "I was thinking more about them."

He knew that she meant the two strange old women with whom she lived, with whom she had lived; and in the strong side light, as she stood there still vital and ardent and unawakened, he tried to picture her face as it might be in the years to come, pinched with time and penury, devitalized by the vampire years which would drink up the blood from her warm bosom, dulled and hardened by the mean and monotonous years of backwater existence. She impressed him as too warm and rich to be wasted on that sterile air, and he fell to wondering how she would respond to the world as he knew it, to that tranquil and sophisticated world which would be so new to her. Under the fuller sun of freedom, he told himself, she would open up like one of the tea roses in the old manor-house garden below them. He imagined her emerging from the Pennsylvania Station in a taxicab, with all New York towering about her in the pale gold of early autumn. But that thought stopped short, for she was speaking again.

"It was their only hope," she was saying, with her meditative eyes on the leaning array of canvases. "It seemed the only thing that could have saved them from all their hopelessness, from all the misery that has made them what they are."

He thought of that sepulchral pair, immured in their withered and Old World narrownesses, but he thought of them without pity. They were as set as granite, those two old vultures, and nothing would ever move them—would ever change them.

"It will mean just keeping on in the same old way until the end," he heard the voice of Julia Keswick saying.

"But surely there's some way out for them," he protested without giving much thought to his words.

"There is!" asserted the girl with a flash of what seemed defiance on her face.

"What is it?" he asked.

"There is a painting I haven't shown you."

He noticed for the first time that her face had grown almost colorless. He could see the lips that carried a touch of rebelliousness framing themselves into what seemed a line of fortitude. It added to her air of maturity. Yet she became girlish again as she met his glance with what was almost a look of audacity.

"I didn't intend you to see it," she told him, and he felt that there was now almost a challenge in that steady gaze of hers.

"Why not?" he asked, nettled by a sense of remoteness drifting between them.

"Because I know my aunts would not wish it to be seen. It has been kept hidden year after year."

"Why?" repeated Conkling.

She was silent for a moment or two. She was no longer looking at him. But for the second time he became conscious of the achieved air of fortitude in her averted face.

"They would say it was—it was sinful."

She stood silent a moment when he asked for the reason.

"Because it's a nude," she finally said, looking up at him. He had no means of judging what that moment was costing her. He could even afford to smile a little.

"Well," he demanded, "what of that?"

"I've already told you that my aunts do not approve of such things," she said with an appeal in her eyes which he could not understand.

"Do you?" he queried almost brusquely. He noticed that her pallor had increased in the last minute or two.

"Yes, I do," she said with a return of her earlier defiant tone. "I can't help feeling that this picture is beautiful. I know there is nothing wrong about it—that there is nothing to be ashamed of in looking at it."

"Why should there be?" he demanded.

The girl's glance wandered involuntarily back toward the stairhead.

"They would say it was wrong."

That reiterated use of the pronoun began to impress him with the extent to which "they" had dominated and dwarfed her life.

"But some of the world's most beautiful and most valuable pictures are nudes," he protested. "Surely we don't need to go into all that!"

"I've felt that way," she said after a silence, as though the confession were a relinquishment of something momentous, of something which she could not lightly part with.

"Would you rather I didn't see this picture?" he asked with a second wind of patience, troubled by the look on her face.

"No!" she said almost with fierceness. "I want you to see it! You must see it!"

She stooped low as she stepped in under the sloping roof, coming to a stop before a large canvas, covered with faded blue-and-white ticking, which leaned against the wall. He watched her, with a revived impression of the epochal close about him, as she drew away this ticking and swung the framed picture about so that it faced him. Yet his next impression was one of sharp disappointment, for all he saw was a mediocre landscape of muddy and mediocre colors. It struck him as a climax of disillusionment, and his heart went down like a lift. And like a lift, having reached bottom, it began to ascend again, for he could see the stooping girl oddly intent on turning the metal latches on the back of the heavy frame. When the inclosed canvas was released she let it fall back a little from its confining ledges, and then drew it sideways out of the frame. The movement reminded him of a photographer withdrawing the slide from a plate holder.

But he had no chance to let his mind dwell on that movement, for a moment later his eyes were startled by a sudden impression of gold and ivory merging into a flow of soft and melting line and reëmerging into vivid and gracious contours which brought a catch in his throat. He stood staring at this second canvas which had been hidden under the first; stood staring at it with that faint tingling of the nerve ends with which the astonished senses sometimes dizzily capitulate to sheer bewilderment.

"Great God!" he gasped. And there was reverence in that ejaculation, for all its sharpness.

"What is it?" whispered the girl, catching an echo of his amazement.

"Great God!" he repeated in his own whisper of awe. "It's a Titian!"

He saw before him the figure of a woman holding an apple. The apple was golden, but not more golden than the soft ivory glow of the woman's body, bathed in its wash of purifying color. That body made Conkling's mind flash back to the Borghese with its Sacred and Profane Love and a moment later revert to the Magdalen in the Pitti. There was the same divine fullness of throat and breast, the same wealth of red-gold hair, the unmistakable mellowness of color and melting loveliness of line. There was a largeness and power in the conception of the figure, a stubborn yet exalted animality, which convinced Conkling the canvas before him belonged to Titian's later days. Yet as he studied it he objected to the word "animality." He preferred to substitute the phrase "spiritualized paganism" as he deciphered subtler effects which made him think of the National Gallery Magdalen and remember the abundant glow of bosom in the Flora of the Uffizi, the machinery of human life made adorable to human eyes.

"It's a Titian!" he repeated in a shocked and half incredulous whisper as he stepped still closer to the canvas.

That canvas, he could see, had suffered somewhat through the vicissitudes of its history. Extremes of heat and cold obviously had imposed a slight rimple of fine lines on its surface. But this did not greatly trouble Conkling. He even found in it, in fact, an accidental and subsidiary delight, for it added eloquence to its tone of time and enriched its note of history with an accentuation of age. But the miracle that it could have been carried unknown and unheralded across the Atlantic, that it

(Continued on Page 60)

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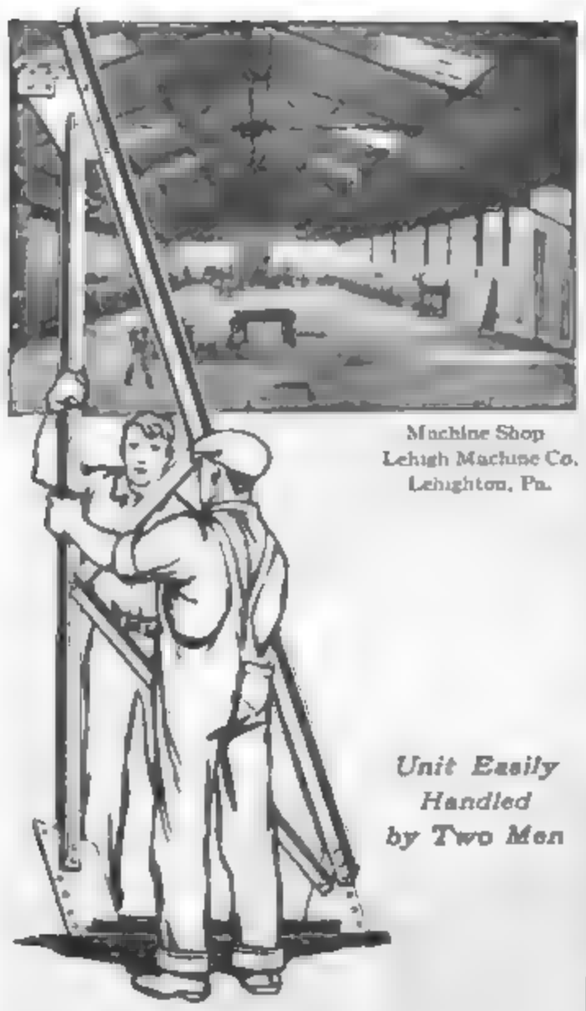

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could lie for years in the attic of a dilapidated Ontario manor house, tended to take his breath away. He knew enough of Titian to remember that much of that great Venetian's work had been lost. He had Vasari to back him up in that. More had been lost, in fact, than had survived, but behind the possession of that painting, he knew, lay a history which would not be easy to unravel. It impressed him as something which kings might have intrigued over. He recalled how nearly two centuries ago, when the Flora was unearthed to Florence, a nation practically ceased warfare to come and stare at the canvas—and it would soon be America's time to stop and stare.

The girl moved closer to his side, but he remained unconscious of her presence there. He did not see the rapt light in her eyes. The look of vague triumph on her face was lost on him. It was, in fact, several minutes before he even remembered her. Then it came home to him what the picture meant, not to the America which was to stop and stare, but to the impoverished household where it lay like a jewel hidden away in a straw mattress. He remembered what it would mean to that haughty and broken pair so in need of sustenance. It was their release—their salvation. That benignant golden figure with the apple of desire in her clustered fingers stood the goddess who was to work the miracle, who in a day might transform their penury into plenty. And this thought took his attention back to Julia Keswick. She was studying him, he saw, with troubled eyes in which some new anxiety seemed to be formulating itself.

"You needn't worry," he told her, though he smiled the next moment at the inadequacy of his phrasing. "That canvas is a Titian. There's not a shadow of doubt about it. There's no chance of a mistake. No copyist could ever turn the trick like that—not in a thousand years! The only thing that leaves me stumped is how it ever got here."

"I've never been told about it, of course," she explained with a slight tremolo of excitement in her voice. "I don't think there was anybody to tell about it after my father died. But in a letter to a French artist named Branchaud, which must have been returned undelivered after he went to Italy for the last time and was among his papers, father wrote that he'd live on acorns and sleep in a dog kennel before he'd part with the T. 'T,' I remember, was all he had written. He said it had cost him too much—too much in blood and tears and worry and work. There was something about a monk at Parma, a monk who had sinned against both God and man, as the letter put it, to whom father had first gone to buy one of West's portraits of Shelley."

"Where is that letter?" asked Conkling.

"My aunts burned it four or five years ago. They saw nothing in it but what was discreditable, and burned it along with the other things of father's which they wanted out of existence."

"The fools!" he cried with a sudden hot resentment.

"What father wrote about it costing him so much in worry and work used to make me wonder if he had copied it at some time with his own hand. I tried to believe that, and it made me prouder of him."

Conkling shook his head.

"You were wrong there," he said. "That canvas has got what you can't copy. The secret of it slipped away from the world over three centuries ago. And that reminds me of what brought me here under your roof. You asked me to tell you what your pictures are worth. So I'd say that this one canvas is worth your farm and your neighbors' farms and every farm and all they hold between here and Weston."

"You mean to an artist?" she ventured, her voice still shaking a little.

"No, I mean to a dealer, to a collector, to anyone with the brains to recognize what it is. I don't want to exaggerate. In one way it's not easy to figure out—in dollars and cents, I mean. But I'm being as reasonable as a man who says a loaf of bread is worth ten cents when I say this Titian is to-day, as it stands there, worth at least three or four hundred thousand dollars."

It was bewilderment, more than elation, that showed on her face. He even detected a touch of incredulity there as she turned back to the mellow glow of light reflected from the canvas.

"That sounds ridiculous, perhaps, but I know about such things. It has been my business to know. For instance, there was the Panshanger Raphael, sometimes spoken of as the Small Cowper Madonna, which Widener paid seven hundred thousand dollars for. And the same collector, when he bought Rembrandt's Mill, paid a cool half million for it, just as he paid a half million for a Vandyke from the Cattaneo collection. And Huntington paid four hundred thousand dollars for Velasquez's Duke of Olivares, and Frick paid the same amount for a Gainsborough portrait, and a quarter of a million for a small Rembrandt. And I could go on that way until you got tired listening to me. But that's not the important thing. All you've got to do is look at it. You'd know ——"

He broke off with a sense of inadequacy. Then wakening to the extent to which he had overlooked her in his excitement, he linked his arm fraternally through hers as she stood studying the canvas.

"Yes, it's lovely," she murmured, without responding to the pressure on her arm. She seemed suddenly small and fragile there under the shadow of his shoulder.

"There's only one thing in all the world lovelier," he told her as he smiled down into her face, grown pitiful with its shadows of fatigue.

"One thing lovelier?" she echoed absently, clinging to him with a touch of forlornness. That morning of tangled emotions had plainly been a little too much for her.

"I mean you," he said.

She raised ardent eyes at that, flushing happily as she looked up at him. He took her in his arms, and she lay there passively with her eyes half closed again. He studied her, satisfied with the silence and her nearness. He was still studying her when the sharp clangor of a bell sounded from below stairs. She drew away from him with a stricken light in her eyes.

The bell sounded again, more authoritatively, more angrily.

"That's Aunt Georgina," she said, with a look of childishness creeping back into her face. "She keeps that bell beside her bed. It means she wants me."

He arrested her retreat, resenting the meekness which that summons had imposed upon her.

"But what are we to do about this?" he demanded, with a gesture toward the Titian.

"What is best to do?" she asked in a whisper.

It took some thought before he seemed able to answer that question.

"First thing, I want to wire for Banning. He's the head of our house. This thing's too big for me to handle alone.

"I've got to get Banning here as soon as wheels can bring him. Then—oh, confound that bell! It sounds like something out of Dante!"

"I must go!" she told him.

He was tempted to smile for a moment at what seemed like terror on her face. But there were certain things he had not forgotten.

"And what will you do with me?" he asked, holding her back by one white hand.

"You'll have to go down by the back stairway," she whispered.

"But I'm not going for long," he stoutly asserted as he held her face up to the light. "From to-day," he said as he stooped and kissed her impassive lips, "the new era begins, and you'll see me back to-morrow—with trumpets blowing."

VII

IT WAS not with trumpets blowing, and it was not the next morning, that Conkling returned to the home of Julia Keswick. He returned before sundown of the same day. He went back without his reasons for doing so being altogether clear to his own mind. He had thought at first to have Banning join him, for now that the movement had taken on dimensions so bewildering he felt the need not so much of pilotage from the older man as of partnership in the knowledge of a fact which had the power of leaving him a bit dizzy. Yet his efforts to connect with Banning over the long-distance telephone had not met with success, and the mere dispatch of a telegram, worded as judicially as he could contrive it, brought no sense of response and no companionable easing off of his own excitement.

It was noon before that initial high tension fried itself in its own juices. With the lengthening day Conkling grew, if not calmer, at least more coherent, and afterthought paced sedulously at his elbow. He began to see difficulties and dangers. The disturbing thought of even a second Alcazar crept into his mind, for such a thing as insurance, of course, had never entered the heads of those two old incompetents of the manor house. Then his attention swung away from the Titian and centered more and more on Julia Keswick. He had no liking for the situation in which she had been left, short-lived as it was bound to prove. She was as wonderful in a way as the Titian itself. In many ways she was much more wonderful. She had been tragically held in, repressed, walled up with her own self-communing young soul. But the potentialities were there, and he was to throw open the gates of life for her. He had already seen knowledge come to that intent and eager young face. The memory of it, in fact, still had the power to quicken his pulse. That had never happened to him before. It was something which he could not analyze, which he had no wish to analyze. Instinct, he felt, had already shown itself infallible. Besides being infallible, it was also incontestable. It had swept him, helpless, into a feverish and unexpected happiness. And that happiness, he told himself, was only the beginning.

But now that the die had been cast, he had his obligations to the woman he loved. Yet he had passively left her in a situation which was anything but savory. She was a woman in a way, but that house of hate, that atmosphere of fundamental intolerance, cramped her back into something akin to childhood. The memory of that raucous call bell began to grate on him. Equally distasteful to him grew the thought of her being confronted by two inquisitorial old tyrants who had stumbled across the new secret of her life. Their power to harm her was already gone. He would see to that promptly enough. But their power to make that day one of unhappiness for her remained still with them. He asked himself if she could possibly need him. And once that question had been put, his disquieted soul wondered if through the clairvoyance of passion she was not striving to reach him at that very moment, if she was not calling to him through the hot and lonely afternoon.

He put a sudden end to those questionings and his own mounting unrest. He did so by climbing into his car and starting out for the Keswick home, and he was racing before he was halfway there as though some etheric summons kept reminding him that he must make up for lost time.

When he arrived there he found the gate nailed up. This disturbed him, but it did not deter him. He promptly removed a moldering picket from the fence which ran beside the overgrown cedar hedge, crept through the opening and pushed his way on through the tangle of dry shrubbery. He heard the inhospitable scream of the peacock as he crossed the parched lawn, and the bawling of a neglected calf in one of the outbuildings beyond the grim-fronted manor house. He stared up at that house as he entered the lengthening shadow from its dormer-windowed hip roof, and as he did so his heart seemed to stop beating, for drifting out of its open attic window he saw a coiling column of smoke.

Then as he ran for the broken veranda steps a thin tumult of voices crept down to him. He heard the repeated high-pitched call of "Unclean! Unclean!" and a voice which reminded him of the frenzied prayer of camp-meeting supplicants cry out, "And forgive, O God, these abominations which have been thrust before thee!"

He did not stop to hear more. He went up the steps two at a time, tried the door and found it locked. Then without hesitation he ran to one of the French windows, found it fastened and broke away its flimsy catch with one taurine thrust of his shoulder.

He called out as he crossed the shadowy room, knocking over a horsehair chair as he went. But his call remained unanswered. He circled about to the door that opened into the hallway, ran through it and started up the half-lighted stairs with the walnut banister. He was startled by the bright eyes of a cat staring down at him through the gloom. But it was gone by the time he reached the stairhead.

Even before he arrived at the second and steeper stairway leading to the attic he once more caught the sound of voices from that upper story. They were excited voices, shrill with ecstasy, though one seemed

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U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

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fuller-timbred than the other. It was this voice which he heard intone: "Lust shall not dwell in this house! This abomination has been in our house and has been a curse to us! Cleanse us, O God, of the grossness which has been thrust upon us!" and through this strange incantation the shriller voice piped: "Nor shall we fatten on nakedness and live slothfully on the fruits of sin! And she who has degraded herself before Thine eyes shall be lashed with scorpions and branded with shame!"

Conkling, emerging from the well of the narrow stairway, stood panting and stunned. The air was thick with smoke, and for a moment or two he found it far from easy to see. But he made out two gaunt old women, disheveled and rapt, so intent on their own ends that they neither challenged nor regarded him. He saw the taller one kneeling beside the bone-white sarcophagus which stood toward the center of the attic floor. In this wide basin of marble she had built what first impressed him as a funeral pyre. Heavy coils of smoke were rising from it as she rocked her body back and forth and prayed aloud. But a vaguely familiar smell about that heavy smoke brought Conkling toward her at a bound, for his nostrils, he knew, were sniffing the odors of burning canvas impregnated with oil. But he stopped midway in his flight and ran to the far side of the room, where he knew the Titian stood. He saw there only the empty frame from which the canvas had been slashed. That took him at a leap back to the sarcophagus.

As he stared down through the thick air he saw a stretch of rimpled canvas belly up with the heat of the flames beneath it. He saw the mellowed and magic ivory gold of the rounded breast swell up and burst in a darkening bubble of heat. He stooped forward with a gasp and caught at one unseared edge of the crumpled-up canvas. Then he just as quickly dropped it and wheeled about. For a repeated hissing sound, followed by a gasp that might have been an echo of his own, fell on his ears.

He saw Lavinia Keswick, with her hair down, with a face like a mænad and with a crop of plaited leather in her hand. Beyond her in the blue-gray air he saw the slender white back of a girl. Her posture impressed him as singularly unnatural, until he suddenly wakened to the fact that she was tied with a cotton rope to the heavy-timbered easel in front of her. Then as he saw the mænad with the flying scant tresses raise the whip in her hand he realized what was taking place. He forgot about the crumpled canvas in the narrow marble basin. He ran for the claw that held the whip, caught it and twisted it back. With almost one and the same movement he wrested the rawhide from that shaking claw and sent the bony figure tumbling back over a headless winged lion in marble.

"You muckers! Oh, you muckers!" he cried out, reverting in his excitement to the language of his school days. Then he turned back to the easel. "Oh, God! Oh, God!" he kept mumbling as he tugged at the knotted cotton rope, for he could see two stripes of red across the whiteness of the stooping slender back.

The girl's face, when he had set her free, was as white as the shoulders from which the clothing had been stripped. She said nothing. She did not even raise her eyes to his. But she drew back as he essayed a futile effort to lift her fallen waist up about her shoulders. His hands were shaking and the thick air stung his throat. He turned about, dazed, as he heard the renewed shrill duet of voices in prayer. The two frenzied old women were on their knees side by side in front of the smoking sarcophagus. They were on their knees, swaying back and forth and calling on God to cleanse their house of its lewdness. In the sarcophagus lay nothing but a layer of smoldering ashes, subsiding slowly like melting snow. And Conkling, who knew by this time entirely what it meant, felt a blind wave of hate untouched by pity well through his body.

"You fools!" he gasped. "You hopeless fools!"

He was sobbing a little with the nauseous reaction of it all, and he tried to smother his shame by a parade of ferocity as he turned back to the white-faced girl.

"They've made their nest, the muckers, and now they can lie in it!" he cried, as the girl shrank away a little to stare at the intoning pair still on their knees. She, he remembered as he in turn stared at the youthful face with the prematurely tragic look in its eyes, was all that he could get out of it now. But it was enough, God knew! And the time for claiming his own was at hand.

"You must come with me," he said as he reached for her. He felt the weight of her body on his arm, weak and relaxed, as he groped his way toward the stairhead. He thought for a moment that she had fainted. But she said very quietly, "This way," as he made a wrong turn in the gloom of the lower hallway.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

No Trade

HERSCHEL S. HALL, who lives on and runs a farm in Ohio, recently inserted an advertisement in his local weekly paper to the effect that he had a shotgun which he would like to trade for a horse. Trafficking of this sort is still popular in Mr. Hall's locality. In a few days he had a reply from a man living twelve miles distant. Follows the shotgun-horse correspondence.

July 22 1920

deer sir. I seen in the paper you had a shot gun to trade off for a horse I got a horse what kind of a gun you got

yours

July 27, 1920.

Dear Sir: The shotgun I wish to trade for a horse is a single-barrel, 12-gauge, three-piece takedown, chokebored for black or smokeless powder, blue-finish barrel, with barrel and lug forged in one piece, half-pistol grip, hard-rubber butt plate, snap fore end, with duckbill walnut stock, oil rubbed by hand. The frame is drop forged, casehardened finish, extra heavy and extra strong. It has the top snap-lever action with compensating lock bolt, coil springs and low rebounding hammer. A beautiful gun, never kicks, and is as nice and accurate a little shooter as any gun you ever shot. What kind of a horse have you? Yours truly,

H. S. HALL.

August 1 1920

Deer sir. Your gun sownds good my horse is a fair annimall about nine yeer old blind in one eye one collar boil one small gall and a little jack on his left hind hock its going down fast good wind good teeth brown eyes plesent face kind of a done color speady and will avridge 900 pounds when the grass is good a little pore just now on acount of hard work in the corn and a little manjy on acount of chicken lise getting in his staul before I notised them then they got on me and I notised them this here horse was sirred by Med Tolis stalyun Buseffylus at Ganges both dead now a good horse and a good man both of them this annimall of mine is a mitey good nag easy to keep as a cat never kicks never scares never runns off and so gentile a babby could drive him I sure would like to see that there gun of youren bring it over

yours

August 8, 1920.

Dear Sir: Your description of your horse interests me greatly, and I believe we can strike a trade if we get together. But it seems to me that you ought to come over to my place instead of asking me to come to yours—you have the means for traveling; I haven't. You can ride your horse over here, but I can't ride my shotgun over there. If I could you would see me galloping up your lane lickity-cut before sunset this evening. Ride your animal over some afternoon—the roads are in fine shape now. Yours truly,

H. S. HALL.

August 15 1920

deer sir. the more I think about that gun you got to trade the more I think youll like this here animall of mine bring it over and lets talk swop.

yours

August 19, 1920.

Dear Sir: My shotgun is an extra-heavy gun, as it is strongly built, having been made for hard service. Now I don't care about carrying this heavy weapon twelve miles to your place and then, perhaps, failing to make a trade with you, have to carry it another twelve miles back. If that is the reason you don't seem anxious to bring your horse over here, I certainly do not want the animal. Isn't he broken to the saddle? That's what I wanted him for, to ride. Yours truly,

H. S. HALL.

August 22 1920

Deer sir. I sure would like to see that gun you got so what say about meating me at Dockmans store next satruday nihgt thats half way and better.

yours

August 27, 1920.

Dear Sir: The trade is off. I was running through the pasture after a ground hog this morning and I stumbled and fell, bending the barrel of my gun and breaking the frame in three places. What will you take for your horse, cash?

Yours truly,

H. S. HALL.

August 27 1920

deer Sir. my horse died of heeves last nihgt what will you take for your shot gun cash money yours

Expert Criticism

JACK HAZZARD, an actor as well as a playwright, appeared in a new comedy early in the fall. Out of gratitude for getting his wardrobe ready in time he had given a ticket to the tailor who fitted him out in custom-made clothes.

A few days after the opening Hazzard dropped into the clothing store and was greeted by his friend.

"Great show you've got, Mr. Hazzard," said the tailor, "and you were great, but ——"

"Come on, come on, out with it," demanded Hazzard. "Something disagreed with you. What was it?"

"Nothing—but, well, Mr. Hazzard, I wanted to tell you those white trousers you wore in the second act were an inch too long."

No Self-Starter

A WEALTHY New Yorker invited a party out to his summer home at Great Neck, Long Island, to see his horses and go for a ride. One of them, a banker, though dressed for the part, knew nothing of horses, had never been on one.

Having been properly mounted, with the assistance of a groom, the banker took the reins as per direction and sat motionless. He did not know how to start; still, he realized with embarrassment that his inaction was attracting the attention of the other riders.

"Well," he said to the horse, with some irritation, "commence!"

The Barber's Point of View

DAVID BELASCO has a way of trying to get the layman's point of view when he produces a new play. Often he gets better suggestions that way than from the expert critics.

At the opening of a recent play in New York Mr. Belasco invited a barber to be present as his guest.

After the performance the producer met his guest in the lobby of the theater.

"Well, what did you think of it, John?" he asked.

"I looked 'em over carefully," declared the barber, "and it is the best show you ever put on in your life, Mr. Belasco."

"Is that so? In what particular were you interested?"

"Why, I give the actors the up and down, and—well, sir—there wasn't a wig on the stage!"

for comfort

—and for appearance. Presidents insure the made-to-measure fit of the trousers, always.

Every pair guaranteed

Be sure the name President is on the buckle.

Made at Shirley Massachusetts

FOUR cylinder economy—eight cylinder flexibility! Have you thought these two virtues to be incompatible in the same motor?

The Apperson "Eight with eighty less parts" is four-thrifty and eight-flexible.

The Apperson is simply two small, clean-cut fours merged into one unit.

It is an eight with the complexity cleaned off.

It operates, for example, with a single cam shaft and a single pair of cam gears meshed direct. There is no chain.

The reduction of running parts counts for even more than simplicity.

Each small cylinder takes one-eighth or less of the gas consumed by a four of the same power as the Apperson eight.

The Apperson came by its simplicity and economy logically.

Many a vital improvement in the automobile came out first on an Apperson car.

Drive an Apperson first—then decide

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, KOKOMO, IND.
Export Department: One Hundred West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York City

The Apperson is one of the few fine cars built complete in one plant. The Apperson ideal is thus carried out to the smallest detail.

APPERSON

Apperson bounds in high from 1 mile an hour to 40 in 20 seconds. From a 40-mile speed comes to a dead stop in 4 seconds. Turns in 38¼ feet.

APPERSON

THE EIGHT WITH EIGHTY LESS PARTS

THE ART MOVEMENT IN REAL ESTATE

(Continued from Page 15)

"Yes," Steve said, "but I thought you had to pay about fourteen hundred dollars for it."

"Yes," Jimmy said. "Fourteen hundred."

"Don't you know that you will have to sell it for more than that to make any money?"

"Yes," said Jimmy Dowling. "I intend to sell it for more than that. I intend to sell it for twice that. I've advertised it for sale at three thousand dollars."

"Was that your ad in the Times this morning—that guff about a colonial house more than a hundred years old in an artist colony, the home of a painter?"

Jimmy blushed and squirmed.

"Well," he protested, "I didn't say a good painter, did I?"

Steve deliberately lit a cigarette. He didn't know just why he resented that advertisement but he did resent it.

"Was there anything the matter with that ad?" Jimmy asked. "Every word of it was true, wasn't it?"

"That may be," Steve said. "But if anybody comes all the way out here from New York on the strength of that ad and finds that there isn't a plumb wall in the house and that your floors run up and down hill, and that you haven't got running water, let alone a bathtub, they'll be sore."

"I didn't say the house had a bath, did I?"

"No," Steve admitted; "you didn't mention it."

"I didn't say the walls were plumb either. I said the house was more than a hundred years old. If it isn't plumb that just proves how old it is."

"Yes," Steve said. "But you said the price was three thousand dollars. Do you think that anybody who sees this house is going to pay three thousand dollars for it?"

"Well," said Jimmy, "that's an asking price."

"Asking!" said Steve. "Asking! Asking is good."

"Steve," said Jimmy, "you're a corking illustrator. If I could draw the way you can for one year I'd give away the rest of my life and die happy. But on this real-estate thing you just aren't there. You don't understand what makes real estate valuable."

"No," Steve admitted; "if this shack is worth three thousand dollars I don't understand—I don't understand it at all."

"Let me explain it to you," Jimmy said briskly. "You know how rents have gone up in New York, and all over the country, for that matter?"

"Yes, I have heard about that. I read the papers."

"You know that there are thousands of people in New York who can't afford to live there. They're moving farther and farther out every year."

"Yes," Steve said. "But they aren't moving to Deep Harbor. It's too far."

"It has been too far. But it won't be too far much longer, the way rents are going in New York. Property in this neighborhood is going up."

"Sure," Steve said, "it's going up. It's worth ten per cent more than it was when we came here ten years ago, maybe twenty per cent, but not a hundred per cent. And a place like this is deteriorating. In ten years it'll fall down. Why, fourteen hundred dollars is a high price for it. I wouldn't pay that much."

"But there are people nowadays who will pay more than that. You don't seem to realize that there's been a boom in old colonial. People go crazy over anything a hundred years old. Why, they'll pay more money for a house like this than they would for a new one."

"I know all about the old-colonial kind of thing," Steve said. "Of course a piece of furniture that's antique is worth money, even if it's in rather bad shape. But it must be something that was elegant to begin with.

"A real old-colonial highboy may be worth a thousand dollars. We've got one ourselves that we wouldn't take three hundred for, even if Ann did get it for fifty. But you can't get any more for a rickety old kitchen table than you can for a new one—not so much. And this house is in the kitchen-table class."

"Surely—and it's only three thousand dollars. Nobody expects to get a colonial mansion for that price."

"No," Steve said, "but he expects to get a roof that will shed rain, and windows that will open and shut, and floors he can walk across without going into low gear."

Jimmy waved a tolerant hand.

"There's another thing you don't understand, Steve, and that's what art does to real-estate values."

"Art?" said Steve.

"Art," said Jimmy. "Do you know the history of Greenwich Village in New York?"

"What about it?"

"You know that it was once a fine residence district, and then everybody moved uptown and values dropped and dropped and dropped, until it became almost a slum. And then artists went in there because they could get a whole floor in an old red-brick mansion for twenty-five dollars a month. Gradually they revived the old district, and the Sunday papers played up the story, and Greenwich Village became Bohemia"

"Yes," Steve said, "and all the nuts in the country flocked to it and ruined it."

"That may be," Jimmy Dowling said. "The point I'm making is that rents doubled and tripled and quadrupled."

"Rents have gone up all over New York since the war," Steve said.

"They doubled and tripled in Greenwich Village before the war," Jimmy countered. "And it was artists that did it. Just give any place in the world a name for being an artist colony and people will go there—people with money."

Steve shook his head.

"That's all very well, and it makes a good story, but I don't believe it. I don't think it was the artists who were the attraction. I think it was the houses. While Manhattan Island was getting more and more crowded the artists were improving those old houses; and when they were improved the pressure for a place to live had got too strong. People with more money gobbled up those houses."

"Well," said Jimmy Dowling, "why couldn't that happen in Deep Harbor?"

"I dunno," Steve admitted. "I just don't think it will. And I think you had better be drawing than wasting your time on these childish schemes."

"Hartley has fired me," Jimmy said.

"Fired you?"

"Yes; he said it was simply no use for me to keep on."

"I see," Steve said.

"And so don't you think it's perfectly legitimate for me to try to sell this house?"

"Legitimate? Of course it's legitimate. If you can get anybody to pay three thousand dollars for this house after he has seen it nobody has the slightest objection to your doing it. All I was trying to make you see is that you can't."

"Well," Jimmy said, "I'm going to have a try at it anyway."

Steve stopped at Hartley's place on the way home.

"He can't draw anything," Hartley said. "He just hasn't got the stuff; he's got all the will in the world but he just can't draw. He'll never be able to draw."

"I suppose you're right," Steve admitted. He trusted Hartley's judgment in this matter.

"It's too bad," Hartley said.

"Yes," Steve said. "And the worst of it is that he can't do anything else. He's full of the wildest ideas."

"He ought to be driving a truck."

"He's too much of a dreamer." Steve laughed. "He'd be running into things."

Steve went home and told Ann all about it and when they had laughed over Jimmy's absurd scheme for selling Mrs. Thorpe's little house, so much the worse for age, for three thousand dollars, they fell suddenly sober.

"Steve," Ann said, "I think we ought to do something for that poor boy. He must be terribly hard up."

"He's so hard up that he's gone a little bit crazy thinking about money."

"Yes," Ann said. "He probably hasn't had enough to eat. People who go hungry get lightheaded."

Steve was very thoughtful.

WE call it "Highland Heather"—because its unusual weave sheds rain and its soft colors suggest the browns and dark greens of nature.

It's the most useful overcoat made—smart enough for any social function and rugged enough for outing or business. It's identified by the "R & W" mark

HIGHLAND HEATHER R&W RAIN PROOF

Write for our illustrated booklet

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Chicago New York

Pur-r-r-r! the cosy 10-rib warmth feeling

BECAUSE leaves are turning to all the colors of the rainbow is no reason why you should have blue lips and a permanent blush on your nose these nippy mornings.

You can enjoy Nature's color-feast as cosy as a cat under the stove if you look out of warm Mayo 10-rib Underwear.

10-rib knitting gives extra warmth to Mayo Underwear because it puts 10-ribs into every inch of Mayo instead of the usual 8. Naturally closer-knit underwear is warmer and more elastic. Furthermore 10-rib knitting lets Mayo Underwear snap its fingers at any wily washtub.

Just as a foretaste of the real treat you're going to get, ask your dealer to show you some 10-rib Mayo Underwear. Feel how soft it is. Stretch it and watch it contract again. Put your hand inside a Mayo sleeve—you almost want to purr. Our diamond-shaped trade-mark in the neckband makes sure that you get the genuine Mayo 10-rib Underwear.

THE MAYO MILLS

MAYODAN, N. C. MT. AIRY, N. C.

Sales Office:
346 Broadway, New York City

Mayo

Made from Mayo Yarn

MADE FROM Mayo YARN

Winter Underwear for Men and Boys

Union Suits Shirts · Drawers

"Poor little devil. Hartley says he can't draw. He's never sold a picture in his life and he never will."

"I'm going to get Katy to bake meat pies to-morrow," Ann said, "and you can take two or three of them round to-morrow noon. That'll mean he will get one good meal to-morrow, and I think you'd better give him some money."

"I will," Steve said.

Steve went round the next day. He paused as he approached Jimmy's house. Steve wondered whether it had ever been painted. He decided that it had once been whitewashed. But it had now the color of wood that has been exposed to fifty years of New England weather.

Jimmy Dowling came to the door in his painter's smock. It was no longer fresh. Indeed it looked as if it had been painted in for months.

"Hello," Jimmy said. He took off the smock. "I put this damn thing on," he added, "whenever anybody knocks, in case it might be a customer from New York. But of course as long as it's you I'm glad to take it off."

"How'd you get all the paint on it?" Steve asked.

Jimmy Dowling blushed.

"With a brush," he said. "I thought it wasn't realistic enough before."

"I've got a meat pie Ann sent you," Steve said.

"Fine," said Jimmy Dowling.

"And," Steve continued, "I—I—happen to be flush right now, and I thought if fifty dollars would help out ——"

"Why," Jimmy said, "I owe you fifty dollars now."

"That's all right," Steve said. "I don't need it."

"Well," said Jimmy Dowling, "I'll give you a note for it—thirty days."

"No," Steve said. "You can pay me back when you sell your house."

"All right," said Jimmy Dowling. "I'll be glad to get your fifty. I know where I can get a roomful of old furniture for that."

"A roomful of old junk," said Steve.

"You wait and see," said Jimmy Dowling.

Steve took a small wad of bills from his pocket. He wished Jimmy Dowling were going to spend it for food, but it was not for him to say.

"There's another fifty where that came from," he said to Jimmy Dowling. "Just you let me know if you need it."

"That's awfully good of you, Steve, but I don't think I shall need it—not if I sell the house anyway."

Steve went home to discuss with Ann the possibility of finding a job for Jimmy Dowling.

"Do you think he'd take a job?" Ann asked.

Steve looked thoughtful.

"Maybe not now," Steve admitted, "but he'll have to do something pretty soon."

IV

FOR two weeks Steve was so busy with a rush job, illustrating a serial against time, that he thought very little about Jimmy Dowling. Ann noticed that Jimmy's ad appeared in the Times on the first Sunday, but not on the second. She drew Steve's attention to the fact.

"I suppose," Steve said, "he didn't have enough money to put it in again. An ad like that must cost five or ten dollars."

Ann turned to the rate card and did some figuring.

"It cost at least nine dollars," she said to Steve.

"Poor little devil."

"We've got to find him a job," Ann said. "Think what a state of mind he must be in, not knowing where his next meal is coming from."

"Yes," Steve said, "I know what state of mind he's in. I've been there myself. I'll look round and see if I can't turn up something. The only thing is I hate to tell him I've found him a job. It's just the same as saying that I think he can't be an artist. And of course he thinks he can."

"I thought Hartley told him he couldn't draw."

"I know," Steve said. "But by this time he's just persuaded himself that Hartley didn't know what he was talking about. I know how it is. Lots of people told me I couldn't draw."

One evening just before dinner Jimmy came over. Steve sat down to talk while Ann went out to tell Katy to set another place at the table.

"Steve," said Jimmy Dowling, "how much would you take for your place?"

"I don't want to sell. It's my home."

"I know," Jimmy said. "I didn't ask you how cheap you would sell it. But suppose somebody came along and asked you to name your price?"

"Why, I wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for this place."

"Well," said Jimmy Dowling, "would you take twelve thousand dollars for it?"

Ann came in just then.

"You bet I would!" she said.

"Well," said Steve slowly, "if I could actually get twelve thousand dollars I might fall. I hope I wouldn't. But there isn't any more chance of that than there is of your getting three thousand for the place you're in."

"I'm not in it any more," said Jimmy. "I sold it"

"When?" said Steve Laidlaw.

"This week."

"How much?" Ann asked.

"Twenty-eight hundred."

"What!" Steve cried.

"Twenty-eight hundred," Jimmy repeated. "I made an even fourteen hundred dollars—less eighteen dollars and fifty-four cents for advertising."

Jimmy produced a check book and a fountain pen.

"Here's that hundred dollars I owe you," he said, and tore a check out of the book. "I can paint for a year now, and nobody can stop me. I'll have over a thousand dollars left after I've paid up everybody I owe."

Steve and Ann stared at Jimmy Dowling.

"Who bought it?" they both asked at once.

"The nicest old maid you ever saw," Jimmy said. "She told me it was the kind of place she'd dreamed about all her life. She's going to put in a bath and a one-pipe furnace and flower boxes and live there the rest of her life."

"I hope she's going to put on some paint," Steve said.

"No," Jimmy said. "That's one of the things she was most enthusiastic about. I hadn't ruined the place with a coat of nasty fresh paint—it had the color that no painter could mix—the color that only Nature could give."

Steve considered.

"Jimmy," he said, "I hope you realize that you're just plain lucky. You happened to find a woman who was crazy enough to want that house and who had the money to pay your price for it. Don't gamble on finding crazy people with money."

"Well," Jimmy said, "I know I can't draw but I do love to paint. If I can dabble in real estate enough to keep going, and spend most of my time painting, I'll be happy."

"Lightning," said Steve cleverly, "never strikes twice in the same place."

"Well," said Jimmy Dowling, "I've rented another house, with an option to buy, and—well, you wait and see. I've got several things up my sleeve. And I do wish you two would keep this thing under your hats until I get a chance to spring my little stunt."

"We won't talk," Steve assured him. "But I do wish you knew when to quit."

On succeeding days there was a series of small teasing advertisements in the classified columns of the Times. They held out to the harassed rent payers of Manhattan the prospect of a happier way of life. They began with the time-honored question, "Why pay rent?" and concluded with alluring references to white houses and apple trees, but without describing any particular house.

Ann would not ordinarily have noted them. She read them now because her interest was up and she suspected Jimmy Dowling.

The last ad specifically described a house of nine rooms, in the colonial fashion, with a large studio and a view of the Sound, in an artist colony, at thirteen thousand dollars. Ann showed it to Steve on Sunday afternoon.

"Who has the nerve to put that price on his house?" Steve asked.

"It must be somebody we know," Ann argued. "It says there's a studio and it's fifty miles from New York. Do you suppose it's the Williamses?"

"They haven't got any more view of the Sound than we have," Steve said.

"We've got a view of the Sound," Ann said roundly. "You can see the Sound from the hill back of the studio."

"When there aren't any leaves on the trees."

"You can see it from our room, even in summer."

"You don't call catching a glimpse of the Sound from a second-story window having a view of the Sound, do you?"

"It is a view of the Sound just the same," Ann said.

Steve got up and looked out of the window.

"You can't see it from here anyhow," he said.

Ann joined him at the window. As they gazed an automobile came to a plunging halt in the snow.

"Who's that?" Steve asked.

Jimmy Dowling got out of the car. He was followed by a well-dressed man and woman of middle age. They began slowly to ascend the hill toward the Laidlaws' front door.

"Good Lord!" Ann said. "They're coming here, and you in corduroy pants and a blue flannel shirt, and me in a kitchen apron and the Sunday paper all over the living room!"

She flew at the room, piling up the Sunday paper, straightening the furniture, capturing a child's toy. When the doorbell rang she disappeared upstairs.

"Hello, Steve," said Jimmy Dowling. "Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker have come out from New York to look at your house."

"Why—uh," Steve gulped. "All right," he said. "Come in, won't you?"

They came in, they shook hands, they beamed upon Steve.

"I know your illustrations in the magazines," Mr. Whittaker assured him.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Whittaker. "I think they're perfectly lovely, but I never dreamed that I'd actually meet you. I've never met a real live artist before in my life. But even I can see you're an artist just by looking at you."

Steve stood on the other foot. He was not easily embarrassed among his own kind but he hadn't learned how to accept the lay compliment gracefully, and he was entirely aware that he hadn't. The fact that he realized his own ineptitude made it harder for him to think of something to say. But he found it didn't greatly matter. It was unnecessary for others to hunt for words while Mrs. Whittaker was present.

She went into ecstasies over the fireplace with its warming oven; over the latches on the doors; over the wide oak boards of the floors in the second story. And then she insisted on seeing Steve's studio. Steve hesitated. He was afraid Mrs. Whittaker was the sort who expected a place of Turkish rugs and old armor and Chinese curios. Steve's studio suited him, but there was nothing arty about it, no more than there is in a carpenter's shop. He was keenly aware of the pile of galley proofs containing the short stories he had illustrated and which he was accustomed to throw under the table as fast as he read them; of the rusty iron stove that heated the room; of the place about his chair, littered with pencil shavings and cigarette butts. Steve told himself he didn't care what Mrs. Whittaker thought of his studio. He didn't want to sell her his house.

But Mrs. Whittaker was not to be daunted by the studio's want of elegance.

"A-a-ah!" she said. "Now I have found a real studio—the workshop of a real artist. I've always wanted to know a real artist. I've always wanted to have a home that was an artist's home. I've always wanted to sit in a studio in which real beauty had been born."

Mrs. Whittaker turned to her husband.

"This is what I want," she said.

Mr. Whittaker smiled amiably.

"She usually gets what she wants," he said to Steve.

Steve grinned weakly. Did these people really mean what they said or were they just talking? As they left, Steve reached out and collared Jimmy Dowling.

"What does this mean?" he whispered.

"Well," said Jimmy Dowling, "I think they're going to buy, don't you?"

"Buy!" said Steve.

"Yes," said Jimmy Dowling.

"But I don't want to sell. Where would I go if I did? What did you tell them?"

"Didn't you read my ad—nine-room house with a view of the Sound for thirteen thousand? Of course my commission of five per cent has to come out of that, but if they buy you'll get more than twelve thousand, and you told me you'd sell for twelve."

(Continued on Page 69)

Why the McQuay-Norris Electric Furnace Produces the Ideal Piston Ring Metal

Ordinary piston ring metal is melted in cupolas where it drips down through layers of burning coke, undergoing chemical changes and reactions which vary its quality.

In the Electric Furnace nothing comes in contact with the metal but clean and intense waves of electric heat which are always under control. No chemical reactions can occur. No elements unfit for piston ring service can get into its composition to affect the elasticity, uniformity, or long-wearing life of McQuay-Norris Piston Rings

Piston Ring efficiency starts with the metal

Of all the many factors that make your choice of piston rings important, don't forget that the foundation for ring performance is the metal from which they are made.

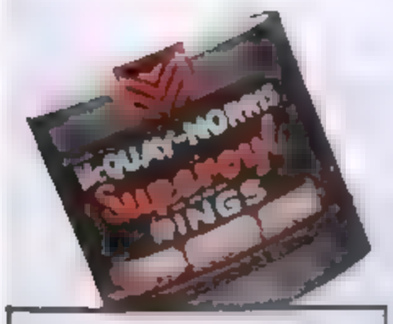
Piston rings must serve their purchasers under the most severe conditions that iron experiences—traveling millions of times up and down cylinder walls, their fibres contracting and expanding with the temperature variations of the cylinders. There is a necessity for quality and exactness in piston ring metal far beyond the usual standards for iron melting.

McQuay-Norris Metal meets such special requirements. It is melted and refined solely for piston ring service in the only electric furnace of its kind ever used for the production of piston ring iron. This foundry practice gives genuine McQuay-Norris Rings the foundation for their very unusual qualities.

The design of your rings is important because, no matter how fine their metal is, if piston rings are improperly designed, gas will get by them somewhere. It can never be compressed into power. It is literally thrown away.

McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings have an equal radial pressure that prevents gas from leaking past them. That's why they have increased motor power, saved fuel and decreased carbon troubles for ten years of widespread use.

They are made in every size and over-size to fit every kind of motor. Your repairman either has them on hand or can get the proper size promptly from his jobber's complete assortment.



For Motors that "pump oil"

A McQuay-Norris Supreme ring in the top groove of each piston controls the excessive flow of oil and with McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings in the lower grooves makes an ideal combination for complete compression and power.

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(Continued from Page 66)

"I hadn't any idea that anybody would buy at that price. Didn't I tell you I didn't want to sell?"

"I'll talk to you later," Jimmy said. "I've got to go along now."

Steve stood watching Jimmy Dowling chaperon his clients into the car.

"Oh, Steve!" Ann cried.

Steve turned to her. Her face was aglow with hope. Steve regarded her glumly.

"Ann," he said, "I don't understand you. I thought you loved this place—the thing we've spent ten years making. This house means more to me than any picture I've ever made or ever shall make. And I thought you cared—too."

Ann stood beside him and put her arm round his neck.

"You know I care, Steve. You know I love this place. You know I'm proud of it—busting proud."

"Then why do you want to give it up?"

"I don't want to give it up."

"Ann," he said, "don't lie to me. I could see it in your face—you want that thirteen thousand dollars."

"Yes, I do—don't you?"

"No," Steve said grandly; "thirteen thousand dollars is nothing to me beside this house."

"Steve dear," said Ann patiently, "have you forgotten the Arkwright house?"

Steve sat down. Presently he lit a cigarette. Ann sat on the arm of his chair. Their eyes took on the gaze of those who see visions.

The Arkwright house had been built about the time George Washington entered on his second term as President. It was the perfect example of the colonial tradition—a large house of beautiful proportions and matchless simplicity. You entered a hall baronial in size but intimate in feeling, a hall with its original floor of wide oak planks, its great fireplace set in a wall entirely composed of exquisitely made paneling. The rest of the house was like that, with a bedroom forty feet long, designed for use on occasion as a ballroom. And the setting was most perfect.

"Of course I haven't forgotten it," Steve said at last. "We talked about it for two years, but we knew all the time we couldn't afford it."

"We could afford it if we sold this place for thirteen thousand dollars."

"Arkwright wants eleven thousand, doesn't he?"

"Exactly," said Ann. "Now do you see why I was excited over the idea of selling the place?"

Steve saw. What was more he began to feel Ann's excitement. He wished he had been more gracious to Jimmy Dowling's clients. He wished he had expatiated on the merits of his house. He could have told them about the garden. He could have shown them photographs taken the previous summer.

"Ann," he said judicially, "they won't do it."

"How do you know?"

"It isn't reasonable—thirteen thousand dollars for this house."

"Why not?"

"Do you remember what we paid, Ann? Three hundred down and a mortgage for three thousand!"

"Oh, well," Ann said, "we've practically rebuilt the place since then. What about the new wing, and the studio, and all the planting we've done? We've put in three thousand in improvements—at least."

"At most," Steve said.

"What about our work?"

"We did that for fun."

"Of course. But we didn't do it for the Whittakers. There's no reason why they shouldn't pay for it."

They argued the worth of their house for half the afternoon, and discussed the possibilities of the Arkwright place for the other half.

About dusk Jimmy Dowling came in.

"They want to buy," he said. He fumbled in his wallet. "Here, Steve," he continued, "is his check for five hundred to bind the bargain pending the search of the title and that sort of thing."

Steve looked at Ann and Ann looked at Steve and with a common impulse they both looked round their pleasant living room, with the mantel they had discovered on an abandoned farm in the back country, and the corner cupboard with its handwrought "H" hinges that they had found in a junk shop, and the oak settle that Steve had made out of planks from an old barn.

Jimmy Dowling shook the small strip of paper which meant so much more than the five hundred dollars it stood for—which meant giving up all this to a stranger.

"Here's your check," Jimmy repeated.

And into Steve's mind there floated a picture of the Arkwright house, with the three great elms that shaded it, with its beautiful old living hall, with its bedroom that was a ballroom. He took the check, folded it without looking at it, thrust it into his pocket.

"All right," he said grimly.

Jimmy Dowling rose.

"I've got to be on my way," he said. "But I hope you'll come over and see my new house—it's the old Wilkinson place."

Jimmy left. Steve paced back and forth. Ann sat silent beside the fire.

"Are you sorry, Steve?" she asked.

"Aren't you?" he challenged.

"A little—but I know we'll like the Arkwright house a thousand times better."

"Sure we will," Steve said. "And I'll go down to-morrow morning and clinch the deal with old John Arkwright."

"Let's go over and see the Montaignes," Ann said.

The Laidlaws always went to see the Montaignes when anything happened. But on this night of nights the Montaignes weren't at home.

▼

ON MONDAY morning Steve Laidlaw went down to Arkwright's.

"I hear you sold your place," John Arkwright said.

"Why, yes," Steve said. "And I've come in to see you about yours. We want a place to live and we've always liked that place of yours."

"I know it and I sort of felt I oughtn't to do anything without letting you know. But it's been three or four years since you and I were sort of dickerin', and this chap sort of talked me off my feet."

Steve sat down heavily.

"Have you sold it?" he asked.

"Well, now," John Arkwright began, "I wouldn't say as I'd sold it. But I did give him an option."

"Who?"

"Dowling," said Arkwright. "He come in here a week or two ago with a story as how he thought he could sell it for a good price. He offered me a hundred dollars for a thirty days' option at twenty thousand dollars."

"Twenty thousand dollars?"

"Yep; twenty thousand dollars."

"But you were going to sell it to me for eleven thousand dollars, John."

"I know I was," John Arkwright admitted, "and I would have, too; but this Dowling says property has gone up from fifty to a hundred per cent hereabouts."

"It has, has it?" said Steve.

"So he says. What did you get for your place, Steve?"

"Thirteen thousand."

"So I heard," said old John Arkwright. "And"—he paused and lit his pipe and pressed the coals with a horny thumb—"ain't that just about twicet what it was worth?"

Steve glowered.

"It's more than I thought it was worth or I wouldn't have sold."

"'Course, 'tain't your lookout what some fellah from New York pays," old John Arkwright continued. "I suppose it's worth it to him or he wouldn't buy. Pshaw, I c'n remember when that house of yours sold for sixteen hundred."

Steve walked slowly home. He was in no hurry to see Ann. Of course he had been a damn fool to suppose it was only his house that had risen in value as a result of Jimmy Dowling's efforts. What would Ann say? He tried to think of a house in Deep Harbor that Ann would like. He was in a mood to buy anything that was for sale on the old Deep Harbor scale of prices. The Sherrill house might be for sale. It wasn't such a beauty as the Arkwright house but it was a fine old house. He decided to stop and have a look at it on the way home.

Steve had gone perhaps a hundred yards in the direction of the Sherrill place when he saw Bill Montaigne's car coming down the road. Bill drew up.

"We were over to see you last night, Bill," Steve said, "but you weren't at home."

"I wish I had been," Bill said. "I might not have made such an ass of myself if I'd talked to you first. I sold our house."

Steve flushed.

"What?" he said.

"Yep. Twelve thousand dollars, cash." Bill could not speak the words without a certain pride. But his face fell the moment he had spoken them. "We thought we'd take it and just go up the street and buy the Sherrill place. We've always liked it, only we never felt we could afford it."

"And you found the price of the Sherrill place had gone up just as much as yours had?"

"They want eighteen thousand for it now!" Bill said.

"Didn't you know that if your house was worth twelve thousand the Sherrill place would be worth eighteen thousand?"

"I didn't think at all, Steve," Bill admitted. "I wish I'd talked to you first. But I didn't really have a chance. That young Dowling did it. He just brought some people out and I was sort of dazzled, I guess."

"I know how it is, Bill," Steve said grimly. "I sold too."

He repeated the details of the Whittakers' visit and his talk with old John Arkwright.

Bill laughed.

"It's nothing to laugh at, Bill," said Steve soberly.

"No," Bill admitted. "I'd like to wring young Dowling's neck."

"I'd like to have my house back," said Steve. "I don't dare go home and tell Ann the news."

Of course he did go home and tell Ann the news. Ann burst into tears.

"It looks to me," Steve said, "as if we'd have to leave Deep Harbor for good."

"Where'll we g-g-go?" Ann sobbed.

The telephone interrupted Steve's reply. It was Hartley.

"Do you know what has happened?" he roared. "That little shrimp of a Dowling has set this town crazy. Greenwood won't renew my lease. He says he's put the place on the market."

"Why don't you buy it?" Steve asked wickedly.

"He wants twenty-one thousand dollars for it."

"It isn't worth it," Steve assured him.

"Worth it!" Hartley's voice rose to a point that made the next sentence unintelligible over the telephone.

"Hartley," Steve said, "I'm in the same boat. I've sold my house."

"For how much?"

"Thirteen thousand."

"You ought to be indicted!" roared Hartley.

During the week it developed that the Millinghams and the Wilkies had given Jimmy Dowling options on their places, that Jimmy had already sold the Russells' house, and the Binghams', and the Williamses'. Real estate had jumped from one hundred to two hundred per cent in Deep Harbor. And even if the illustrator crowd had been willing to pay the new prices there weren't enough houses to go round. The influx of half a dozen New Yorkers had created an actual shortage of desirable houses.

"I don't understand it," said Bill Montaigne. "How could prices change so much in two or three weeks?"

"The thing would have come sooner or later anyway," Steve said. "Jimmy just happened to see it coming before anybody else did."

"See it coming!" Hartley roared. "He hornswoggled us."

Hartley was for running Jimmy out of town on a rail. Bill Montaigne was for exploring the country three or four miles inland in search of cheaper houses.

"You know what the back-country roads are, Bill," Ann said.

"We'll improve them," Bill announced. "We can go to town meeting and vote, can't we?"

But a couple of trips into the back country over March roads disillusioned Bill. He dropped into the Laidlaws' one night to report that he had to hire a team to haul out his car on three different occasions.

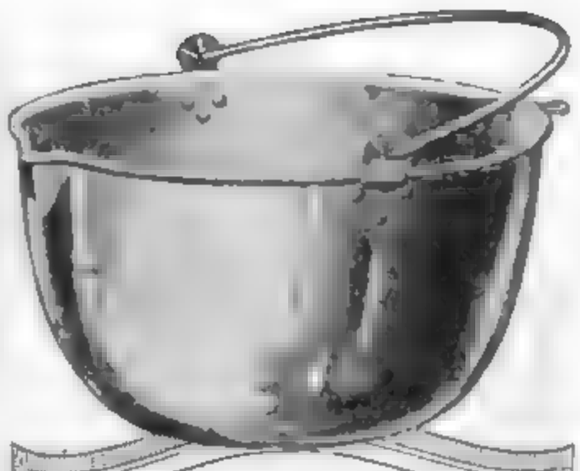
"You know," he added, "this situation is really serious. We've got to give possession on May first and I can't find a place to go. What are we going to do?"

"Let's go and see Jimmy," Steve suggested.

"Let's get everybody he has sold out," Ann said. "I think we ought to put it up to him."

"What can he do?" Bill asked.

"He can't do anything," Ann admitted. "But he acts as if he had done us all a favor. I think he ought to know what he has done to us."



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They started out in Bill Montaigne's car. On the way they stopped for Ethel. The Wilkies were out, but they collected Hartley and the Millinghams and the Russells and the Williamses, and, a party of a dozen in their cars, they drove over to the old Wilkinson place

A colored maid in a white cap and apron opened the door. Jimmy wasn't at home, but he was expected momentarily.

"Let's wait for him," Mrs. Montaigne suggested.

They filed into Jimmy's living room and found chairs and examined Jimmy's stage setting.

There was an ancient spinning wheel beside the fireplace; a pair of whale-oil lamps on the mantel; and a sea chest in the corner.

Ann Laidlaw pointed to the open doorway.

"Look at that," she said.

In the room beyond was the big easel that Jimmy had brought with him from the Thorpe house. Beside it, on a stand, lay a palette laden with all the colors that come in tubes. On a chair lay Jimmy's smock. By these simple devices the Wilkinson back parlor had become a painter's studio.

"You know," said Bill Montaigne, "I think he's clever. We've got to hand it to him."

"I'll call him clever if he can undo the harm he's done," said Hartley. "Can't draw," he muttered. "Never will be able to draw."

Jimmy Dowling dashed in a few minutes later.

"Hello," he said. "Won't you all have tea?"

"We've come," said Hartley, "to hear what you've got to say for yourself—and not for any tea."

"Oh, come," said Jimmy, "do have tea!" He shot out of the living-room into the kitchen to consult the maid.

"Now," he said, when he had given his orders, "what can I do for you?"

Steve cleared his throat.

"You can tell us where we can get places to live—that we can afford," he said. "None of us can stand the pace in this town since you began to advertise it."

Jimmy leaned against the mantel and smiled engagingly at the dozen who confronted him. Steve observed that he was not the same Jimmy who had knocked at the studio door a few months back. He was no longer an unhappy boy looking for sympathy. He was a man who had found himself. And it wasn't the new suit he was wearing, either.

"I've been thinking about your problem," Jimmy said. "In fact I've found the answer."

"What is it?" barked Joe Hartley.

"Old Port Orchard," said Jimmy. He paused a moment. They must all know Old Port Orchard.

"Go on, son," said Hartley. "What about Old Port Orchard?"

"Old Port Orchard," Jimmy said impressively, "is probably the loveliest old village in New England. It's thirty miles farther from New York. But it's on the Sound, and it's quite unspoiled. Real-estate values are lower than they were in Deep Harbor before the—er—present boom."

"Thirty miles farther!" said Bill Montaigne.

"What's thirty miles to you?" Jimmy asked. "You don't go to New York more than once a month."

"But ——" Steve began.

"In my opinion," Jimmy interrupted, "Old Port Orchard is a more charming place than Deep Harbor ever was. And if you'll appoint a committee of one to go up there with me and look the place over I'll undertake to manage the business end of it so quietly that there won't be a tremendous jump in values."

The white-capped maid brought in tea then, and Jimmy answered questions, and within an hour it had been agreed to send Ann Laidlaw with him to see Old Port Orchard. Only Hartley was unappeased.

"Look here, Dowling," he growled, "what are you going to do? Are you going to settle in Old Port Orchard and pull this same stunt over again?"

"No," said Jimmy Dowling. "I'm going to Massachusetts as soon as I've cleaned up here. I hesitate to mention it in this company, but there's a man there who thinks he can make a painter out of me. He admits I can't draw, but—well, he likes my color. Anyhow, whether I can paint or not I'm going to paint. I've got money enough to last me for two or three years. And when it's gone I'll make some more."

It was Steve Laidlaw who asked the last question. He hung back as the rest said good-by to Jimmy Dowling, in order to ask it.

"Jimmy," he said, "you told me that day you came to my studio how you hated your father's business. What is his line?"

"Real estate," said Jimmy Dowling.

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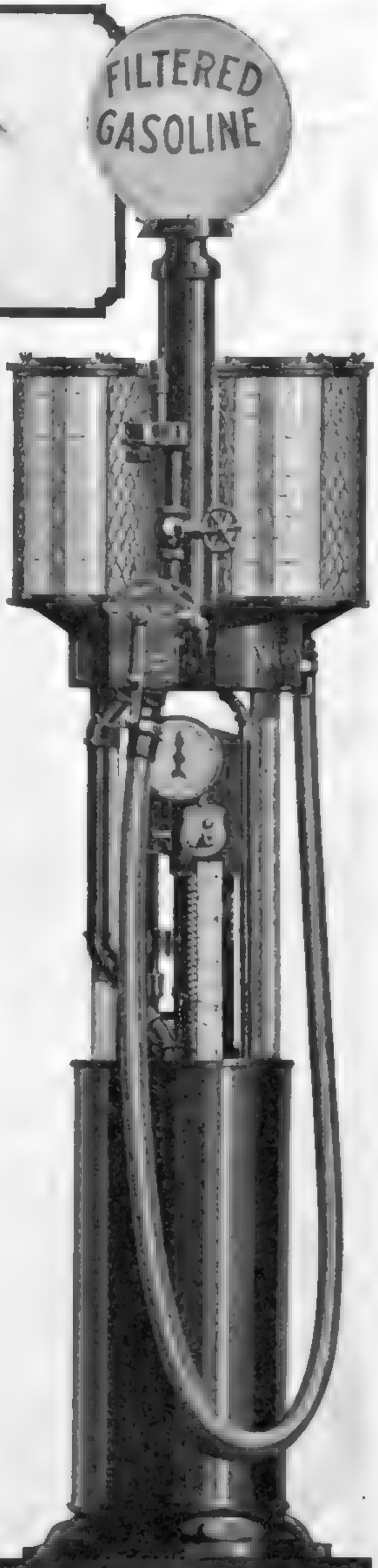

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THERE GOES THE GROOM

(Continued from Page 21)

"I have gone away with Florian," it read. "He wants me to marry him at once and there is nothing I desire more. I am going without your permission because I know you would never give your permission. I hope that you will not feel badly about it and I hope that Professor Ramsen will not think I am being very unwise. If he does, remind him that '*Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur.*'"

"I'm sorry," said Annabel, "but I don't know what that Latin means"

We turned to Hector. He groaned and put his face in his hands.

"I taught her that myself," he whispered. "It's from Publius Syrus. It means, 'To love and be wise is scarcely given even to a god.'"

"It's your fault then!" cried Peters. "It's all your fault, Ramsen, for cramming her head with a lot of Roman immorality!"

Hector lifted his head and answered gently:

"It is not my fault that the saying is true. It is not my fault that since the beginning it has been proved true. And it is not my fault that, knowing it to be true, men and women have sacrificed everything for love and thought it worth the sacrifice. I think," he concluded wearily—"I think that the important thing to do is to discover what sort of person this Florian is in order that we may know whether Deborah has offered a vain oblation."

"I don't have to discover," said Professor Peters brutally. "I know! He's a singer. That's enough to know."

"I didn't refer to his profession; I meant, rather, his morals."

"Morals!" snorted Peters. "Morals! He has none!"

"How do you know that?" I asked.

Peters glared at me.

"I've had experience with music makers," he said. "They're all alike. They produce pretty noises, but they never produce a marriage certificate. I know them, I tell you, I know them! It was one of them that stole my wife. And now another one of the tribe comes along and steals my daughter. I'd exterminate the whole race if I had my way. I'd poison ——"

He stopped abruptly, his phrase unfinished, and I fancied I saw a look of cunning satisfaction steal into his face. Perhaps he realized that he was betraying himself, for he got up, turned his back on us and commenced pacing the floor.

"Well?" queried Annabel.

"Well what?" replied Peters.

"Do you want us to help? Do you want us to search for them? Just what do you want us to do?"

"You have an automobile, you say?"

"Two of them."

"You know where this—this Florian fellow lives, or did live?"

"Yes."

Peters turned at length and we could see that he was strangely calm. In fact he had regained completely his self-control. It was a startlingly abrupt transition.

"You would be doing me a great favor," he said, "if you would be kind enough to take me to his house. That, if I may say so, is the logical starting point. I am desirous of finding him—and my daughter too, of course—and I am prepared to receive them back here as long as they choose to stay. Perhaps I was overhasty in my denunciation of him; perhaps I was a little to blame. But, my friends," he concluded magniloquently—"but, my friends, it is a father's duty to forgive."

Hector was obviously greatly moved by this speech—Annabel not at all. As for me, I remained dubious, for I was unable to reconcile his present generous mood with his earlier uncontrolled wrath. To tell the truth, his uncontrolled wrath seemed to me the more natural and appropriate.

He disappeared to fetch his hat and coat and during his absence I had an opportunity for a word with Annabel.

"What do you think?" I whispered.

She shook her head.

"The worst," she whispered. "Murder—poison gas exit Florian!"

But Hector, who had not overheard our remarks, said: "I am glad that poor old Peters is taking the thing so decently. He's really a fine chap at bottom."

Looking at Hector, I reflected that it was he who was taking the thing decently, for I knew that his heart was very heavy within him.

At the Hoffman Arms we were fortunate enough to find Asa, our sybaritic chauffeur, disengaged—or rather engaged in nothing more important than caressing Bessie, the waitress. We ventured to interrupt his amours and he agreed to pilot us to Esmée's house.

I confess that I was exceedingly nervous. None of us except myself had met Esmée, and I had met her but once. I wished that George were with us. I did not know where George was; but I need not have worried, for on our arrival we found George with Esmée.

"What's all this?" he exclaimed. "A delegation come to offer me the Presidency? Well, gentlemen, if the peepul insist, I should be a disloyal American to refuse. Voice of the peepul—I hear you calling me, what?"

This was a bad opening for us—or for me, since the duty of master of ceremonies devolved on my harassed shoulders.

"Keep quiet, George," I urged. "This is a serious matter."

Then I turned to Esmée, who was standing beside her chaise longue surveying us with a smile—that smile of hers which resembled so much that of a pleased child. I performed the introductions awkwardly and then I cast about in my mind for a suitable prefatory remark. Esmée herself, unwittingly I suppose, came to my aid.

"Won't you all please sit down?" she said. "I am so glad to know you all and particularly Miss McKnight, of whom I have heard much from George. I regret that Florian, my brother, is not here. He will be very cross with himself for having lost this opportunity to meet Miss McKnight. He has gone away for a day or two and he has taken our only automobile. The pig! I miss the automobile, I think, more than I miss Florian."

There was an embarrassed silence while we digested this information.

Finally Professor Peters cleared his throat loudly and said: "We came on purpose to see your brother."

The rudeness of the remark caused Esmée to glance at him briefly in a sort of shocked surprise and it caused me to feel ashamed of being in his company.

"Ah!" said Esmée.

Annabel hastened to explain that the professor was greatly upset; that indeed it was but natural he should be greatly upset; and that aside from the pleasure of meeting Esmée the object of our visit was to restore the professor to his normal equilibrium.

"What," asked Esmée, "has occurred so grievous as to upset the professor?"

"It seems," said Annabel, "that your brother has eloped with his daughter."

Esmée leaned over and pushed the bell on the wall beside her.

"That," said she with a delightful smile, "is cause, I think, for champagne."

And in spite of our protests the amazing woman ordered a bottle of Pommery and six glasses.

"Of course," she said, "I take it for granted that you are really serious when you tell me this. You are certain that Florian is in earnest—that he desires to marry her? It is not just one of his frivolous fancies?"

"That," said the professor savagely, "is what we came to find out."

Esmée lifted her black eyebrows.

"Ah," said she, "but surely you should know that better than I! Has Florian ever told her that he desired to marry her?"

"She says that he has told her so, but that proves nothing," Peters growled. "It is just what his kind would tell her."

"His kind?" Esmée repeated. "May I ask what you know of his kind? But no, there is no need to ask. You know nothing. If you knew Florian you would know that he has never before asked a woman to marry him. He is always very scrupulous about that. Thousands of women have begged him to marry them, but he has never even suggested before that such a thing was possible. He has told them frankly from the beginning that anything so ridiculous was out of the question. So you see, professor, that if in the case of your daughter he has spoken of marriage to her—why, there is no cause for you to be uneasy! On the contrary there is every cause for you to rejoice and drink champagne. The girl is most fortunate. She is—how do you say it?—she is the lucky girl."

As she concluded the French maid passed a tray bearing foaming glasses. Mechanically, in a daze, we each took one, and mechanically, in a daze, we drank with Esmée to the health of the bride. It was a strange proceeding—a sudden deviation from the expected that one encounters so often in dreams.

I think that George aptly expressed our feelings when, setting his glass down, he ejaculated: "Well, I'll be damned!"

It was the first sign of emotion which George had displayed, and even that could scarcely be termed appropriate to a heartbroken lover whose girl has just run off with another man. I judged in consequence that Annabel's verdict had been correct and that George was neither in love with Deborah nor heartbroken at her faithlessness. Hector was the only real sufferer.

When I came to my senses Esmée was addressing Professor Peters.

"Tell me, professor," said she, "something about your daughter. Is she, do you think, a suitable wife for Florian? Will she make him happy? It is of such importance to a young man who gives up everything to marry that he should choose a worthy mate. Florian has had so many wonderful chances that it would be a pity if his selection proved unsuitable. You must understand, I am sure, how anxious I am for him—a sister's anxiety that her brother should be very happy. Of course I shall welcome any wife of his and shall try to be fond of her, but it is—how shall I say it?—it is a little disappointing that he should have chosen a girl about whom I know absolutely nothing."

The professor gaped at her—stared and positively gaped. The ground, it seemed, was being taken from under his feet and Esmée was stealing his speeches. Instead of being the catechist, he found himself the catechized, and he did not relish it.

"Madam," he said, "everyone here but yourself can testify to my daughter's character. No one but you can testify to your brother's. I have no doubt he is a dissolute rake and I shall consider it very fortunate for my daughter if he marries her at all."

At this absurdity George could not repress an untimely guffaw. Esmée smiled gently.

"Professor," she said, "you don't really mean that, I'm sure. No young girl is fortunate to be married to a dissolute rake. But do not distress yourself, for George will tell you, I think, that Florian is not a dissolute rake. Florian is probably no more of a rake than you were at his age. No, I retract that. He is normal and you were possibly subnormal." Then, addressing Annabel, she said: "My dear Miss McKnight, I apologize for a conversation that is not suited to a *jeune fille*. But Professor Peters insists on saying the most shocking things. If he wishes to continue you would perhaps desire to go to another room?"

"Madame," Annabel answered with just a hint of a smile, "you are very thoughtful. However, I don't think that Professor Peters will become any more salacious and so far I am unshocked. But I admit that I fail to see how anything can be accomplished by continuing the conversation in its present vein. We aren't getting anywhere."

"But where do we want to get?" inquired George.

"We want, I imagine—or at least Professor Peters wants—to get in touch with his daughter. He wants to assure her that she is forgiven. He wants both of them to return."

"Under the paternal roof?" queried Esmée. "But they must first have their honeymoon."

"What do they want with a honeymoon?" growled Peters. "Niagara Falls, I suppose. They can have their honeymoon just as well as not in my house."

"Oh," said Esmée, "I doubt if Florian would agree to that. One doesn't want one's in-laws on a honeymoon—if ever. Still, that is for Florian to decide."

"Yes, yes, yes," said the professor, and again, "yes, yes, yes. It's for Florian to decide, but where is Florian?"

"I don't know," replied Esmée sweetly. "Where is Deborah? Why not wait until we hear from one or the other of them. I am certain that Florian will telegraph me soon. Will you not all stay to luncheon? I should be charmed."

It was a tactful dismissal. I am sure that had she done as she wished she would have

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Any Room Can Be Warm

LIGHT the Florence Oil Heater in the bathroom and drive out the morning chill. Take it into the sewing-room after breakfast.

Put it in the children's room a half hour before their bedtime. Warm up any room at any time.

You may have noticed that the Florence is a better-looking oil heater than you generally see. The curved fire bowl gives extra heat radiation and adds an attractive appearance to the heater. It's strong. It's easy to keep clean. A gallon of kerosene will burn twelve hours. The indicator tells the amount of fuel—really tells. There are three beautiful finishes. Turquoise blue enamel is the most popular.

Your dealer will show you the Florence Oil Heater, explain its construction and advantages. The demand is hard to supply.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO., 345 School St., Gardner, Mass.

Manufacturers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves, Florence Oil Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Gas Room Heaters

Heat plus Beauty

FLORENCE OIL HEATERS

Tread Patented

Center tread smooth with cups, to firmly grasp wet asphalt. *Geared-to-the-Road* side treads mesh like cogs in dirt.

A Million Dollar Tire

On which mileage has been doubled in three years

Three years ago the Miller Tire had won a wide respect. But our average mileage has been doubled since then. On one type alone—the Miller Cord—we have spent $1,136,419.00. Our laboratory and testing expense on that type last year averaged $10,000 monthly.

So the Miller Cord of 1920 is a million-dollar tire. And the perfecting of Miller Fabrics has doubtless cost as much.

Where the Money Goes

A large corps of experts work in the Miller Laboratories. We keep 250 tires constantly running under observation. Over 1,000 tires per year are worn out to show us what wear will do. Eight geared-up machines run tires 650 miles daily under extreme rear-wheel conditions. Over $1,000 daily is spent on our tests and inspections.

Every lot of tread stock is first vulcanized and tested in our laboratory. Over $300 daily is spent to test just the fabrics and the cords.

15,000 Miles

The factory basis

The basic test on Miller Cords is 15,000 miles. On Miller Fabrics, 8,000 miles. Then the tires are examined. Thousands of lessons, in the course of years, are taught by these tested tires.

Every tire is signed by the maker and inspector. And both are penalized if a tire comes back.

Does It Pay?

Tires are bought carelessly by many. Value is a matter of guess. So one might gain large tire sales without all this expense.

But times are changing. Exceptional mileage is now talked about. One tells another about the Miller Tire. Miller sales have multiplied about 20 times over since this betterment began.

Note How You Respond

Try a Miller, watch the mileage, compare it with the tires you know.

See how you react—how you cling to Millers—how you tell your friends about them. You will see why it pays us to build tires like these.

Try a Miller now. Or, if you buy a new car, get Miller equipment. Twenty makers now supply Miller equipment. Others supply it without extra cost.

Miller Tires

Geared-to-the-Road

Registered U. S. Patent Office

CORDS — Twice Better Than Three Years Ago — FABRICS

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Also makers of Miller Inner Tubes, built layer on layer. The highest attainment in an Inner Tube, red or gray

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yawned in our faces. Peters obviously bored her dismally and Hector and I had scarcely volunteered a remark. Annabel, I believe, she liked, for Annabel had common sense and did not become excited. Besides Annabel was very beautiful and Esmée liked beautiful things round her—George, for example.

We all left except George.

XVIII

IT DID not occur to any of us until it was too late that we had failed to warn Professor Peters of the danger he was in from Mrs. Jenks. That, you remember, had been the primary object of our visit, but matters even more weighty had put it from our heads. Besides, I considered—and so, I am sure, did Annabel—that we had intruded enough in the Peters' domestic affairs. Everything was proceeding in a ridiculously erratic fashion, but as long as George was not involved I saw no cause for further interference on my part. We had come to Sun Harbor to marry George to Deborah, but it was obvious that that could not now be accomplished. My main concern for the moment then was to get him out of Sun Harbor before he should take it into his head to marry Esmée.

Alas, how sadly I misjudged my young nephew! One generation should never attempt to estimate another. Annabel knew far more than I and Annabel did not seem worried.

It must not be thought that during all this excitement my stepsister, Mary, had remained passive. Not she! She was agog with curiosity as to our actions, which from the date of Esmée's arrival had been shrouded for her in mystery. Once we had decided to shield Mary's tender sensibilities from the shock that meeting an actress of the musical-comedy stage would have inflicted upon them, we had perforce to continue in our discretion. So in order that she might not hamper our operations she was sent to sea regularly and daily in a catboat with the admiral and Victor Ramsen, both of whom complained bitterly, but consented to have her in order to promote the greatest good of the greatest number. In spite of our precautions, however, Mary gathered—from Mrs. Jenks, I believe—that something mysterious was afoot of which she was being kept in ignorance. Mrs. Jenks, though lately become more taciturn, let fall a few significant remarks from time to time.

But strangely enough, even after the scene under the Peters' maples, she had nothing to say against either Florian or Esmée. Did she, I wondered, know who they were? Did she even know of Esmée's existence? I could not be sure, but I had great faith in Mrs. Jenks' scent for news—great faith in her ability to gather information.

At luncheon on the very day of the elopement she startled us by saying without prefatory remarks: "A singer now—that's a good profession. Making music in this world of tears. It's like the birds in the trees—and the Lord loves the birds in the trees. He marks the fall of a sparrow, though sparrows don't sing very nice—not what you'd call the best voice of all the birds. I used to sing when I was a young girl, and very agreeably too, people said. Do you sing, my dear?"

Annabel, to whom this question was addressed, replied that she sang, but badly—like the sparrows.

"No," said Mrs. Jenks, "you wouldn't sing well. You're too blond. A blonde don't ever sing like a brunette. Dark-complected people have more feelings—I'm dark complected."

As a matter of fact, her coloring was yellow and gray—yellow skin and gray hair—but we gave her the benefit of the doubt.

George, as I have said, remained at Esmée's house for luncheon, but shortly after our meal was over we heard the yellow rumabout draw up to the door and presently George burst into the front parlor. He started to speak, but checked himself when he saw that his Aunt Mary was present.

"Where have you been, George?" asked Mary. "At the Peters'?"

"More or less," said George vaguely. "Want to take a little spin, Uncle Foster? Why don't you and Annabel come out? The others, I suppose, are going sailing."

"I'm tired of sailing," said Mary. "I'd like a ride myself. Why don't we take Asa and the big car and then we can all go."

"You forget," I said, "that Asa has to drive the admiral and Victor down to the pier. They aren't tired of sailing, I presume."

"I'm not so sure," replied the admiral. "I'm tired of almost everything."

This was bad—it was not the admiral's cue at all. I was sure that George had news and it was highly important that Mary should be removed from the vicinity somehow or other. Hector had gone upstairs to take a nap, so the duty of removal lay on the admiral and Victor; and behold, the admiral bid fair to fail me! Even Victor grumbled, though he well knew what was at stake.

"We might cut out the sailing for once—eh, admiral?" he remarked. "Let's motor down the shore until we come to the nearest ticker and stop there for dinner. It's sure to be civilized anywhere there's a ticker and I've had enough of the simple, unwholesome fare that this simple, unwholesome inn provides."

"Oh!" cried Mary, clapping her fat hands like a pleased baby—"oh, that would be simply wonderful!"

The admiral gave me a not very discreet wink.

"Well, Foster," he said, "what do you say to that? A nice family party."

"That's splendid," I answered. "You and Victor and Mary take the big car and stay away as long as you please."

"But why don't we all go?" asked Mary.

"Someone's got to stay with Hector," I explained. "He's not feeling well. I'm going to stay and Annabel and George must keep me company and protect me from Mrs. Jenks. But you three go along and have a good time."

So we finally got rid of Mary, and I was well pleased with my diplomacy.

"Now, George," I said when they had gone, "tell us the news. I know you have some to tell."

"I'll say I have!" he answered. "Gather closer, boys and girls, while I whisper."

Annabel and I gathered closer and George whispered—a loud stage whisper, to be sure.

"The guilty couple have been found!"

Then he paused for his dramatic effect.

"Don't be silly, George," urged Annabel. "Go ahead and tell us all about it."

"You don't seem properly excited," objected George. "Here I come rushing up to tell you the great news, like a Marathon runner or something, and all you say is, 'Don't be silly.' I'm very much disappointed in you both."

Annabel punched him as hard as she could in the ribs.

"Good Lord, George," she said, "you are an aggravating ass!"

"Ah," said my nephew, "that's better. That's far better. Symptoms of interest at last. Well, it's this way: Esmée received a telegram from Florian during lunch. My golly, that fellow Florian's a card—he's a cool baby! What do you suppose he said?"

"Well, well, what did he say?" I inquired impatiently.

"More interest—this time from Uncle Foster," observed George with a grin. "Audience is getting appreciative, I'm glad to see. Well, Florian said—or wrote—as follows:

"Have married Deborah Peters. You don't know her yet, but you will. We both return to-morrow. Purchase large supply stockings. My wife most wonderful woman in world, but has none. FLORIAN."

George sprawled back in his chair with a beatific smile on his face.

"What do you think of that?" he said. "Isn't that the damnedest?"

"Florian seems like a very practical sort of man," said Annabel. "He thinks of everything, and at the same time he doesn't forget to praise his wife. I shouldn't be surprised if he turned out to be a very good husband."

"Of course he will," agreed George heartily. "Much better than poor me, for example."

"You don't seem particularly distressed," I observed. "I suppose, now that the object of our visit has been frustrated, we may as well pack up and return to town."

"Return to town!" my nephew echoed. "Return to town nothing! I'm just beginning to enjoy it down here."

"George," I said severely, "you're nothing but a male flirt."

"Oh, no," said he—"dear me, no! Don't you see that I'm trying hard to marry and settle down? Only no one'll have me. Someone always comes along and cuts me out. First it's you and then it's Florian."

"First it's me!" I exclaimed, throwing grammar to the winds. "First it's me! What in the name of heaven are you talking about?"

"I was talking about you and Annabel," George said serenely.

"You ass, George!" said Annabel with a laugh, but I noticed she was blushing.

XIX

ON THE next afternoon, true to their word, the bridal couple returned to Sun Harbor and Esmée gave a sort of post-honeymoon wedding breakfast in their honor, to which everyone was asked—even Mary and even Professor Peters. We were in some doubt as to what action to take in regard to the transmittal of Mary's invitation, but the admiral and Victor Ramsen flatly refused to sacrifice themselves any longer. Neither of them would watch over Mary during another afternoon and both of them insisted on attending the wedding breakfast themselves. So with trepidation the matter was laid before my stepsister, with some slight embroidery, to be sure, and with great emphasis on the fact that Esmée and Florian had performed for charities.

"In that case," said Mary, "I suppose it would be all right for me to go. Of course for Annabel it is out of the question."

This staggered us—all of us except Annabel.

"If you go, mother, I go," she said firmly. "You're just as pure as I am and twice as easily shocked. Besides there will be nothing shocking. You don't think it's going to be a bacchanalian orgy or anything like that, do you?"

"Well," hesitated Mary, "I don't know. If it's anything like most weddings ——"

"Yes," interrupted Annabel, "but it won't be. It will be far better behaved."

In the end we all went. And Annabel once more was right. It was calmer than most wedding breakfasts I have attended.

The meeting of Professor Peters and Florian passed off harmoniously, the professor still adhering to his policy of forgiving and forgetting and Florian behaving as if there were nothing to forgive or forget. Florian was sincere, but the professor was, I felt sure, playing a part. My suspicions were strengthened when he announced that on the following evening he intended to give a demonstration of the potency of his poison gas. This was of course the demonstration that he had postponed owing to an unforeseen elopement in his family—the demonstration which involved the slaughter of his chickens.

"I purpose," he said, "to employ but a minute quantity of the gas, and I have reliable gas masks for any of you who care to witness the great experiment. It will, if I may say so, be something you can boast of having seen. It is the first practical demonstration. The next will be at Washington in the presence of officials from the War Department. Petrine gas, I have christened it—and my friends, it is Petrine gas which will render the Army of the United States invincible!"

We accepted, most of us with no intention of going, for the professor, from a perverted sense of dramatic effect, had fixed the hour at midnight.

"Less people will be abroad," he explained, "and it would be unfortunate if some ignorant stranger should pass by without a mask and be killed. It might involve me in difficulties with the police."

"Very possibly," agreed George. "And it would annoy the ignorant stranger too."

Though Florian and Deborah agreed to attend the great experiment, Florian made it quite plain that he had no intention of living with his wife under the professor's roof. I confess that I was greatly relieved when I discovered this to be the fact, for I had not ceased to harbor grave suspicions of the professor's intentions and I should have felt it my duty, had the circumstances been otherwise, to warn Florian of the risk he ran.

As I look back on it now, I realize what a prying old busybody I was making of myself minding everyone's business but my own. I do not understand exactly why I should have assumed the burden of all those responsibilities; why I should have passed wakeful nights worrying about Florian and Esmée and Deborah, all of whom meant nothing in my life except as their fortunes affected George. If Mrs. Jenks chose to murder her son-in-law, or if her son-in-law chose to murder his own son-in-law, what business was it of mine?

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The Great Pleasure of Smoking

Of course, smoking is a habit. So is eating when you're not hungry, bathing, and working more than is requisite to provide for just immediate needs.

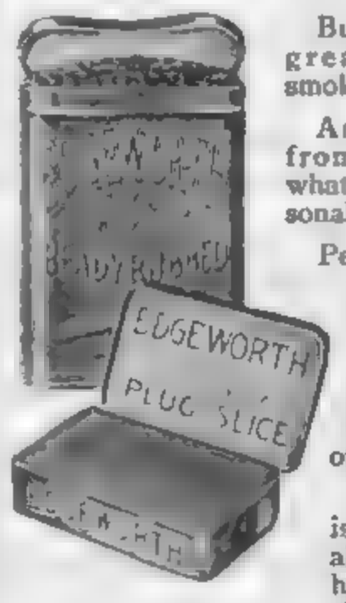
The nations of this earth which have bred the profoundest thinkers and men with that nervous energy which accomplished great things have had the smoking habit to the Nth degree.

Carlyle, General Grant, Mark Twain, Foch—think of the long and illustrious line of thinkers and doers who have lighted the fragrant weed and watched those blue argosies of smoke tack in and out among the sunbeams, drift round the evening lamp or set sail toward the sky.

Thinkers and doers! They had their hard times, but right well they savored the great pleasure of smoking.

Of course, these great men did not become great merely because they smoked.

But they knew the great pleasure of smoking.



And that comes from smoking just what suits one's personal taste.

Perhaps you have noticed the irritation of the pipe-smoker out of his own tobacco, compelled to fill his pipe with another tobacco.

A smoker's satisfaction depends almost wholly upon having the tobacco that just suits him.

Have you found the pipe tobacco just suiting your individual taste, with which you enjoy the great pleasure of smoking?

If not, we invite you to try Edgeworth.

Edgeworth doesn't suit the taste of everybody. For that very reason it may please you.

May we send you some?

Simply set down upon a postcard your name and address, also that of the dealer you will call upon for supplies in case Edgeworth pleases you, and we will despatch to you without charge generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes and then cut into thin, moist slices. One slice rubbed between the hands provides an average pipeful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed for you. You pour it straight from the can into your pipe.

Both kinds pack nicely, light quickly, and burn freely and evenly to the very bottom of the pipe.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors and glass jars, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

For the free samples, which we would like you to judge, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

One of the biggest bookkeeping jobs in the country handled on Nine Elliott-Fisher Machines

Accounting records of The United Drug Co., who sell to 10,000 drug stores, handled on unique time-schedule basis. Figures of every detail of vast business from gross sales to departmental profits and losses secured without extra work or delay

ALL over the country, especially in Liggett and Rexall drug stores, people are buying drugs and toilet articles made or distributed by the United Drug Co. You have probably purchased some of these products many times and have admired the way the goods were put up. If you know something of the huge business of this manufacturing drug concern, you must know that The United Drug Co. also has a great accounting problem. From east and west, north and south, druggists are continually sending in orders; and each order, as a rule, contains a long list of items in broken dozen lots.

This constant stream of orders requires immediate attention; goods must be sent and statements mailed promptly.

Today the bookkeeping of The United Drug Co. is handled on an hourly schedule basis. Every hourly collection of orders by the auditing department is checked, entered, and proved within the hour it is received. Elliott-Fisher Bookkeeping Machines help to make it possible to handle United Drug and allied interests, aggregating over $100,000,000. And the work is always on time.

The United Drug Co. find that Elliott-Fisher Machines, because they minimize the human element in bookkeeping, accomplish more and better work than any other means they have ever employed.

The same rule applies to the Elliott-Fisher System in all retail, wholesale, and manufacturing concerns, banks, railroads, and other public service corporations.

Ledger account, customer's statement, and the proof sheet are written at one operation, and every total automatically proved as written.

The flat writing surface of the Elliott-Fisher Machine allows the rapid handling of all kinds of forms, from cards to loose leaf and bound books.

Any required number of carbon copies can be made, always clear and in perfect register, no matter who operates the machine or how hurried the job.

The Elliott-Fisher System is just as well adapted to the small store as it is to great industrial organizations.

Let us send you a booklet describing the use of Elliott-Fisher flat writing machines in your business.

One of our representatives would be glad to call upon you—without the least obligation.

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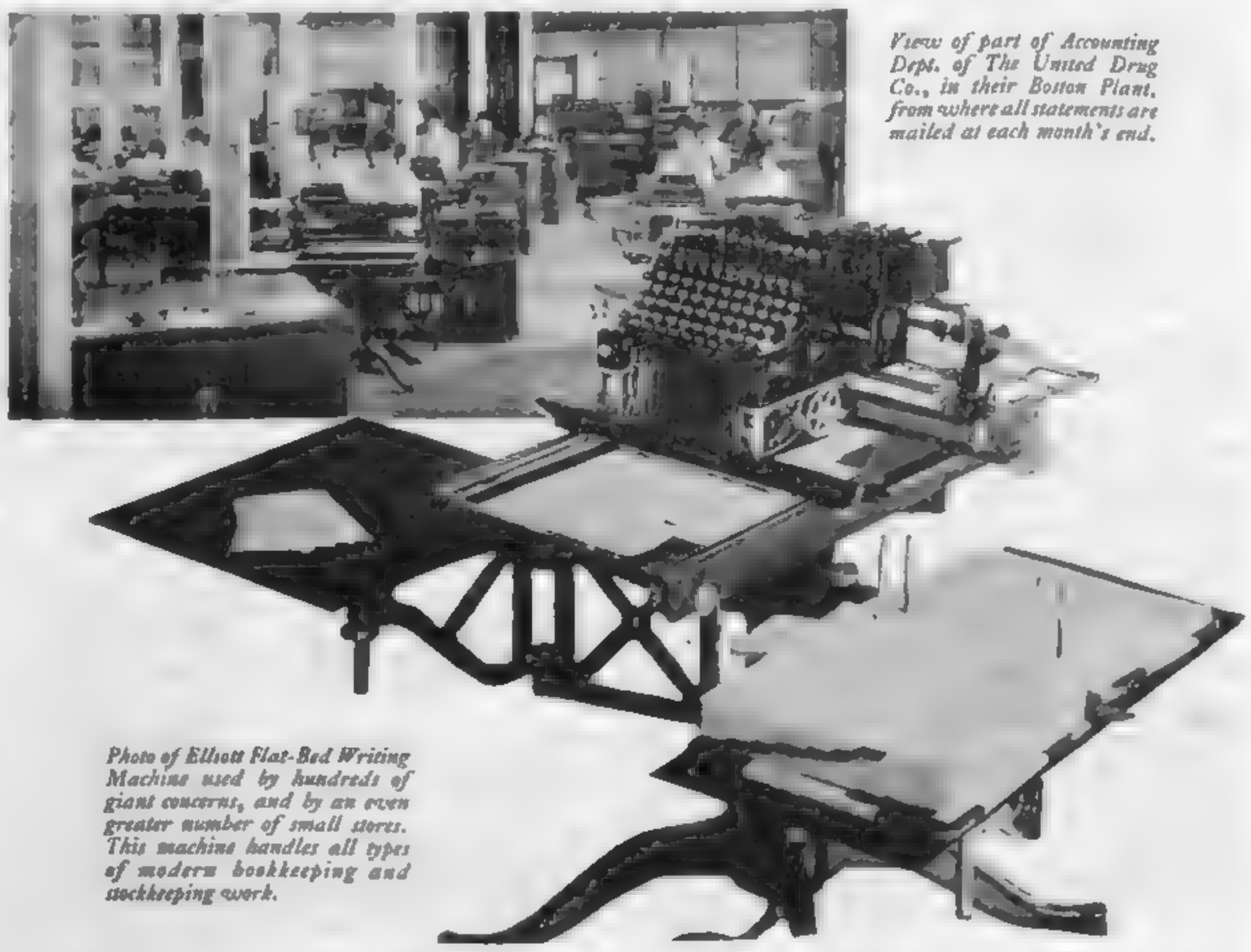

View of part of Accounting Dept. of The United Drug Co., in their Boston Plant, from where all statements are mailed at each month's end.

Photo of Elliott Flat-Bed Writing Machine used by hundreds of giant concerns, and by an even greater number of small stores. This machine handles all types of modern bookkeeping and stockkeeping work.

Elliott-Fisher

Flat-Bed System of Accounting—Bookkeeping—Billing—Recording

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Why should I not have let them murder and be damned? I was constituting myself a veritable Sherlock Holmes—a Sherlock whom Scotland Yard had not even called into the case.

And what basis had I after all for my suspicions? Nothing more than the mutterings of Mrs. Jenks and the wrath of Professor Peters. Perhaps I should say the wrath of Professor Peters that had turned to unctuosity with questionable ease—a wrath unlike that vehement, outspoken and enduring wrath of Achilles that hurled so many gallant souls to Hades.

It is probable that my sympathy for Deborah, who had gained my admiration from the first, played no small part in my willingness to meddle. Deborah amazed me and bewildered me. I had never before seen anyone like her, and she was so perfect, so beautiful a creature that I could not bear to sit by and see any harm befall her. I regarded her as an object of rare art, with something of the feeling perhaps with which Keats looked upon his Grecian urn.

I had an opportunity to speak with Deborah at the wedding breakfast. She was very lovely—and she wore stockings. I had not noticed the stockings until Mary pointed them out to me with favorable comment.

"Deborah," I said, "you did it very suddenly."

"Yes," she answered, "but I love him very much. I shall never be unhappy with Florian."

"No," I said, "God willing, I don't believe you will! But you startled us. Didn't you startle yourself a little?"

"It was strange—yes, I was surprised—not at myself exactly, but at love. I have read a great deal about love, and love is nothing at all like what I have read. That is why I was surprised. I thought the Greeks and the Romans knew everything about everything, but about love they don't know as much as I."

"Or perhaps," I suggested, "even they had not the words to describe it."

"That is true," she mused. "I had not thought of that. Of course there are no words. One is like a leaf swept away by a great wind. The leaf cannot describe its sensations and it cannot describe the great wind. All it knows is that it is being swept away—and," she added, "that is enough to know."

There was a short pause, and then she asked: "Was Professor Ramsen distressed? Did he feel badly because I had not confided in him?"

"A little, I think—at first. But I think he understands."

I hoped she would say something about George, and the hope—I confess it with shame—was inspired by a curiosity as to what her attitude toward him had been. When she made no reference, however, to my nephew I said jocularly: "Of course George was heartbroken."

She laughed cheerily, as if taking it for granted that I was being sarcastic.

"Poor George!" she exclaimed. "Yes, of course I suppose George was altogether heartbroken." And then more seriously: "He really is very much pleased, isn't he? It was what he hoped for, you see."

"What he hoped for?" I repeated in astonishment.

"Yes, he introduced Florian to me for that very purpose. He said—George is so funny!—he said that somebody had to get married in this community and he hoped it would be us."

"He said that!" I cried.

"Yes. Isn't he amusing? He's so cautious. The very first time we went for a walk together he explained that you and everyone wanted him to marry, but—how did he put it?—oh, yes, he said: 'My dear Miss Peters, I want to tell you right off the bat that I'm going to fool them all.' How we have laughed about it since! Don't you think it's amusing, Mr. Langley?"

"I think it was very unchivalrous of George," I said.

She glanced up at me with wide eyes to see if I was joking. But I was not joking. I was vexed with George for the moment—very much vexed, doubtless because, true to his word, he had fooled us and in so doing had rendered us ridiculous. Later I obtained a saner perspective and was able to laugh a little over it.

"You don't really think so?" queried Deborah. "Oh, no, I think it was very honorable of him! That is exactly what I like about George—he is so frank—at least he has always been so with me."

"Possibly," I grumbled. "But not with me."

"But," she insinuated gently, "were you not a little to blame? You dragged him here, you know, against his will."

"Yes," I agreed, "I was a fool."

"If you were," she said, "I am very grateful to you, for I benefited by your foolishness. I gained a husband."

"My dear Deborah," said I with a bow, "it is Florian who should be grateful to me, for he has gained a wife of surpassing loveliness."

Then I sought out Annabel to tell her all about it.

■

I HESITATE to set down the events that follow lest I be accused of marring a hitherto veracious narrative by drawing on my imagination. Nevertheless, if only for the sake of completeness, the thing must be done, and if what I am about to relate be not credited, I can but reply that I have several witnesses of spotless character ready to vouch for its truth.

Annabel was very eager to witness Professor Peters' test of his poison gas. Like me, she was obsessed by a vague uneasiness as to the professor's intentions; she suspected that perhaps the professor did not intend to poison only his chickens; and though she was a little frightened, her fear was nothing in comparison to her curiosity. Florian and Deborah, we knew, were to be present, and if Florian was to be victimized we wanted to be there to help him in any manner possible.

As evidence that Annabel and I were not the only uneasy people, Mrs. Jenks for once since our arrival was not at supper when Bessie rang the bell. When she did appear half an hour late she was out of breath and greatly agitated. I surmised that she had run all the way home from the Peters' in order not to miss her evening meal completely. Her spying had evidently been very enthralling on that occasion and I was extremely eager to learn just what she had seen.

Accordingly I lingered over my supper in order to have a word alone with her when the rest should have left. When I say a word I am of course inaccurate, for any interview with the garrulous Mrs. Jenks involved hundreds of words. It happened that she was not at all loath to talk to me and I do not doubt that if I had not sought an opportunity she would have found one herself.

"Young man," she began when Bessie had placed two bowls of custard in front of her and retired to the kitchen—"young man, I don't mind telling you that you're right."

"Right in what?" I inquired.

"In what you suspect," said she. "I have been watching old Peters, and the Lord be praised that I have! He is a poisonous worm."

"Is he?"

"He is! He's as poisonous as his own gas, and that, I guess, is pretty poisonous. He's up to something, that's sure. I'm a defenseless old woman, but that much I know. Which one of you does he hate?"

"Great heavens, madam," I exclaimed, "how should I know? He may hate us all."

She shook her head vehemently.

"No, no, there's one of you he hates especially! There's one of you will be sorry if you go to this great show of his to-night. I advise you, if you'll take a poor old widow's advice, to all of you stay away. There's evil in the air. Mark my words—in the air! That's where it'll be, and someone will be driving soon to the burying ground in a glass carriage."

I was startled at the manner in which my worst fears seemed to be verified. Mrs. Jenks' suspicions were in thorough accord with my own, though I fancied I knew the name of the victim, whereas she did not. In this I was mistaken, as she proved by her next words.

"It's that singer that ran away with Deborah, if you want my opinion," she said. "That's the man old Peters hates the worst. You'd better warn him unless you want his blood on your hands. I'd do it myself, only he wouldn't listen to a poor old widow he'd never even been introduced to—not likely. A nice boy too. I liked the way he talked up to old Peters that day in the garden."

"So you were in the garden?"

"What? Who said I was in the garden? What garden? I didn't say I was in any garden, though I like gardens and have often been in them. Lovely flowers and everything. At my age you get fond of the

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beauties of Nature. They're the only things left to be fond of, and they're not ungrateful, like humans. Yes, of course I was in old Peters' garden. Didn't you see me, or did you think you were seeing ghosts? Young man, I'm apt to be anywhere. Don't you be surprised if you see me anywhere. When you get to heaven you'll see me there, sitting up alongside of my dear husband playing harps and eating milk and honey in the streets of the Lord. You'd better hurry along and warn that singing fellow."

"But what," I asked, "can I say to him? What do you actually know?"

She glanced round at the doors and windows to see if anyone was eavesdropping; then, lowering her voice to a whisper, she said: "Young man, one of them mask things that you put over your head to keep out the gas is different from the others. That's the one that the singer gets. I know, because I saw old Peters tinkering with it in his laboratory to-night. That's what kept me so late."

"Perhaps," I suggested, more to draw her out than because I didn't believe her conclusion—"perhaps he was simply adjusting it. Perhaps it was out of order."

"All right," she said, "perhaps it was—perhaps it was. Anyway, the others are all in one pile and that one's by itself and is marked with red chalk so he won't make no mistake and use it himself—the poisonous worm. You'll see for yourself if you're fool enough to go after what I'm telling you."

"Um!" I reflected. "That sounds at least suspicious. I'll warn Florian as you suggest and he can do as he thinks best."

"That's the sensible young man," she said cordially. "You run right along now. I'm going out again. I find the night air's very good for me. Would you mind handing me my cane? At my age I don't get round as well as I used to."

"If that is true," I said gravely, "you must have been a sprinter in your youth."

She gave me what I am sure she intended for a wink and then hobbled away into the night.

I warned Florian. I dragged George out of his room and made him drive me in the yellow runabout to Florian's house, explaining to him on the way what was afoot. George's spirits were highly stimulated by my recital and he forthwith decided that nothing should prevent his attending the great experiment.

"I know something about poison gas," said he, "and something more about gas helmets. I'm going to be in on this little shindy myself. It's probably all bosh—nuts out of Mrs. Jenks' nutty brain. But if it isn't and if anything goes wrong I think I can help. By the way, which way is the wind blowing? That's very important."

"It's a sea breeze, I think," I answered, "but it's been veering about all day."

"Well," said George, "we all want to be careful to stand to windward when the professor launches his dirty stuff at the chickens. If we do that we're safe, mask or no mask, unless the wind shifts and blows it back at us."

"I see," said I, and congratulated myself on having enlisted so wise a young man on our side.

We warned Florian, as I said, but he laughed and would not take our warning seriously. I had expected as much. Of course we said nothing to him in front of Deborah and Esmée, though Deborah was planning to go with Florian to witness the experiment. George pointed out quite reasonably that if there were any danger in the affair at all it would be for Florian only—that the rest of us would be as safe as Peters himself. Having said this, George suddenly became silent and, retreating to a corner of the room, announced that he had an idea and would be grateful if we would leave him alone while he developed it. There was in his eyes a strange triumphant glint that I imagined must have been in them when he attacked a German ten thousand feet in the air.

Considerably mystified, we left him to perfect whatever scheme was in his brain and joined Deborah and Esmée in the living room. George did not appear for about ten minutes, and then he thrust his head in at the door and said to me with his habitual cheerful grin: "Did you say red chalk, Uncle Foster?"

"Yes—red."

He nodded.

"That makes it harder," he remarked. "Esmée, have you any red chalk in the house?"

"Heavens, no!" said Esmée. "What should I do with red chalk? I have a rouge stick."

"No good," said George. "I'll jump into the car and rout out that old fellow that owns the hardware store. He ought to have some. I'll be back in a minute."

"The boy is mad," observed Esmée as my nephew tore out of the house.

But Florian smiled and said: "With method, though, my dear."

I am not very nimble-witted, but even I had an inkling of what George was up to. The fact that, as Mrs. Jenks had informed me, the helmet destined for Florian's use had been marked with red chalk was a significant hint. A few more helmets similarly marked with red chalk and shuffled up together—well, that was as far as I got, but it was far enough to convince me that George was nothing less than a young Napoleon.

The young Napoleon returned in twenty minutes bearing the red chalk. It was then approaching ten o'clock.

"Two hours more," said George cheerfully. "I'm getting quite excited over this experiment. Very interested, I am, in science. Beautiful ladies, will you let me borrow Florian from you for a few minutes? I want to show him what pretty pictures I can draw with my chalk."

Esmée looked at George and tapped her forehead solemnly.

"He's mad—quite mad," she said, "or else he's intoxicated."

"You said it, Esmée!" George assured her. "But lend me Florian just the same. Come on, Uncle Foster, we'll leave these most lovely ladies to their own devices. Deborah can read Aristophanes aloud while Esmée knits. I'll return him in fifteen minutes," he called out as we climbed into the runabout.

George stopped the car a hundred yards from the house.

"This is all right," he said. "I just wanted perfect privacy while I explain my genial idea. It's this way: Florian's gas helmet is set aside by itself in the professor's laboratory and it's marked with red chalk so that the professor will be sure not to make any mistake about it and perhaps put it on his own precious snout. That helmet is supposedly imperfect—either a hole in it or no chemicals in it or something of the sort. The others are in good order and they're piled up together indiscriminately.

"Well, here's my proposition: I'll go up ahead of all you others to have a chat with Peters—tell him I've come to lend a hand. He won't suspect anything, because he thinks he's got everything so perfectly fixed that there can't be any hitch. I'll putter round in his laboratory until you arrive, and when you arrive you must set up a jolly shout outside so he'll go out for a second to meet you. In that second I'll grab the rotten helmet and hide it and I'll take a good one from the pile and mark it with red chalk just like the rotten one. Do you get that? Then we'll all have perfectly good helmets and no lives lost—see? What a brain—ah, what a brain! Colossal! No wonder I never got promoted!"

We agreed as to the magnificence of his brain. It was a solution that could do no harm, even if the professor intended no harm, and if the professor had criminal intentions it would frustrate them completely.

"If by any chance I can't pull it off," said George as we deposited Florian on his doorstep, "I'll warn you, and then the only thing for Florian to do is to decide suddenly not to stay for the show. Give up your ticket at the box office and ask for your money back. So long, Florian. As long as it isn't mustard gas you're safe."

XXI

IT WAS one of those tropical starlit nights that come occasionally in late summer. There was a light breeze blowing in from the sea, just enough to stir the tops of the trees and to waft the scent of full-blown flowers from unseen gardens. The moon had not yet risen, but the stars were strewn lavishly across the sky, flooding the earth with a radiance so silver-white that it was almost as if frost lay on the ground.

George and Annabel and I sat out on the lawn under the horse-chestnut trees and talked desultorily in whispers. At eleven o'clock George started for the Peters' house, leaving us the runabout, in which we were to follow him shortly before midnight. We wished him good luck as earnestly as if he were departing for the Front. All of us, I think, were a little nervous. I know that I had a strange, palpitating sensation at my heart. Probably we were taking the affair far too seriously.

When George had left us we sat in silence for a while. Annabel, leaning back in an old rocking-chair, was a splash of white, except where the starlight struck the gold of her hair. She was so lovely that half unconsciously I leaned over and placed my hand over hers where it rested on the arm of the chair. She looked up and smiled a little, and then she covered my hand with her other.

"Annabel!" I said hoarsely, and I felt as if wild horses were running away with my senses.

She said nothing, but—her eyes on mine—continued to smile—sympathetically, gently, as one smiles on a child.

"Annabel," I repeated, "am I an old fool?"

The smile deepened at the corners of her mouth.

"That," she said softly, "depends on what you say next."

I don't remember what I said next. I hope it was adequate. All I remember is that I found myself kneeling beside her, stammering incoherent phrases. I think I must have appeared very ridiculous, but she assures me I did not. Thank God she is prejudiced in my favor! The miracle of it—that Annabel should love a middle-aged, well-nigh confirmed bachelor—the wonderful miracle of it!

"Don't you understand," she said—"don't you understand? That is why I came here to Sun Harbor. Oh, you have been so blind! I've tried to be demure and maidenly and all that, but how could you help but see?"

"When one looks at the sun one goes blind," I said. "I don't know. I thought of course it was George. I mean it would have been only natural if it had been George. He's so young and he's very good-looking."

Then she laughed.

"George!" she exclaimed. "Why, I defy anyone to fall in love with George! If George's heart ever had an unexpected throb he would send for a doctor. I'm very fond of George, but—well, no—he's too cautious a young man when it comes to risking his heart. He'll never marry unless some Amazon chloroforms him and drags him to the altar, and I never thought for a minute of performing that ungrateful rôle. No, Foster—do you mind if I say I prefer a willing bridegroom?"

"Beloved," I answered, "you shall have your wish." And I took her in my arms.

The page that I had written to follow this is omitted at Annabel's request. She says that it is maudlin. I don't doubt it. But in these days of facts, figures and efficiency I think it should be a relief to indulge in a bit of maudlinness.

Of course I forgot Professor Peters and the great experiment and the passage of time. Had it not been for Annabel we should have missed the entire performance. But she, with her customary logic, pointed out that we had a lifetime ahead of us in which to contemplate the stars but only one opportunity of witnessing the triumph of the marvelous poison gas. So she led me firmly to the runabout and drove me to Professor Peters' gate.

We found George and the professor together in the laboratory and in accordance with the plan we called loudly for the professor. As we had hoped, he came outside to greet us. We delayed him as long as we decently could in order to give George plenty of time to perform his sleight-of-hand work with the gas helmets.

"A wonderful night for the test, I should think," observed Annabel.

The professor studied the heavens critically and wet his finger to assure himself of the direction of the wind.

"A very satisfactory night," said he, "unless the wind starts shifting about. It has been unsteady most of the day, with occasional gusts from the shore. Now, however, it seems to have settled into a more or less steady sea breeze. Won't you come into the laboratory? I expect Deborah and—and Florian any moment."

We followed him into his workshop. It was littered with trays and test tubes and burners and crucibles, and it was pervaded by a most unpleasant odor—an odor that I can only compare to the taste of a bad oyster.

George said "Hello" carelessly, and when Peters' back was turned he winked and nodded at us, so I inferred that so far everything had progressed satisfactorily. I immediately looked for the pile of gas helmets and discovered them, just as Mrs. Jenks had reported, piled on a table in the corner; perhaps a dozen of them together, but one, marked in red chalk with a large cross, set aside from the pile. I confess that I was greatly amused at the thought of George's strategy and the prospects of its complete success.

I was still chuckling to myself when Florian and Deborah arrived. I saw Florian glance inquiringly at George as he shook him by the hand, and my nephew, grinning cheerfully, murmured: "Right as rain, old dear."

The professor cleared his throat, advanced to the center of the room and motioned for silence. He obtained it in its fullest perfection.

"My friends," he began formally, like the pompous old ass that he was—"my friends, before proceeding to the experiment it would be advisable and perhaps interesting to explain as briefly as possible what I propose to do. First, with your permission, I will show you the gas container which I shall use and which, if I may say so, is my own invention and unlike anything heretofore employed for the purpose. It is true that it is derived from the test containers used by the British early in the war for collecting samples of the German gas; but it is on a far more elaborate scale than those of the British. The fact that it is made of glass renders it useless of course for actual field work but at the same time invaluable for experimental work, since the operator can observe the action of the gas within the container."

At this point the professor took down from a shelf a curiously shaped object of glass, fashioned in general along the lines of an ordinary garden waterpot. It was about eighteen inches in diameter and three feet high, and it differed from a waterpot in that the top of the container was closed. The end of the spout too was carefully sealed, but a lever was attached to it by means of which, as the professor explained, the gas could be released in any quantity desired. At present the container was full.

"You will note," said the professor, "that the gas is not liquefied. This can only be done under extreme pressure and the glass is not solid enough to resist the pressure required. But it is my intention to release only an infinitesimal amount, and I am convinced that a cubic inch will be sufficient to kill the chickens. A larger amount would endanger the whole neighborhood—something that I am reluctant to do, though it would be of extreme interest and value in proving my contention that this is the most powerful and deadly weapon ever invented.

"And now one word as to the actual operation: We shall place ourselves to windward of the chicken coops and about twenty feet distant from them. We shall all wear our masks. When I release the small amount of gas necessary I shall turn back the lever, thus resealing the container. You will remain where you are, but I shall advance with the gas to the coop in order to witness its effect on the chickens. I shall be in no danger, for the quantity of gas will, as I say, be extremely small and I shall of course be protected by my mask. The masks, I may add, are amply sufficient for this purpose, though—and I say this with all due modesty—there is no mask made that could withstand my gas if it were released in large quantities. That is about all, I believe. We will now proceed to the adjustment of the masks."

As the professor ceased speaking I turned my eyes from him, and for some reason—or for no reason perhaps—glanced at the laboratory window. I think that my heart must have dropped half a dozen beats at what I saw—dropped them and then raced to regain them. There it was again, that wrinkled, yellow face with the vicious red eyes peering in at us through the pane! Mrs. Jenks was still at her work of spying. Even as I looked she ducked her head and disappeared—amazing old wretch, possessed of the agility of a cat and all of a cat's stealthy slyness!

No one, I am sure, saw her but I, and I said nothing. What was there to say? The old woman, through the information her spying had gleaned for her, had been able to warn us of Florian's danger. If then her spying had helped us in one instance, why should we resent it now? No, we must, however reluctantly, accept her into our camp. She was our spy. So I said nothing.

But my attention was now directed to the professor, who had begun adjusting a

(Continued on Page 83)

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San Francisco, 155 New Montgomery St.

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gas mask on Annabel. I saw that it was one from the pile of those in perfect condition, but I waited eagerly for Florian's turn to come. These masks were hideous things—so hideous that even Annabel's amazing beauty was overwhelmed, and she resembled—I am sure, for the only time in her life—some horrible goggle-eyed monster.

After Annabel came Deborah. The professor himself did all the work of fitting and adjusting, and he did it with painstaking care. After Deborah came George, and George astounded both Florian and myself by reaching for the supposedly imperfect mask marked with red chalk.

"What's the matter with this one, professor?" he asked casually.

The professor snatched it quickly from his hand and then he dealt us an enormous surprise.

"I ought to have warned you," he said. "That one is comparatively useless. I have been working over it for some time, endeavoring to correct its defects, but I am not going to risk using it. That is why I set it aside and marked it with chalk. In a family party like this," he added benignly, "one does not wish to take chances—even of the slightest."

There went the wind from our sails! There went all our suspicions crashing to the ground! And there went George's magnificent scheme to naught! We had been as silly as schoolboys trying to play a bloodthirsty game! Our arch villain had proved himself to be as harmless as a lamb. I admit that I was just a little disappointed, but I almost laughed aloud at the woebegone, chagrined face of my nephew. Poor George, just as he was anticipating a smattering of intrigue and excitement as a welcome relief to the monotony of existence at Sun Harbor! As soon as I had an opportunity I whispered to him in an endeavor to console him.

"Cheer up, George," I said, "there is always Mrs. Jenks left."

He brightened visibly.

"Do you think she'll start something?" he asked.

"I don't know, but she has been peering in through the window at us."

"Fine!" said he. "The old lady may mean business."

When all of us had been carefully helmeted the professor led the way to the chicken run. This was at the back of the house near the vegetable garden, and was even more unkempt than the rest of the property. It lay in what I judged to be a fairly recent clearing cut out of the heart of a woods of birches and small pines, and was shut off from the woods by a grove of rhododendrons. Large bowlders and stumps of trees still remained in the clearing, except of course in the portions actually devoted to the growing of vegetables and the exercising of chickens.

We found the white Wyandotte rooster and the two hens sleeping the pleasant, unworried sleep of ignorance. Poor creatures, little did they realize that never again would they salute the rising sun or go grubbing happily after worms! But after all, I reflected, what more glorious death could one desire than to die for the advancement of science—to die in order to prove that some eminent chemist's poison gas is really poisonous—to die in order that millions more may be killed? Had the white chanticleer but known, I doubt not he must have crowed his gratitude.

The professor, who had not yet donned his mask, squinted an appraising eye at the heavens, studied the weather vane on the roof of his laboratory and, apparently satisfied, set down his lantern about twenty feet from the chickens.

"We are now," he announced, "in the correct position to windward, granting that the wind does not veer. To be truthful, the only factor that distresses me is the instability of the weather vane. However, with our masks we shall be in no danger even if the wind does shift."

Nobody volunteered a remark, for conversation was difficult with an uncomfortable mouthpiece between the teeth. We waited silently while the professor deposited the glass container very, very carefully beside the lantern. We were like six ugly toads crouching about the light. I am sure that had any uninvited person stumbled upon us he would have taken us for evil spirits about to perform some sacrifice to the devil, our master.

It was now about one o'clock and the moon was coming up over the tree tops, deepening the shadows that the taller birches and pines cast across the clearing. As the sea breeze freshened a little these shadows swayed and clutched fantastically at each other and assumed strange animal-like shapes. Annabel put her hand into mine. Her hand was very cold. I have no doubt that my hand was cold too.

The professor adjusted his mask. He seemed awkward about it and I fancied that his fingers were shaking. He was so long about the operation that had he been in the trenches during a gas attack he would certainly have been done for. He annoyed me. His slowness irritated me. I wished that he had been in the trenches. I squeezed Annabel's hand and then I patted it reassuringly. I would have smiled to encourage her, but what was the use? No smile could penetrate those hideous masks.

At length the professor was ready. He lined us up along an imaginary line at a safe distance behind the gas container. He crouched down on his haunches and cautiously pressed the lever at the end of the spigot. There issued forth immediately a small dense cloud of yellowish-green smoke—opalescent, I might call it. At first it hung near the ground, curling and coiling in a fan-shaped mass, and then, borne forward by a mild gust of wind, it rolled over and over in fat round waves toward the unsuspecting Wyandotte rooster and his female friends.

The professor moved back the lever at this point, shutting off a further supply of the gas, and, motioning to us to stay where we were, he advanced boldly into the midst of the cloud.

And then a horrible thing occurred. It occurred so quickly that the damage was done before we had time to realize the danger. I, who was more on the alert than the others, was, I believe, the first to hear the sudden crashing in the rhododendrons. I turned quickly, just in time to see the figure of Mrs. Jenks break through into the clearing. She was waving her arms and bounding toward us with a horrible agility. Her hair was streaming out from under her bonnet, her clothes were flapping about her shrunken body, her eyes were red in the moonlight. She was a sight to strike terror to the bravest. I am sure that she struck me with terror, and the only creditable move that I made was to step between her and Annabel.

But Mrs. Jenks did not bother to molest us. On the contrary she changed her direction and made for the gas container which the professor had left behind him on the ground. Before any of us could gather together wits enough to intercept her she had pounced on the container, seized it in her bony, clawlike hands, raised it high in the air and with amazing force had dashed it down against a bowlder. There was a great crash and the glass flew in a thousand fragments.

What followed immediately I remember vaguely. I remember the huge mass of opalescent smoke that came seething out round us; I remember Mrs. Jenks' voice rising shrilly and triumphantly out of the cloud that engulfed her; I remember hearing the professor cry out in fear and horror, urging us to run; I remember seizing Annabel by the arm and racing with her to the road that led to the sea.

At the time I cared not a penny what happened to anyone but Annabel. The professor and Mrs. Jenks could smother along with the chickens if only I could get Annabel safely away. To George I gave a brief thought. But I reasoned—if indeed I was capable of reasoning—that George could take care of himself. The last thing that I heard, and the thing that spurred me on to prodigious speed, was the muffled voice of the professor crying: "Make for the ocean!"

Well, we made for the ocean!

When Annabel and I had covered perhaps a hundred yards I ventured to look back over my shoulder. Fast as we had run, we had not, I discovered, run much faster than others, for almost directly behind us were Florian and Deborah. They motioned us ahead, and we did not delay for further observations.

"Are you all right?" I shouted at Annabel. "Can you keep it up?"

"Yes," she panted, "if it weren't for this mask."

"Don't take it off!" I yelled. "Whatever you do, don't take it off!"

At the corner by the Hoffman Arms we were forced to stop for breath, and moreover I was anxious to hold a consultation with Florian, providing of course that we were in no imminent danger. Thanks to the fact that we had been running against the wind, we had left the gas cloud well in our rear, and as long as the wind did not shift we were justified in feeling reasonably secure. Nevertheless, as I looked back and saw the opalescent cloud hovering murderously over the professor's house I could not repress a shudder. It hung about the place like an unquiet mist, no higher than the eaves of the house and not so high as the tops of the taller trees; and its movements were sluggish and reluctant. It seemed to have reached no very definite decision as to what direction it would pursue. Perhaps, I thought—perhaps because the breeze also had reached no very definite decision. And the instant that this thought entered my mind a puff of wind from inland swayed the tall grass. The wind had shifted!

When Florian drew up abreast of us we lifted our gas masks and I informed him in a whisper of my unpleasant discovery.

"That," said he, "is very serious."

"Yes," I agreed; "what shall we do? Rouse the village? It's in danger, I suppose. And all my friends at the Hoffman Arms ought to be warned."

"Of course," said he; "and there is Esmée."

"Did you see anything of George?" I asked.

"I saw him disappear into the woods after Mrs. Jenks," said Florian. "He's probably taking a short cut. He'll be all right, but how about Professor Peters?"

"That," I answered, "is to me a matter of no importance at all. I'm thinking of the people that are worth saving."

Florian shrugged.

"Well," he said, "if that gas is as powerful as Peters says it is there will be no saving accomplished—unless of course the wind changes again. As it is now, it's bound to get us; and if the wind freshens up a little it will get us soon. I suggest you get your friends out of the Hoffman Arms. I'll give the alarm to the village and hurry along and rouse Esmée. The two girls will come with me and we'll meet you about a mile beyond Esmée's house."

His plan seemed reasonable, and we explained it as rapidly as possible to Annabel and Deborah. Both of them were reluctant to leave me, but I made them realize that I could work more quickly without them.

Accordingly we separated, I going into the Hoffman Arms and the others continuing down toward the village and the sea.

I banged on Mary's door first, telling her that there had been an accident and urging her to put on some clothes as quickly as possible. She wanted of course to know why and where and when, but I succeeded in alarming her so thoroughly that for once in her life she really hurried with success. The admiral and the Ramsen twins joined me almost instantly; and I yelled up the service stairs to Mr. Hoffman, telling him to get out, as the house was on fire. That too proved a successful stimulant to haste, and once he and the servants were roused I was able to explain. They thought me mad—as was only natural—but perceiving that we were all earnestly mad, at any rate, they decided to be on the safe side and follow us.

So we started out, a strange group of disheveled, half-dressed figures, running in the moonlight toward the sea.

Mary, not having been blessed at birth with the lines of a greyhound, ran very poorly indeed, and I felt duty bound to remain with her behind the others. After fifty yards or so she gave up any attempt at speed and settled down into a panting, alarmed walk. The admiral, falling back to aid me, dragged her by one arm and I by the other, but even with this assistance it was apparent that we were not traveling as fast as the wind, and I had been given to understand that the poison gas attained exactly that speed. Yes, as I looked back at the Peters house I perceived that the opalescent cloud had gained on us perceptibly. Indeed, detached fragments of the deadly smoke eddied and swirled about the tree trunks not two hundred yards behind us. All I could do, alas, was to pray that the wind would veer round again and blow from the ocean.

At the village we encountered great confusion. Evidently Florian had dashed through it like a Paul Revere, rapping at every house door; but evidently also he had not been so explicit as Paul in explaining just what trouble was afoot. The appearance of our wild-eyed group, and especially of me in my gas mask, however, must have carried conviction to the most incredulous—we were so openly and unashamedly in a hurry. A forest fire perhaps? The fishermen and their wives and their children did not know—would not have understood had we tried to explain. But, wondering and alarmed, they joined us in our race to the sea.

I had arranged with Florian, as I have said, that we should meet at a point on the beach about a mile beyond Esmée's house, whence if it were necessary we could continue our flight together. How I cursed the Sybaritic tastes of Asa, the chauffeur, that had deprived us of the use of our touring car, for Florian's car and Annabel's roadster had been left at the Peters house smothered in the poison gas. And how I cursed the folly that had induced us to venture to Sun Harbor! And then I thought of Annabel and—well, I ceased to curse the folly so heartily. After all I had gained her. It but remained to save her life and mine for further use.

Silently, except for our panting, we struggled along down that shore road. At times I fancied that I detected once more a sea breeze on my cheek and finally I asked the admiral for his opinion. He sniffed, held up a moistened finger and shook his head dubiously.

"I don't think there's any wind at all," he said. "It's a dead calm."

"Thank God at least for that!" I exclaimed.

Mary then desired to know why I was interested in the wind, but I told her to conserve her breath for breathing purposes only.

We passed Esmée's house—dark, silent, apparently deserted. At this point I called a short halt and, removing my gas mask, insisted on giving it to Mary. I had not thought to perform this piece of chivalry earlier, I am ashamed to say, and I wonder if it was even eleventh-hour chivalry that prompted me then and not rather a desire to keep her silent.

At the designated point we descended to the beach, stumbling about among the rocks and undergrowth. To my intense relief we discovered Annabel, Deborah, Esmée and Florian sitting quietly and patiently in a circle on the sand. Florian, I noted, had transferred his mask to Esmée. At a short distance from the group three of Esmée's servants sat huddled together, shivering and moaning with fright.

We stretched our exhausted bodies prone on the sand and waited in silence. There was nothing else to do. I lay back beside Annabel and hand in hand we gazed up at the moon, and I reflected that I had in my life passed many far more disagreeable hours. I was filled with a great wave of irresponsibility for whatever might happen. I had done my best and the future lay in the hands of Fate. If Annabel and I should be spared, why, so much the better; but if not, it was an excellent thing that we should die together, side by side, hand in hand, with the stars singing antiphons to the sea. I steeped myself in the sensuousness of melancholy.

Of a sudden I sat erect. I had sensed an indubitable breeze fresh with the salt of the ocean—a breeze so buoyant, so lusty that it sang through the branches of the trees behind us. The admiral, too, was on his feet in an instant.

"There we are!" said he. "Just what the doctor ordered!"

There was no doubt about it at all. The breeze gained in strength even while he spoke. I forgot my pleasant melancholy in my reaction to delirious joy. I leaned over and unfastened Annabel's helmet, and I'm proud to say that before them all I kissed her rapturously and thoroughly on the lips. As soon as she could she smiled at me, her eyes glistening in the moonlight. Then she patted her hair into place and stood up slowly and serenely.

"Can we go home now?" she asked.

"In a very short while, I think."

She put her arms round my neck and rested her head on my shoulder.

"I'm so sleepy, dear," she murmured.

When I looked at Mary she was struggling to register what must have been very poignant emotions through her gas helmet.

XXII

HOW shall I describe that return to the Hoffman Arms? So many exciting events in the course of a single night had rendered Mary almost hysterical, and for once I cannot find the heart to blame her. The knowledge alone that Annabel and I were engaged would have been enough to upset what little self-control she possessed. I may add that even the admiral and the

(Continued on Page 85)

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(Continued from Page 93)

two Ramsens exhibited marked symptoms of bewilderment. It was a sudden and unexpected blow for them, I suppose, for long ago they had put me definitely in the pigeonhole of confirmed bachelorhood. Annabel was the only one of us who retained her calm. Annabel was wonderful—was and still is, for that matter.

We waited on the beach for another half hour in order to be sure that all danger was past. Then we stumbled up to the road. Reaction was upon us and we dragged ourselves along in silence, except for Mary, who incessantly wept and complained. We left Esmée, Deborah and Florian at their house.

"What a night it has been!" said Esmée. "Like a nightmare! Come to see us tomorrow and we will drink to the latest happy couple."

As we passed through the village we noted that the inhabitants, like ourselves, were returning to their homes. They regarded us with suspicion not unmixed with anger. I think they believed they had been made the victims of some preposterous practical joke. One of the fishermen expressed his conviction when he called out to us angrily: "Where do you city folks get all that liquor from?"

We answered nothing to the accusation, but Mary redoubled her sobs. I had not thought it possible. Compared with Mary, Niobe was dry-eyed.

When we had traversed the village I insisted that the women once more don their gas helmets. Even though the breeze had grown to the dimensions of a good strong blow, I cared to take no chances of running into some lurking remnant of the deadly stuff, which, as I knew, had a nasty habit of clinging tenaciously to the hollows of the ground. But as a matter of fact, we encountered no trace of it.

At the Hoffman Arms we took leave of Annabel, Mary and the Ramsens, and the admiral and I set out to look for George. My nephew was now my only anxiety. Mrs. Jenks and the professor I had given up for lost, for the former had worn no mask and the latter had been in the thick of the gas cloud, which in its full intensity he had assured us no mask could withstand.

The admiral and I proceeded very slowly and cautiously in the direction of the Peters' house. As we advanced I glanced up at the sky and perceived that over in the east it was growing lighter. Overhead ragged wind clouds were hurrying pell-mell across the already paling stars.

"Dawn," I said to myself. And then I added: "Thank God!"

At the front gate of the Peters' we came upon Annabel's runabout, the lamps still lit and glowing like the eyes of some great yellow-bodied animal. Beyond it stood Florian's car, its black coloring blending into the night.

We opened the gate. Lights were burning in the house, but there was no sound, except that of the wind whining through the birches and pines. We circled the house stealthily, like burglars planning an entry. Here and there, swirling vaguely in the low levels of the ground, we saw traces of the opalescent gas, but the traces were slight and we both were equipped with our helmets. Finally we reached the clearing, and there beside the bowlder lay the scattered fragments of the glass container. With a shudder I directed the admiral's attention to Mrs. Jenks' handiwork and we stood for awhile contemplating it in silence. Then once more I turned my eyes to the eastern horizon. Just above the rim of the ocean there was a warm glow in the sky and on the ocean itself lay a faint tinge of copper. As their setting merged from black to gray to pale blue the stars slipped away one by one and presently the sun edged up over the sea and it was dawn.

At that very instant there rang out beside us into the morning air, like a loud triumphant bugle, the crowing of a cock. It was the white Wyandotte rooster saluting the sun and proclaiming himself alive!

I was far more astounded than the admiral. He of course did not grasp the full significance of the rooster's chant—did not realize that if anyone or anything should have been dead it was that very rooster. But I—I stood amazed, almost unwilling to believe. And then I tore my gas helmet from my head and began to laugh insanely. I laughed for a long time. It seemed as if I should never be able to cease from laughing. And while I laughed chanticleer crowed again and his friends the hens set up a busy, contented clucking.

I went over to the chicken run and surveyed them. I bowed gravely to the rooster.

"I trust you are in good health this morning," I said.

He winked a slow eye at me, stretched his neck, flapped his wings and affirmed that he was.

"Well," I said, "you can thank whatever god you do thank that Professor Peters' wonderful poison gas is a complete failure. It is evidently as harmless as eau de Cologne."

XXIII

THE admiral and I returned to the Hoffmann Arms, exhausted from our exertions. The admiral, in no very genial humor, was unable to see any comedy in the situation. He had been robbed, he protested, of a good night's sleep for no good reason at all; and not only had he been robbed of his sleep but he had been made to race about the country like a madman and to crouch on the uncomfortable beach throughout a long ridiculous night. Moreover, he wanted to know what had come over Annabel and me. What did all this public affection indicate? Had I taken leave of my senses in my old age?

I explained as best I could, pointing out that I still clung to my forties and was therefore just in my prime; that I was as surprised as he, nevertheless, that Annabel should care for me in anything but a daughterly manner; and that I was, of course, the most fortunate and happiest person in the world. But the admiral merely grunted.

"That breaks up our household, I suppose," he complained. And then for decency's sake he extended his hand and said: "All right, Foster. Good luck to you, old man—I mean young man."

At the Hoffmann Arms we found some confusion. George had returned leading, or—as I suspect—carrying, Mrs. Jenks. He had pursued her through the woods—pursued her far before capturing her. And the old lady, even when captured, had displayed an amazing amount of fight. She had resisted every step of the way home. She was still resisting when we entered the front hall, and she had planted herself on the lowest step of the staircase and was clinging to the newel post with the strength of despair. Annabel and George were standing over her, helpless.

"I will not go to my room!" said she. "I have been cruelly treated and I will not go to my room! I am taking the morning train for New York—and a most uncomfortable train it is too." And then as she perceived the admiral and me she cried: "Here's two men that have reached the age of chivalry. They won't stand by and see a poor widow molested!"

George drew me aside and whispered: "I caught her all right, but it was hard work. She ought to be locked up, I think. Did she do for the professor?"

"No," I replied, "fortunately the gas was harmless. We've just come from the Peters' and even the chickens are alive. The professor is probably running wild somewhere round the country. He'll be badly disappointed when he realizes his gas wasn't effective enough to kill him."

"Well," said George slowly, "I'll—be—damned! I certainly will be damned! What shall we do then with the old lady?"

"I think," I answered, "that that depends a great deal on what the old lady is willing to let us do for her. Her grip on the newel post seems at present to be firm and relentless. I suggest we let her alone."

"Still," objected George, "she tried to do murder. It isn't her fault she didn't succeed."

"Call in the sheriff if you want, only I don't believe the sheriff would be disposed to do anything we might suggest. You see we roused the entire village on what they no doubt consider false pretenses. I shouldn't be surprised if the rest of our stay were made a little uncomfortable for us."

At this point the admiral interrupted with the announcement that he was going to bed and did not care to be disturbed until afternoon.

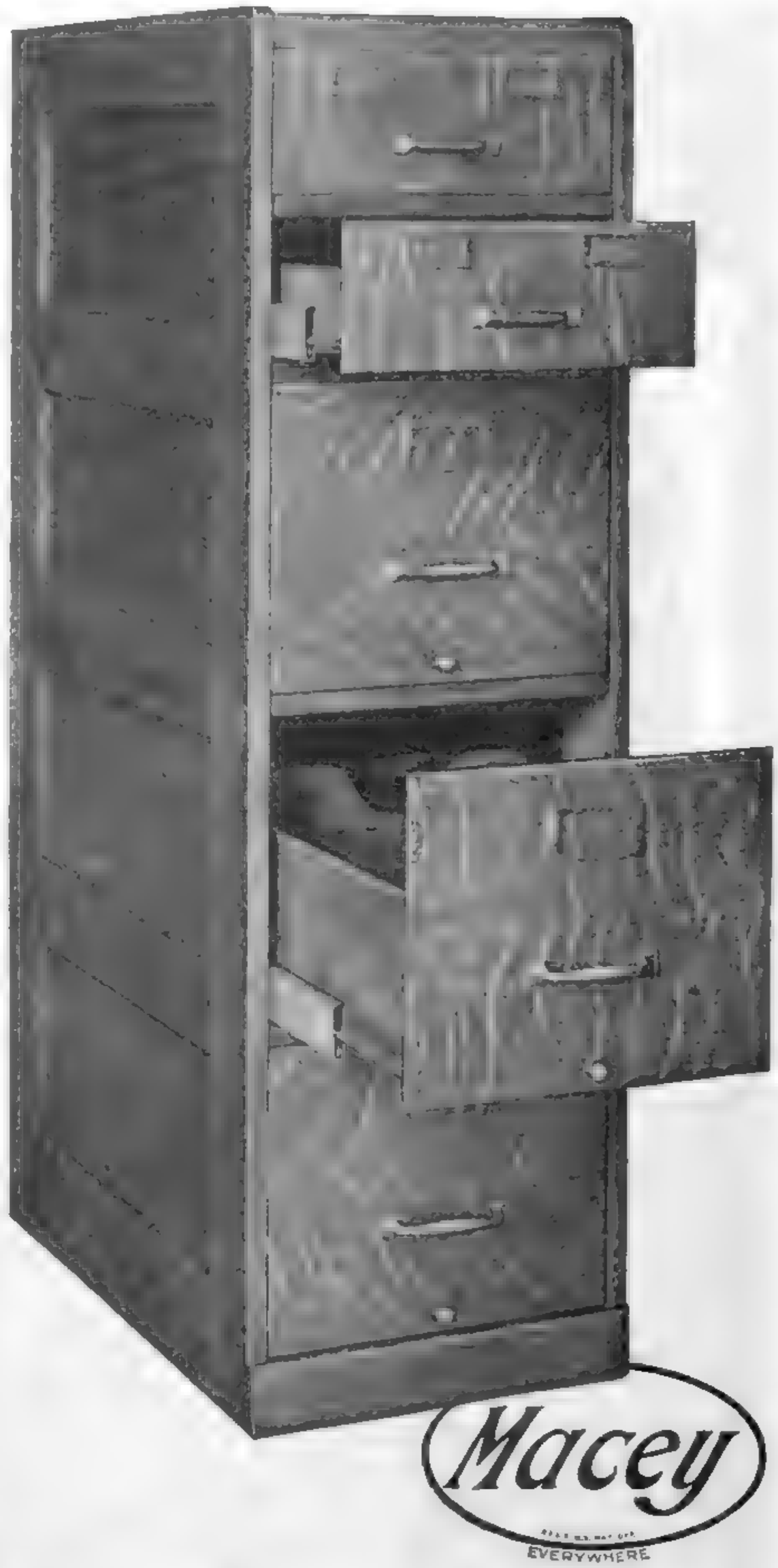
"And what's more," he added, "if any of you have any sense you'll all do the same and leave Mrs. Jenks alone with her newel post."

George hesitated, then shrugged his shoulders and followed the admiral up the stairs.

"Go ahead, Annabel," I said. "The admiral's right. Good night, Mrs. Jenks."

"Good night," she returned sulkily. "I'll wait here for the morning train."

"Aren't you going to pack?" I suggested.



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At that she roused herself as if I had confronted her with a proposition that hitherto she had overlooked. She rose with great dignity.

"Young man," she said, "I thank you for reminding me." And very docilely she went up to her room. Annabel and I followed after.

Strange to say, on the next day we discovered that it was not Mrs. Jenks who had taken the morning train, but George. He had left a brief note for me under my door, which I quote. It read:

"*Dear Uncle Foster:* I am getting out of this rotten old hole as quickly and quietly as possible. My attempts at matrimony are not a success—no one will have me. First Florian grabs Deborah and then you yourself, you old fox, grab Annabel. In despair the other day I proposed to Esmée and she said she wouldn't marry me for worlds. I knew she'd say that. Perhaps if I hadn't known it I shouldn't have chanced it.

"But I wanted to prove to you all my appreciation of your efforts to marry me off by leaving no stone unturned. I am going round the world and hope to pick up a black wife or two in Siam or the South Sea Islands. I understand black women are more susceptible. Perhaps I shall bring home six or eight.

"Thanking you for your kindness, and wishing you and Annabel the best of luck and happiness, I am yours with my heart broken three times, GEORGE."

"What a boy!" I exclaimed to myself when I had read this debonair effusion. "What a boy, to be sure! He makes a joke of everything."

When I read it to Annabel she said: "Isn't that typical of George? Nothing in the world would have induced him to marry anyone. He was simply having huge fun at your expense."

"But," I complained, "didn't any of you—you or Deborah or Esmée ever take him seriously?"

Annabel laughed.

"Of course not," she said. "Don't you suppose a woman can tell when a man is in earnest?"

"I don't know," I said ruefully. "But I do know that a man can't always tell when a woman is in earnest."

"That," she affirmed, "is different. But if it will relieve your mind at all I'll assure you that I'm in earnest, now and forever."

"My mind is relieved," I said gravely; and it was only Mary's arrival on the scene that put an end to a very pleasant embrace.

The midday meal at the Hoffmann Arms was—except for myself and, I hope, for Annabel—a sad, mournful affair. Mary, I could see, was planning to have words with me as soon as she should be able to get me alone. Naturally she wanted to know all about Annabel and by what supposedly underhand methods I had seduced her young affections; and it was quite evident that I was in for a bad half hour, for Mary was sure to resort to tears, either in moments of joy, sorrow or excitement. Besides, what woman is there that doesn't weep on the occasion of her offspring's betrothal?

But Mrs. Jenks, who to our astonishment made her appearance at the dinner table, was the cause of the greater agitation. She came hobbling into the room with her cane, just as if the night before she had not qualified as a first-class sprinter, and taking her seat with her customary calm she attacked her soup as vigorously and as noisily as ever. When she had finished her first portion she called upon Bessie for a second one, adding: "I am hungry after all my exercise of last night." Then she looked up at me and said brightly: "Well, did I kill old Peters?"

A shudder swept round the table. Mary emitted a little scream. The Ramsen twins ceased abruptly to eat. They were not as yet cognizant of all the details of last night's near-tragedy.

"No," I answered, "I don't believe you succeeded in killing Professor Peters. His gas, you see, happened to be nonpoisonous. It was not your fault you didn't succeed—it was his."

"Everything's always his fault," grumbled the terrible old woman. "How can anyone kill a man that's forever making silly mistakes? My poor husband never made a mistake in his life and look where he is now—in the grave. Where's young George?"

"Young George has left us in disgust," I said. "And all of us are leaving you this afternoon in disgust."

"Good riddance too," commented Mrs. Jenks. "You were beginning to get on my nerves, which have been sensitive since girlhood."

Here Hector Ramsen interposed a question.

"Are you sure, Foster," he asked me—"are you sure that poor Peters is all right? I think I will go over and see him immediately. It must be a severe blow to him to realize that his gas is a failure. Perhaps I can comfort him a little."

The big-hearted little man put his napkin on the table and rose to his feet. As he did so Professor Peters himself came staggering into the room like a wounded bird. Hector rushed to him and, putting his arms round his shoulders to steady him, led him to a chair.

"Hector, Hector," gasped Peters, "it is a failure! A complete failure! Have they told you?"

"Yes, Joshua," answered Hector, patting his shoulder. "Yes, I know. I am very sorry—I am extremely sorry."

"You oughtn't to be then," growled Mrs. Jenks; "that is, if you care anything for Joshua Peters."

Hector blinked.

"That's so," he murmured. "I hadn't thought of that."

At the sound of Mrs. Jenks' voice Peters raised his head fiercely.

"So the old she-devil is still here!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I'm here, and here I'll stay," said she, translating unconsciously the famous remark of MacMahon before Malakoff. "Bessie, I'll thank you for a little more of the custard."

Peters looked about him helplessly.

"What shall I do with her?" he groaned. "What shall I do with her?"

His fat little body heaved with emotion and I could see that his inadequate legs were shaking violently.

"Look here, Joshua Peters," commanded Mrs. Jenks, pointing a spoon at him, "I can have you taken up for attempted murder. You tried to murder your own son-in-law. You gave your own son-in-law one of them mask things that you'd been tinkering with all day. I seen you do the tinkering myself—with my own eyes, looking through your laboratory window. Now deny that if you can!"

While Professor Peters' face registered the most utter astonishment I intervened.

"That is not so, Mrs. Jenks," said I firmly. "That is not so, and Annabel and I can swear that it is not so. We were there when the masks were distributed and Professor Peters especially warned us not to make use of the defective one. He admitted that it was defective, but said that he had endeavored to remedy the defects. That no doubt was the tinkering in which you saw him engaged."

I think that Mrs. Jenks was for once staggered. The hand that held the custard spoon drooped slowly to the table and her head tilted forward on her scrawny neck. Then she appealed to Annabel.

"How about that, you blond baby?" she asked. "Is that the truth?"

"That is the absolute truth," asserted Annabel.

There followed a silence. Mrs. Jenks' stiff body relaxed and sank in her chair. All the fire departed from her eyes. Her hands trembled on the table.

"God forgive me, then, for I'm a miserable sinner!" she muttered.

I had no pity for her.

"It might be equally important," I suggested, "to ask that Professor Peters forgive you."

The old woman hesitated—loath, I suppose, to humble herself before anyone short of the Deity. At length she turned to the professor.

"I'm sorry, Joshua," she said in her hoarse, bass whisper. "I'm sorry. I thought you meant to kill that Florian just because he made music. I know how you hate all them that make music. But I did you wrong and I'm sorry. I'll not bother you any more. Only I'd like to see Deborah once before I go. In spite of myself I love that girl—and I want her happy. Will you let me see her just once, Joshua?"

Old sentimentalist that I am, I confess that her very self-abasement moved me. It must have had its effect on Peters, too, for he regarded her in a bewildered manner, much as one might regard Mr. Hyde changing to Doctor Jekyll. Hector patted him again on the shoulder.

"Be easy on her, Joshua," he whispered—"be easy on her. She's doing all she can."

Then Peters rose to great heights.

"Don't bother about all that," he said to Mrs. Jenks with a wave of his hand. "That will be all right. It's a trivial matter compared with the failure of my poison gas. See Deborah all you like—I shan't interfere. Besides I shall be very busy in the future. I'm looking into an antitoxin for the influenza that will save thousands of lives every year. This time I shall be successful, and—well, perhaps it's more valuable to devise a means of saving than a means of slaying."

"You said a mouthful," observed Annabel—quoting, I fear, from George.

"Eh?" said Professor Peters.

XXIV

I HAD considered that the history of George ended at this point and I was about to write "Finis." But Annabel, who has been reading the manuscript as fast as I write it, just now broke into what for her is loud laughter. I turned to her, raising inquiring eyebrows.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"My dear," said she, "do you pretend to have written a narrative about George?"

"Why, yes," I answered rather stiffly, "I certainly do pretend to have done that. In what way have I failed?"

"Don't you see ——" she began, and stopped to laugh again. I waited with dignity.

"Why, don't you see that the story's not about George at all? It's all about you!"

I meditated this amazing statement in silence for a while, and the more I meditated the firmer grew the insidious suspicion that she was right. Oh, heavens, of course she's right! She always is!

(THE END)

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AND THEN ON THE OTHER HAND—

(Continued from Page 4)

If the farmers continue in favor of ousting the Democrats.

If the people really want the change they have been shouting for for the past two years.

If the people hold the Democrats responsible for the heavy taxes and the high cost of living.

And, then, on the supposititious other hand, Cox may be elected:

If he has made his slush-fund charges stick as importantly as he has tried to make them stick.

If the people consider the so-called senatorial oligarchy to be as sinister as he claims it to be.

If the industrial vote is for him as strongly as claimed.

If the people have any acute interest in a League of Nations—for Cox has plainly shown he will strive to please in that regard.

If the women come to the rescue of the League of Nations.

These are the factors in this campaign at the time of writing, necessarily some weeks before publication. It is likely that these factors which prevailed as the campaign began and continued importantly, predominatingly in fact, until it was almost over, will so hold until the end. Eleventh-hour matters may intervene, but unless they are momentous the election will be decided on these propositions, either in one combination or the other.

Opposition to Wilsonism

The most interesting feature of the campaign has been its very lack of interest. From the first there has been an apathy that has been nation-wide. To be sure, toward the last there was much shouting and beating on partisan tom-toms, but that was professional. In an experience covering thirty years of rather intimate knowledge of presidential contests I have not seen one that has had so little of the people nor one that has had more of the politician in it.

There is one reason for that, and there may be two. The one reason is that long before this campaign began, long before the conventions and the selections of candidates, the people had resolved on one thing, and that one thing was the elimination of Wilsonism from our Government. The term Wilsonism is used because Democracy would not define the concrete thing on which the opposition centered, mainly for the reason that for the past eight years President Wilson has so dominated his party that the partisan term Democracy has been subordinated to the personal definition Wilsonism. In any event, the opposition is not so much partisan, though it will be expressed partisanly, as it is personal. The President has in reality divided the hitherto partisan party groups in this country to groups for him personally and what he stands for, and against him in the same manner.

There is a conspicuous desire to eradicate him, his party and all its tenets, and a rather firm determination to support him by electing the Democratic candidate and thereby giving the President an indorsement for retiring purposes. The most significant feature of the Democratic national convention at San Francisco was the widespread feeling among the politicians that the Democrats cannot win this year. This was based on the reflex of this popular antagonism to the President and his policies and the works of his party while in power. The San Francisco convention was a defeatist convention. The leaders of it did not think then they could win this year. Maybe they have cheered up some since then, but at that time they were all rank pessimists.

This has left it to Cox to win on his personality, if he can win, and to force new matters to the attention of the people; and it is the explanation of his various maneuvers in the campaign wherein he has sought to attract all those of progressive tendencies to himself and to label Harding as a reactionary, the tool of an even more reactionary Senate. Judging from the continued apathy of the people and the national evidence of their sullen, stolid, almost sodden determination to smash Wilsonian Democratic rule, he had not succeeded at the time of writing, but it is undeniable that he has made some progress, and he has a few weeks to go.

Cox has been helped by the nonresilience of Harding. He is heavy, cautious, nonimaginative, conventional and entirely without elasticity. Doubtless he is safe, but he is also colorless. His campaign has been one of dull monotony. The people like action. Harding is no gallant leader inciting the masses to enthusiasm for his cause and himself. He makes no personal appeal in the broad way. If all the voters could meet him all the voters would like him, for he is a cordial, courteous, kindly man; but all the voters cannot meet him, or one-hundredth of one per cent of them, and as a long-distance electrifier he is without current. He shines feebly on the front porch.

Still, if you analyze Harding it will be the conclusion that he would make an acceptable President. Furthermore, there is no partisan reason, no Republican reason, why any Republican should vote against him. That is, his Republicanism is all that can be desired, taken in a party sense, and he stands for whatever Republicanism stands for in the minds of its adherents. On a purely Republican basis Harding should receive all the Republican votes cast, and there are more Republican votes in this country, actually and potentially, through the women newly come to vote this year, than there are Democratic votes. If Harding gets the entire Republican vote he should win for that reason, from sheer force of numbers.

Reports have been that the women seem somewhat interested in the League of Nations, but that they also seem bewildered over their newly bestowed suffrage. There is small doubt that the women will use the vote heavily, but there is no dominating evidence that they will use it other than as they normally would divide. That is, the women who normally would be Republicans from domestic or other reasons will vote, in the mass, as Republicans, and the normally Democratic women will vote as Democrats. What seems most probable is that though the woman vote will increase the total vote, say, from the eighteen millions of 1916 to thirty millions or even more, neither party will get any decided advantage. Republican women will remain Republican and Democratic women will continue Democratic.

No political maxim ever had a clearer demonstration than the maxim that you cannot rouse a popular political enthusiasm over an academic question has had in this campaign. The League of Nations is an academic question. It means nothing to the bulk of the people, and they are as much interested in it as they are in the Justinian Code or the metaphysics of Aristotle, and no more. In the first flush of the peacemaking there was popular interest in the league, but that has died out, and now the proposition has small appeal, either as a vote getter or a vote deflector, save with the especially interested. The long fight between the Senate and the President bored the people. They are still bored. The Republicans saw to it in their platform that any and every Republican shade of opinion should have its sop, and the Democrats, knowing they were not going to renominate President Wilson, did the gracious thing for him and his league in their platform, and then all hands promptly forgot it.

Mr. Root's Proposal

The campaign was not far along until Senator Harding was observed to be reaching out for new talking material, and after Governor Cox had made his polite devours to the league in his speech of acceptance he too relegated it to the rear and pulled it out only occasionally, and then merely to dust it off and hold it up for inspection.

Presently along came Elihu Root, the Elder Statesman of the Republican Party, with the obliterating proposal that the new international court which he helped construct on the other side would do the trick, and that left no possible Republican use for the league. Harding was quick to grab at that, and the result has been that though the League of Nations and all its allied peace propositions have been nominally the leading issues in the campaign they have not been issues at all in a popular sense, and have given forth a hollow and uncertain sound when the tub-thumpers on the stump have used them for thumping purposes to spell the overworked tubs.

This lack of interest in the league seems to be based on a conviction that we can get along without it much better than we would get along with it; on our returned insularity now that the war is over and won; on a wide disgust over the long fight on it between the Senate and the White House, and on an almost total lack of understanding of it. The President was in error when he thought he could rouse the country with his league. It cannot be done. In the state of public mind that existed toward the league two months before the campaign closed Harding had the better of it, because the lack of it will cost him few votes, while the identification of Cox with it will undoubtedly lose him votes in formerly Democratic quarters.

There was considerable tangible evidence early in the campaign that the industrial vote was rather more favorable to Cox than to Harding, and this was emphasized by later demonstrations, such as the coming out flat-footed for Cox by Gompers, and by other similar labor declarations, as well as by extensive polls taken in labor and industrial centers. The industrial vote, hitherto, has been largely Republican. If the industrial vote swings heavily to Cox, as it shows signs of doing, Harding will be hurt in some places; but it is likely to help him in others. For example, President Wilson did a lot for Cox when he raised the wages of the miners eighty-five million dollars a year, not only because the miners in Ohio and the neighboring states have always been friendly to Cox but because this raise in pay came from a Democrat of whom Cox has been made by circumstances the residuary legatee. Also, the President helped a good deal with his railroad wage raises, and so on.

The Consumer's Side

However, there is another side to it—the side of the consumer, the side of the middle-class business man; the side of the millions of men who are put to extreme bother, annoyance and often expense by the ceaseless and often unreasonable strikes of labor. The consumer will not give many glad huzzas for a Democratic raise in wages for the miners when he finds that that raise is coming out of him in the increased cost of coal. The travelers on the railroads will not be kindly disposed to Cox when paying the largely increased railroad fares that have been put upon them by a Democratic Administration. There is very likely to be a train of popular thought and vote-influencing thought like this. If these enormous wage raises, these consequent increases in costs to consumers are the outcome of the sort of progressivism Wilson types and Cox stands for, let's try a conservative for a change.

A strike like the Brooklyn Rapid Transit strike in early September is very tiring to the public; and if the idea gets firmly in the minds of the business men and the consumers who are not actually of labor organizations that the industrial vote in its organized phases is for Cox, that fact will not operate to the disadvantage of Harding as much as may be thought. Furthermore, the industrial vote has never been delivered to any one candidate at any one time so far in our political history. Perhaps in these abnormal days it can be so delivered or will be so cast this year; but a good many people who know about politics won't believe it until after the returns proclaim the fact.

To counterbalance this industrial vote that is claimed for Cox there is the farmer vote. That is likely to be heavily for Harding. The farmers have grievances they trace back directly to the Democrats, grievances that have to do with prices and price-fixing and the lack of it; and now the market prices of their products have begun to shrink while their labor and other costs are getting greater and greater. A dominant reason for the election of a Republican Congress two years ago was the protest of the Northern farmers against the price-fixing by the Government on their products and the failure to fix a cotton price due to the opposition of the Southern Democrats who were in control at the time prices were fixed; or attributed to that opposition by the Northern farmers.

There is more solidarity to the farmer vote than to any of the other class votes in this country, such as the labor vote, the racial vote, the religious vote, and so on. Most of these class votes do not exist, save in the minds of the politicians, who cater to them slavishly and get few results; but at times the farmer vote sticks well together, and reports are that this year is one of those times. A reasonably compact farmer vote will enable Harding to hold a number of states he will need. Indeed, it is quite likely the farmers will decide this election.

This brings us to the great hocus-pocus feature of the campaign—the wet-and-dry business. Both parties turned the picture of John Barleycorn to the wall at their conventions, albeit there was strong opposition to this at San Francisco, and notwithstanding the fact that certain of the dominant politicians at San Francisco would have nominated a bartender if they had dared. Certain of the leaders among the Democrats were convinced before the convention that the only chance a Democratic candidate had this year was as a wet. They saw no other way out of the wilderness. These leaders were from the great cities. They thought that New York and Chicago and Boston and other large cities would respond enthusiastically to a wet candidate on a wet platform. However, it was pounded into them that outside of these great cities, and perhaps within them more than they knew, this country is dry, glad it is dry, and entirely satisfied with the eighteenth amendment. So they could take no direct action.

Their obsession for wetness went so far as to try to rig the convention on it. It was all planned to hold the platform until after the nominations were made, because they knew that the majority of that convention was dry, and that a wet plank could not be put into the platform. Neither could a dry plank, but one was not needed. The drys had theirs. Then, if one of the leading candidates was nominated, as they hoped he would be, the Parker coup of 1904 was to be repeated, or tried. Parker refused to run in 1904 unless they changed the platform to suit him as to the money plank. This candidate was to go before the convention and refuse to run, after the nomination had been made, unless the platform declared explicitly for a modification of the Volstead Law to permit the manufacture and sale of wines and beers.

Implied Wetness

It was a desperate scheme. It didn't work, but it shows how important these leaders thought a wet declaration to be. Of course the real reason for this insistence was local and not national at all. These leaders were thinking of their city and county tickets, not having an idea that a Democrat could be elected this year as President, but knowing that in the big cities a wet sentiment would help them elect their local tickets. One reason for the nomination of Cox at San Francisco was the fact that these leaders, anxious for as much wetness as possible, held Cox to be of liberal views as to the liquor question. He was considered moist, at any rate. There has never been any official proof of this, save what may be derived from Cox's state campaigns in Ohio, and since his nomination Cox has made no statement nor taken any action that ties him up with the wets; in fact his Portland declaration held no comfort for them. His national chairman, selected by himself, is bone dry, and his candidate for governor of Ohio this year is so dry that he crackles.

It is figured that wetness, either outspoken or implied, will help the Democrats in New York, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey, California, Indiana and in some other states. Outspoken wetness was not possible. It would have hurt. Take Illinois. Wetness would be an asset in Cook County, which contains Chicago, but across the Cook County line, in the rest of the state, wetness would be a handicap, for outside of Chicago, Illinois is a dry state by a large majority.

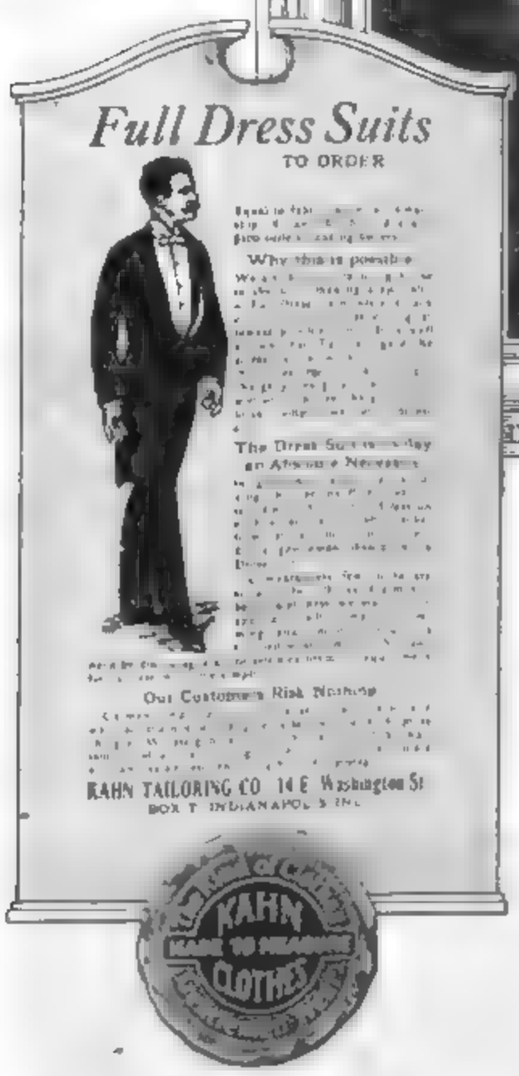
Therefore, implied wetness has been the game. The word has been passed from parched throat to parched throat, from thirst to thirst, in New York, in Illinois, in New Jersey and elsewhere that Cox at heart is willing to liberalize the Volstead Law. This has been an ex-Coxian movement. Denials have been ready and profuse that anything of the sort has been

(Concluded on Page 92)

THE KIND OF CLOTHES GENTLEMEN WEAR

C-1920

Below we reproduce a Kahn Full Dress Advertisement published 25 years ago


Full Dress Suits
TO ORDER
Why this is possible
The Dress Suit is today an Absolute Necessity
Our Customer's Risk Nothing
KAHN TAILORING CO 14 E Washington St
KAHN MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES

Kahn Full Dress Clothes Have Been Featured for More Than Twenty-Five Years

THE making of Full Dress Clothes is the final test of expertness in tailoring. Tailors who successfully qualify in this test are acknowledged to be the supreme masters of their craft. Among these masters, Kahn tailors have held leadership for more than twenty years.

Kahn Made-to-Measure Clothes of every kind—dress suit, business suit, overcoat—are custom tailored in the strictest sense. Our measurements are taken with precision. Our styles are designed for their authentic correctness and distinction. Hundreds of choice patterns of pure wool fabrics are provided for your selection. Kahn Clothes are designed and cut for *you* individually—not ready made for an unknown person of approximately your proportions. And they cost no more than really good ready-made clothing.

There is a Kahn dealer in your town ready to take your measure.

KAHN - TAILORING - CO.

OF INDIANAPOLIS

MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES

Chats with an EXPERT on FORDS
No. 3

"When I have to spin a Ford to start 'er, I always look over the timer. Usually I find a cheap one that's worn bumpy—or a complicated 'freak' that's all gummed up with dirt.

"If more Ford drivers would use a simple, standard-type timer like the *Milwaukee*, I'd hear less kicks about hard starting, jerky pulling, and all that. A Ford is built without frills, you know—it needs a timer of the same type."

MILWAUKEE TIMER-FORDS

—the standard replacement timer for Ford cars, trucks and Fordson tractors. Made by specialists with 15 years' experience in the manufacture of timers. Only two moving parts—nothing to get out of order. Remedies most ignition troubles. Guaranteed to outwear any other made.

Put a *Milwaukee Timer* on your Ford—don't accept a substitute.

500,000 sold in 1919; 1,000,000 for 1920. Sold by 75% of all Automotive Supply Jobbers and by most good dealers. Retail price, $2.25.

MILWAUKEE AUTO ENGINE & SUPPLY CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

(Also Manufacturers of Guardian Bumpers)

Brush Assembly
Made of fine bronze with tool steel roller, finished like a ball bearing.

(Concluded from Page 50)

going on, but it has been, just the same, and every drinking man in seven states has had it whispered to him that Cox is his friend. Cox has not been in on it. He is strong for enforcement, and his national chairman and his candidate for governor and his platform and all the rest of it proclaim him as dry as the majority sentiment of this country demands; but underneath, from booze hound to booze hound, the word has passed that Jimmy is a good fellow and all right, and the wet leaders in the booze centers have passed it. And that will get Cox votes in such places as New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco and other centers of population and moisture.

It has been skillfully done. Even the Republicans at national headquarters in Chicago helped it along. Alarmed by the slush-fund charges Cox flung at them they began howling in rebuttal that booze money was behind Cox. This was exactly what the wet leaders behind Cox hoped for, because it emphasized publicly what they had been saying privately, that Cox is the friend of the drinking classes, but tied Cox down to nothing inasmuch as the charge was made by the opposition and was denied on every stump by Cox, who proclaimed his adherence to the law and its enforcement and pointed with pride to his bone-dry colleagues and so on.

However, there is another side to it, and an important one. The women of this country are dry. They favor prohibition almost to the woman. They may take a hand in this business at the polls, provided they get the impression the wets are trying to produce—that Cox is the man to tie to. There are more angles to the wet-and-dry business than to any issue that ever got into our politics.

Behind the Smoke Screen

The slush-fund charges Cox made against the Republicans, that they were raising enormous sums of money to buy the Presidency and so on, have not been fully developed as I write, but the politics of them and the purport of them are plain enough. In the first place these charges and the Cox reiteration of them and insistence on them gave Cox a welcome respite from the dead League-of-Nations issue, helped to relieve him of the strain of trying to carry that Old Man of the Freedom of the Seas on his shoulders. In the second place, the smoke screen of these charges gave the wet fellows in the moistly inclined centers a chance to operate without detection to some extent—diverted attention from them. In the third and most important place, Cox had no idea of trying to prove that the Republicans were guilty of corrupt practices. That was not the object of the meeting. Cox knew well enough that what he said the Republicans were doing—raising money—is exactly what the Democrats were trying to do and would continue to try to do. He knew that the work of Fred Upham, the Republican treasurer, was in no whit different from the work of Wilbur Marsh, the Democratic treasurer. Both committees must have money, and the only place to get money is where money is.

That wasn't the idea. The idea was to tie the Republicans up with the plutocrats, the trusts, the big financial interests, and thus accentuate the progressiveness, the plain-peopleness of Cox and the Democracy that Cox has so stridently insisted upon ever since he was nominated. Whatever the result of it may be, as the investigation proceeds, that was the object of it all, and that is what it will amount to. Cox tried to tie up the Republicans with the big money interests, the plutocrats, and with a charged attempt to buy the Presidency. It was shrewd politics. Money defeated both Lowden and Wood at Chicago—not the use of it but the fear of the taint of it on the public mind. And if all the plutocrats are contributing and working for Harding, that, of course, stamps Harding as reactionary, because the plutes know what they are doing every minute, and brings out into bolder relief the progressiveness and the forward-looking that Cox asserts for himself, and his campaigners assert for him.

There is another side to that, also. Cox is considerable of a plutocrat himself, and the Republicans have not failed to point out, with reiteration and circumstance, that one of the chief newspapers supporting Cox in New York City is owned by a partner of the house of Morgan. That fact has not helped Cox's progressiveness any out in the country, where the house of Morgan is the symbol of plutocracy, reaction and the horrendous interests with a capital I.

And, to get to the real financial basis of it, as it relates to the practical politics of the campaign, the slush-fund charges were made at the time they were made, to make the Republican fund collecting more difficult. The Democrats were having tough sledding with their collections, and things were none too easy for the Republicans. Money, and especially political money, is sensitive and shrinking. It runs away and hides when confronted with such publicity as Cox gave it. It withdraws into the recesses of its owner's vaults and stays there. No plutocrat, in view of the public attention that has lately been called to the use of money in politics, and the extremely raw manner in which Cox talked about buying and bribing and so on, desires to be included publicly in any list of political contributors. What Cox had in mind was the blowing up of the Republican ammunition dump.

The Republicans have their money, but also they have been forced to devote a lot of time to explaining that money which they could have used to good effect in the campaign. Brother Cox had that in mind also. And his remarks about the quota the Republicans were shooting at gave pause to the workers in the trenches—the boys back home. It is quite apparent that the Republicans, talking loftily of the walk-away Harding would make of this campaign, most woefully underestimated the abilities of James Middleton Cox as a politician and a fighter. When he is in a mix he doesn't bother about the rules or precedents. All he has in mind is to win, and the strangle hold is never barred.

The Basis of All Elections

Despite all the fantastic description of a few men in a room in a hotel in Chicago in the early hours of the morning, and such similar fiction, those who have any knowledge of what happened at Chicago know that Harding was nominated by the Republican senatorial combination that prevailed. Also the public must be rather well informed of that fact, as Cox has never failed to refer to the senatorial oligarchy that nominated Harding in any speech that I have seen reported. Of course if Cox has made it stick that this brotherhood of solons is reactionary as he says they are, all well and good, from his viewpoint, but it is doubtful if the people are much interested. Predicated control does not mean much in the lives of the proletariat. They consider it campaign fluff. In case a President was running for reëlection and he had been a senatorial tool, or any other sort, the fact would be apparent and the charge would prevail, but accusation of that sort isn't very harmful. It is hard to get a rise out of what a man is going to do. He may not do it.

Meantime, the real, knock-down-and-drag-out political battles of this campaign have been the senatorial fights. The Republicans are hard pressed in many states. They have so slender a margin in the Senate now that the loss of a seat will put them in the minority because La Follette and the man who is coming from North Dakota cannot be classed as Republicans. There would be small profit in winning the Presidency and losing the Senate, and these contests have been fought bitterly.

All these things, and one more, will be contributing factors in the election result. That one more is taxation. The basis of nearly all elections is taxation in one way or another. Taxation has one political effect one time, and another another time, but taxation is always mixed up in elections one way or the other. This election is no exception. The taxes are heavy. They are onerous. They are illogical. They are discriminatory. They are unevenly laid. They are neither scientific nor economic. They are burdensome and harassing.

The Answer of the Ballots

Running along with taxes are the high prices—the cost of living—the resentment over the prosperity of the wage man by the salary man. The public never understands a cause. It feels an effect. Reasons mean nothing to the people. Results are what they feel and know. Thus, it comes down to this: The taxes, the high cost of living and all the rest of it came under a Democratic Administration. Hence, the Democrats must be thrown out and the Republicans put in.

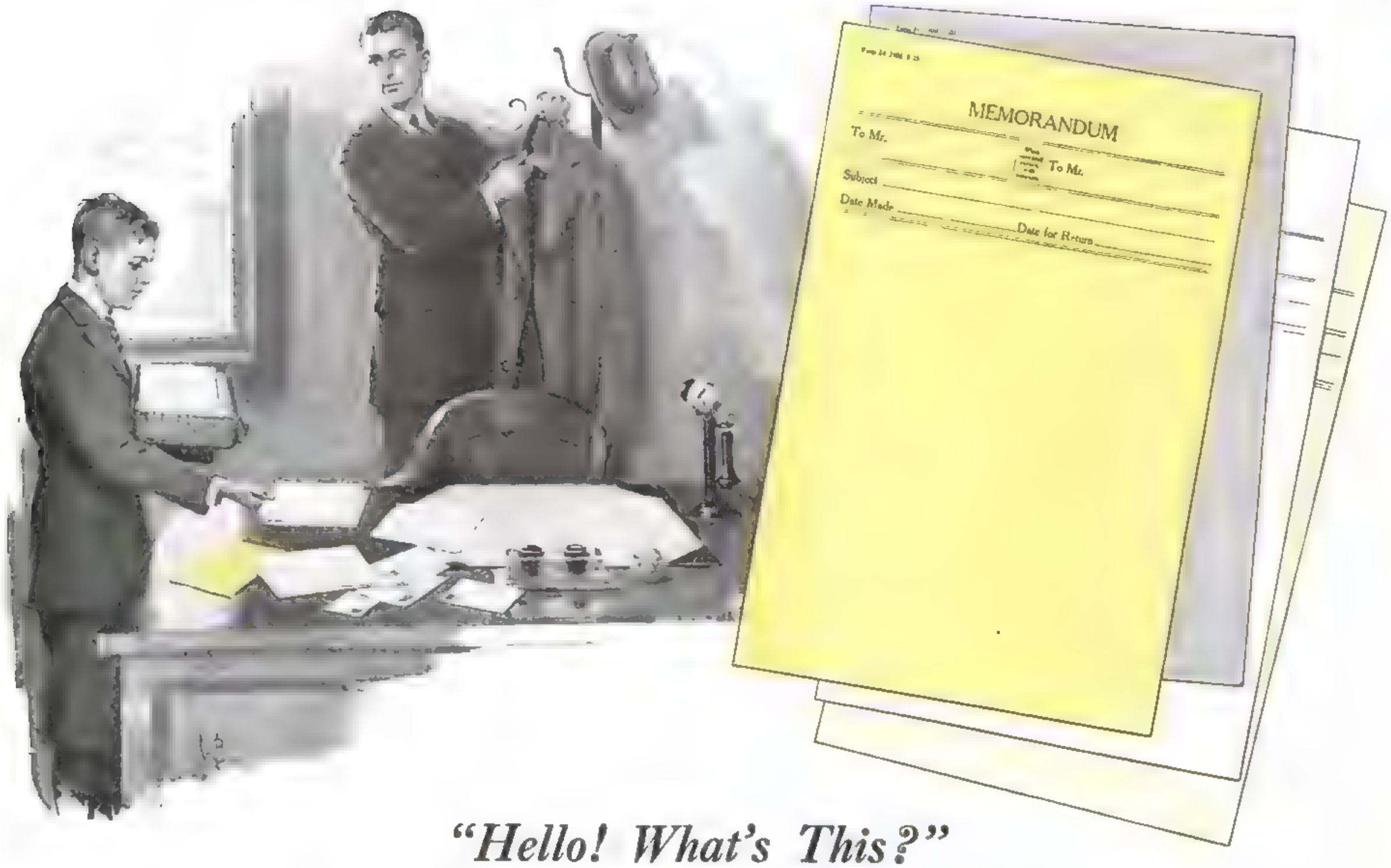
That, really, has been the foundation and the mainstay of the Republican assertion that Harding will be elected. That is why they have been so cocky. The Democrats are due for a licking. The people made up their minds to that long ago—to smash Wilson and Wilsonism. Cox's campaign has been to stir the people out of that determination, to make them forget the past and look to the future as personified by himself.

Harding's campaign has had the advantage of this. Harding himself has stirred no enthusiasm, has attracted no votes. In an ordinary situation Cox, from sheer virility and cleverness, would have whipped him, but these are not ordinary times. The people care nothing apparently for either candidate. They look on them merely as instruments for the accomplishment of what they have in mind.

On the face of it all, Harding is in the better place. He stands to receive more of the essential support than does Cox. There is one contingency that is more important than all the rest, that will be more conclusive than the League of Nations, the wet-and-dry huggermugger, the diversion of the industrial vote, the taxes or anything else, and that one contingency is based on the proposition that there is an undercurrent of change, a vague conception of it, a sense of it, even if there is no change apparent, either in political mediums or motives or manifestations.

So here are the two men, one claiming to be progressive and the other known to be reactionary. Does this liberalization of thought go far enough, deep enough, to overturn all the natural and normal advantages Harding has? Or do the people feel that such liberalization as has been shown in our politics has not done much for them and it will be better to go back to the old things than to continue with even the modified new?

The result of this election will depend on the ballot answer to these two questions, and nobody will know what that answer will be until after the votes are counted. There is this much to be said: Cox is far more of a contender in October than he was in July. Harding has better prospects than Cox, but that does not mean that Cox is not a contender, and a strong one. Cox has a chance. It may be a thin chance viewing it from the usual political angles, but such as it is, he has it, as this is written.



"Hello! What's This?"

A BRIGHTLY COLORED printed form, lying on your desk, catches your eye as you enter your office.

You find that it gives you an important message from one of your associates—a piece of news received while you were out.

Jotted on a bit of white paper—as office communications too often are—an urgent message may be hours in coming to your attention; it may easily be destroyed or lost.

More and more, big business houses are standardizing their office routine on printed forms, their business printing on Hammermill Bond.

Colored forms speed up office work, save time of employees, prevent mistakes. Hammermill Bond—the lowest priced standard bond paper on the market, the most widely used paper in the world—is made in twelve colors besides white, providing the important advantage of color classification.

We call this color classification the "Signal System" of business, and we tell you more about it in our free portfolio, "The Signal System," which we shall be glad to send to you on request.

In this portfolio you will find the "inter-office memo" illustrated above, and many other practical forms, printed on Hammermill Bond.

These forms will show you the uniform quality of this reliable watermarked paper, its cleanness, strength, and excellent printing surface.

They will suggest to you why it is safe, sensible, and economical to say "Use Hammermill Bond" whenever you order printing.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Cold Ahead ! Change Oil

A winter lubricating message of vital importance to drivers of the cars listed here in red

'WHY is it so hard to start the engine in freezing weather?"

"Why do I have troubles with the starter, the oil pump and the batteries?"

Winter weather emphasizes the importance of the Vacuum Oil Company's Chart of Automobile Recommendations.

Fourteen years ago, when the first edition of this Chart was prepared, it was found that not only did different cars require different oils, but that many cars required a different grade of oil in winter than in summer.

Today, in specifying the correct grade of oil for winter lubrication, the following factors must be taken into consideration:

1. Ease of starting of engine
2. The type of lubricating system
3. Location of the oil pump
4. Size and mesh of the oil screen
5. Size of the oil piping
6. Exposure of the oil piping

Thus, when freezing weather may be expected it is found that certain cars should be supplied with oil of greater fluidity in order to—

1. Avoid undue strain on the starter and batteries
2. Permit quick and easy distribution of the oil to all frictional surfaces
3. Permit positive oil delivery by the oil pump
4. Avoid clogging of congealed oil in piping or oil screen

Experienced motorists and repair men now realize that the winter oils specified in the Chart shown here provide the utmost freedom from cold weather troubles. They have found that these oils distribute quickly to every moving part. They know that such protection is vital in winter.

In changing from a summer to a winter recommendation, the proper method is to drain all the old oil from the crank-case when the engine is warm; pour in a quart of clean, light lubricating oil (do not use kerosene); turn the engine over a few times, by hand or starter, to cleanse the crank-case; drain out this cleansing oil; and then refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for winter use.

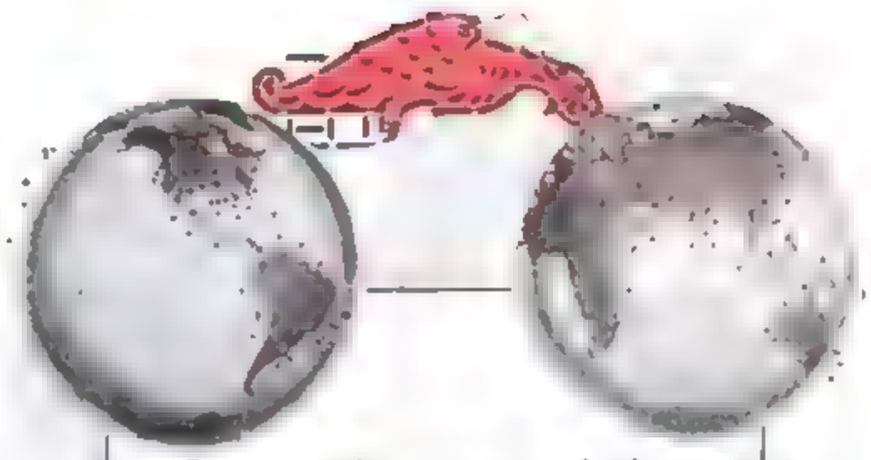


Chart of Recommendations
for AUTOMOBILES
(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart

THE Correct Grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are specified [illegible]

A [illegible] Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B [illegible] Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E [illegible] Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc [illegible] Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

These recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise specified.

Where different grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils are recommended for summer and winter use, [illegible] the period when freezing temperatures may be expected.

This chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers and includes a specific grade to correct Automotive Lubrication.

If your car is not listed, [illegible] the Chart of Recommendations at your garage, or send for booklet "Correct Lubrication" which gives the Correct Grades for all cars.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1920	1919	1918	1917	1916
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
All Other Models	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

VACUUM OIL COMPANY — *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery Obtainable everywhere in the world.* — NEW YORK, U.S.A.

O TEMPORA! O MAWRUSS!

(Continued from Page 17)

"Property! Why, dash it, you haven't any bally property!"

"I beg your pardon"—Mr. Apfel's manner was one of wounded dignity—"I got a belly stepladder and two belly cans of paint. And you know how expensive paint is nowadays!"

"But, dash it all, one lock is enough!" spluttered Mr. Wolfe.

Irving shook his head sadly.

"You might forget to lock it some time, and my insurance ——"

Mr. Wolfe made a noise in his throat.

"See here, you know, that's all bally rot! How am I going to get in my blooming garage?"

"I'll leave you in any time you want—in our blooming garadge."

"But—but—but how am I going to get my blooming car if you're out?"

"The same way I'll get my blooming stepladder if you're out."

Too bad Mr. Wolfe could not at that moment have been put to the acid test. He would have sailed through on high.

"I say," he shouted furiously to his retreating neighbor, "that's all bally rot! I won't stand for it, dod rot it!"

"I don't see," replied Irving, "what you're going to do about it—dod rot it!" he flung over his shoulder as an afterthought.

Late the next night there was a violent peal at the Apfel bell. At least it would have been a violent peal had not Irving thoughtfully disconnected the bell wires. The speech Mr. Wolfe had prepared died on his lips. While he was readjusting his mental processes a window opened overhead.

"Anything I could do for you, Mr. Wolfe?"

"Yes. I suppose you wouldn't mind letting me into my garage, what?"

"Th—th ——" Mr. Apfel's manner registered deep concern. "Too bad you went to the trouble to come away over here. I left our blooming garadge unlocked especial to save you th' inconvenience ——"

People without humor or imagination are usually at a disadvantage in affairs of this kind. Mr. Wolfe had rather a bad spell that night.

The following night it was quite cold and Mr. Wolfe retired early. Pressure brought to bear upon his front doorbell tore him from that sleep which comes to good and evil, history and literature to the contrary notwithstanding, and he was at the window nursing a stubbed toe before he even realized that he was awake. Borne on an icy blast, through the open window drifted the pleasant voice of Mr. Apfel:

"Sorry to disturb you so late, but would you mind opening for me the door to our blooming garadge? I need my blooming stepladder."

Though Mr. Wolfe failed to honor this perfectly reasonable request, and even slammed down the window rudely, Irving whistled himself home. Life has compensations even for a man who has to do without his blooming stepladder all night.

The next time Mr. Wolfe found the garage tightly locked a light snow was falling. Mr. Wolfe let himself softly into his house. He fumed a little until Central took his number. Then he relaxed. He could hear the ringing in the next house. In his mind he had composed a little speech for the ears of Mr. Apfel—well, not exactly composed—adapted. It had been composed a few nights before by Mr. Apfel, who, desiring a can of paint at midnight and finding the Wolfe doorbell muffled, had had recourse to the telephone. And Mr. Wolfe, though he suspected blooming well who it might be, had nevertheless answered, because there always was the chance that it might blooming well not be. And besides when the dashed telephone is at your bedside it takes dashed strong nerves to withstand its appeal, what?

Lacking imagination, the very words his neighbor had used on that irritating occasion rolled sweetly in Mr. Wolfe's mind. Only, when prolonged ringing failed to elicit any response, they began to lose flavor, and impatience seized him.

At last the casual voice of Central advised him that they didn't answer, which, dash it all, was perfectly obvious, what? He bade her jolly well keep on ringing. Meanwhile the snow had covered his car with "ermine too dear for an earl." Mr. Wolfe was not familiar with the American poets, and it is doubtful whether he would have recalled Lowell just at that moment anyway.

After the languorous voice of Central had assured him for the fourth time that they did not answer, Mr. Wolfe stepped out into the night and tried the Apfel back doorbell. It too had been bereft of all power for good or evil. Whereupon a great rage possessed Mr. Wolfe and he shook both the front and the back doors—not at the same time, however—and banged with his fists and pounded with a shovel, until a voice down the street bade him desist. Well, it amounted to that anyway. Though most of the words were in a blasted foreign idiom and sounded more like a man gargling a bad throat than any blooming language, Mr. Wolfe had no difficulty in gathering that it jolly well amounted to that.

So Mr. Wolfe, having removed some of the ermine from his car, covered it over with his wife's best couch cover and returned to the phone. Though he realized that he could not make them answer, still he had no intention of letting them sleep in peace. As Mr. Wolfe recalled, it is dashed difficult to sleep through a telephone barrage, what?

In the early morning Mr. Wolfe descended to see whether the blasted engine had frozen. It had. So had his wife's best couch cover, which he justly suspected she would nag him into replacing. He was in a bad humor, and what made it even worse was the fact that the garage key had lain in an envelope right outside his front door all night, only he had not discovered it until daybreak. And when he learned later that the Apfels had been absent all night visiting relatives in Staten Island it was not an absence which made the heart grow fonder.

Neil, trying to adjust matters, arranged a meeting. But he could bring the discussion no further than the point where Mr. Wolfe was willing that Mr. Apfel should buy himself a key to fit his, Mr. Wolfe's, lock. And Mr. Apfel was willing that Mr. Wolfe should buy himself a key for his, Mr. Apfel's, lock. But neither had any suggestions as to where the money was to come from to pay for the extra key to either lock, since it was entirely a matter of principle with both of them not to stand for the extortion of one solitary cent.

At last Mr. Wolfe was driven to exclaim: "It's just his blasted spite, dash it! I'm getting a bit fed up on it. If he had a car in the garage, now, I'd have a key made for him. If he had even the faintest intention of ever putting a car in the blooming garage, I'd ——"

"How do you know," inquired Irving. "Who gave you a guarantee I ain't?"

Mr. Wolfe did something with his upper lip which made Mr. Apfel continue hotly: "What would you say if I told you I got one picked out already—a new one too? No secondhanded junks ——"

"There now, uncle," interposed Neil, who was having the time of his life, "you said if Irving were thinking of getting a car—well now, you hear, Irving says ——"

Irving had a feeling he had gone too far. He rose with dignity.

"To show you which one is the spiteful one, Mr. Wolfe, here is a key," depositing one on the table. "Your lock you could sell for junk. That's all it's good for. Some day you'll learn, Mr. Wolfe, it don't pay to be a piker. When I buy a lock I always buy myself two keys. I couldn't stand to have nothing slipped over on me, Mr. Wolfe. But I ain't the kind of a man that makes himself small for a quarter, which is more than some people could say, not mentioning no names."

Some visiting friends left their car before Irving's door. It was of prehistoric vintage. He was examining it with interest when Mr. Wolfe called out to him: "I say now, is that your new car?"

Irving, with a nervous glance in the direction of his own home, sought to discourage the conversation by not replying.

"I understood you to say," continued Mr. Wolfe, "it was to be a new car, what?"

Irving retreated toward the house.

"This ain't it," he vouchsafed surlily.

"Oh, indeed!" Mr. Wolfe was plainly skeptical. "When do you expect yours, now?"

"I'll send you a postal," replied Irving, almost bumping into Bessie in the hall. But if she had overheard she gave no sign.

Only the next evening, returning from the office, he heard her voice at the telephone:

"It's going to be a surprise for me, I'm sure. I told Arthur that day he was at your house for dinner—something made me feel it—and more and more lately I've thought he had it in his mind. Yes, I distinctly heard him say"—and when he entered the dining room her entire manner changed, and she continued innocently—"glove counter. I'll be there. Good-by."

Not three days later he ran into that grafter Saul Hermann on the L.

"Here's that dollar I owe you," said Hermann. Irving nearly fainted, but he pocketed the dollar first. "I hear you're getting a new car?"

Irving paled.

"What?"

"Ye-eh. Your mother-in-law told my wife. We'll be round some night for a ride. News travels quick, don't it?"

"I'll say so!" admitted Irving.

He stopped off at the B & L Delicatessen—so called because the proprietors were named Sokol and Arnstein.

"Call it a quarter of a pound," said Sokol, and Irving's conscience did not urge him to call attention to the fact that the scales registered a good three-eighths. Believe me, lots of times when the store was so crowded you couldn't get near the scales Sokol made enough mistakes the other way! "By the way, what kind of a car is it you got?"

Irving felt himself growing red.

"I got no car."

"But you're getting one, ain't it?" inquired Sokol with such a thoughtful look in the direction of the scales that Irving hastened to answer, "Well, getting ain't got."

Sokol wrapped the cheese.

"With people like you, Mr. Apfel, it is. Everybody round here knows already about it. Your wife's mother was in our other store and she told my partner. Like my partner says to her, 'A man like Mr. Apfel ——'"

But what his partner had said about a man like Mr. Apfel the subject of the eulogy did not linger to hear. He was busy with thoughts of his own. All evening he was busy with them. Long after Bessie had gone to bed he sat there with pencil and paper, still busy. At last he put down the pencil.

"I won't do nothing in a hurry," he told himself, putting out the dining-room light. "I don't want to do nothing rash. I'll sleep on it and see how I feel in the morning."

Well, in the morning he felt practically the same way, only worse. Breakfast failed to interest him, and though he propped the newspaper against the fruit bowl as usual, it was obvious that it failed to hold his attention.

Somewhere in the back of his brain Irving carried an impression, gleaned no doubt from a perusal of the joke papers and shared by the small minority who have not tried to buy a car recently, that buying a car was a mere matter of letting it be known that you wanted one and then dodging those agents whose cars did not happen to appeal to your fancy. He even thought that the days of a prospective automobile purchaser were entirely made up of riding round in different makes of cars with salesmen eager to cut one another's throats for his valued order. They say it used to be like that in the good old days. But, as they say in the third year at C. C. N. Y., O Tempora! O Mawruss!

Irving had many things to learn. The first was that the last thing that troubles the mind of an automobile salesman is your valued order. The next was that if you live in Brooklyn you must buy through a Brooklyn agency, and the third was that the last place on earth to look for an automobile is a Brooklyn agency. Six months they offered him—four months. One place promised that if anybody countermanded his order he might be fifteenth on the list to get the car. Three months he was offered, as if that ought to make him the King of Jerusalem! Three months! What couldn't happen in three months? He might be dead! Or worse yet, Wolfe might be dead! Three months! Yo!

A secondhand car he might have had. But how did he know what kind of *dreck* they could hand him? And besides, what a satisfaction for Wolfe! An open car he might have had too. Just a coupé had to be *grad* so hard to get!

Certain it is no salesmen came to him to take him out for rides. In fact no salesmen came near him at all. Not even a cigar did he get. There he stood ready to shell out good cash, and nobody even wanted it. A live salesman could have sold him, *eppes*, a ten-thousand-dollar car. But a live salesman is even harder to find in these times than a ten-thousand-dollar car!

Determined to try every agency in town Irving came finally in the offices of the Birchland Company upon a friendly voice—the kind of voice that didn't make you feel you had your nerve to call up about a nothing like a order for a automobile. This voice actually took his name and number and promised to call him back—did call him back, and told him he could have a coupé in six weeks!

Irving stopped off at the Brooklyn agency of the Birchland on his way home. Mr. Ring was an affable man. He actually seemed pleased at the prospect of getting Mr. Apfel's order. He got it. The Birchland ain't exactly the dearest car on the market, y'understand, but if you stand a Birchland coupé next to any other coupé, who knows the difference? And it don't cost such a fortune to run neither. For the first car, who wants such a expensive elephant? After you learn to run it is plenty time for such expensive cars. And only six weeks to wait! Tra-la-la!

For days Irving floated in a glamorous sort of haze, until in Opper's Restaurant he ran into Julius Mayer, of the Jayem Company, Used Cars.

"Julius," Irving could not resist asking, "what do you think about the Birchland?"

"I don't have to think. I know." Something about his voice gave Irving a sinking sensation—his gesture rudely dissipated the glamorous gaze. "You ain't thinking of buying one, I hope?"

Irving denied it with perfect honesty. At that moment he was only thinking of how to get out of buying one.

"It's a bunch of junk. There's only one medium-priced car on the market. That's a Huck."

Irving crossed to the telephone booth. He could not get in because there was a man in there yelling his head off.

"Serves you right," he was screaming. "A Huck? Who buys a Huck only a greenhorn? Didn't I told you before you done it—'Get a Hodge!'"

Max Baumann hailed Irving in passing.

"Know anybody wants to buy a car cheap?"

"No," replied Irving gloomily; "what kind?"

"A Hodge. I want to sell it and get another Birchland like I had. Four years I had mine. Never no trouble—nothing. Were you trying to telephone?"

"No," responded Irving, "I changed my mind. What was that you were saying about your Birchland?"

The beginning of February Irving took his first lesson. In two weeks the car would be there, and he meant to know how to run it. They sent to instruct him a little snip with a cigarette dangling from his pale lips and a superior way of talking about cylinders, exhausts, gears and what not that gave Irving a pain. And though, under his guidance, Irving succeeded in getting the car to go, keep on going and stop most of the times he listed—and some of the times he didn't list—still at the end of the lesson he felt discouraged. The cigarettel was such a feller, y'understand, he don't know how to explain something so you could understand it. All he knows is how to make you feel like a fool if you don't understand it.

"Throw out your clutch!" is all he knows to holler, when you don't know what your clutch is, let alone where you should throw it! Such a feller only makes you nervous.

The second lesson Irving was ready for him. Pencil and paper he had with him.

"Now," he demanded, "tell me what I do—but slow."

The cigarettel sighed wearily.

"Connect your ignition."

"You mean push round this button, ain't it?" and Irving wrote, "Push round left-hand button."

"Then?"

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Let HIM see how much easier it is to "do the ironing"

Men Should Take a Greater Interest in the Methods of Modern Housekeeping

As a rule, the average husband or son would hesitate at being "drafted" for home-ironing duty.

But 'tis a fact that there are thousands of "good fellows" all over this land in homes possessing a Simplex Ironer who, *in an emergency*, are glad to help out with the ironing. The comfort and ease with which the ironing can be done appeals to every practical woman.

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SIMPLEX IRONER

"THE BEST IRONER"

It is a mark of intelligent housekeeping to possess a SIMPLEX IRONER

(Continued from Page 95)

"Advance the spark—give her gas ——"

The cigarettel demonstrated, his hands busy with the wheel.

Wrote Irving: "Push hands till it's like a quarter past four," and continued:

"Put foot on starting button. If it don't, pull out choker—try again.

"See long stick is loose to jiggle round—neutral.

"See the break is off.

"Push hands till it's like five after five.

"Push stick left and back—this is first.

"Put right foot on axellerator.

"Push out the left foot—push in the right."

Nu? Ain't that easier than all that guessing work? He makes such a paper for going into high, for stopping, backing up, everything. Then he learns them by heart, and if he forgets something, all he's got to do is look up the paper. Ain't that a cinch?

Sure! Only crossing Flatbush Avenue once he failed to perceive until too late that trolley cars were coming simultaneously from both directions. Whereupon half of him decided to hurry ahead, and the other half of him, quite independently, decided to back up. As a result of which the whole of him did something that was not written down on any of the papers, I guess, because the Birch came to a wholly nonstrategic stop square across the car tracks. Irving forgot everything. He even forgot where he put the papers. His memory was entirely engrossed with all the details of all the automobile accidents he had ever read of or heard of or witnessed. He even recalled how Mr. Wolfe on his first day out, in trying to pass round a truck, had grown rattled and run over a woman, who was suing for heavy damages. It even occurred to him that Mr. Wolfe should worry—he had insurance. But—he, Irving, had no insurance!

Meanwhile a chauffeur in back of him had described a breath-destroying arc, which he could witness out of the corner of his eye while making footless attempts—with both feet—to budge his car. And the two motormen, who had halted just when Irving was convinced that even if he escaped death he would never be the same, did not by their choice of language make it any easier for him to concentrate on the subject in hand. Nor did the interested attention of the bystanders, nor the instructions which the cigarettel was barking at him, move either him or the Birchland to any spectacular feats of locomotion. To Irving at that moment life was just one damn stall after another. Finally, when for a bent nickel you could have bought Irving's entire stock in himself, the cigarettel gave a grab and a jab, and the Birch continued serenely on its way.

And after a while Irving got the hang of the thing, and six weeks to the day after he had given his valued order he called Mr. Ring on the telephone. He really expected to hear that his car was there! Instead Mr. Ring explained affably that because of the cold no freight had been moved.

"Don't you expect cold weather in winter? What's th' idea, promising to deliver a car in February if in cold weather you can't deliver no cars? Did you think maybe this year we would have summer in February?"

"If," suggested Mr. Ring coldly, "you feel like getting out of your contract, Mr. Apfel ——"

Mr. Apfel did not. By no means.

"I was only going to say," he concluded pleasantly, "when do you think my car will be here, if you don't mind?"

Mr. Ring thought in another week or two. But two weeks later Mr. Ring advised him affably that on account of the railroad strike nobody was getting any cars.

"You oughtn't to get impatient, Mr. Apfel. There's a man here been waiting eight months for his car."

"How is it" inquired Irving bitterly, "you didn't tell me about him when I was giving th' order?"

"If you feel like ——" began Mr. Ring, but Irving hung up the receiver.

One morning coming down his front path he almost collided with Mr. Wolfe.

"Sorry to hear about your trouble Mr. Wolfe ——" he fell into step beside him. "Neil told me on the telephone last night. Ten thousand dollars! That's a big verdict! You're gonna appeal?"

"That," responded Mr. Wolfe ungraciously, "is the affair of the insurance company—entirely."

Irving missed the implication.

"You're covered, ain't you?" And when Mr. Wolfe seemed not to have heard him he repeated: "You're covered?"

"No." Mr. Wolfe bit off the word testily.

Irving was stunned.

"How comes you didn't carry enough insurance?"

Mr. Wolfe resented the slur on his foresight.

"Five thousand dollars is all they'll give you in any of their blasted companies!"

Irving felt so sorry for him he paid his fare.

"It's too bad," he sympathized later, seated beside him in the train, and though he was truly sorry for Mr. Wolfe, there was none the less a little edge on his words. "Too bad you didn't think to put the car in your wife's name."

Mr. Wolfe's expression was undecipherable. Then, "I jolly well did," he answered, and buried his nose in his paper.

Before Irving had a chance to recover from this his neighbor looked up from the headlines with such a look in his eyes that Irving felt in his bones he was going to tell him bad news. Irving's bones were better than that barometer his wife's aunt brought from Europe, and that you had to be a mind reader to understand.

"I say," remarked Mr. Wolfe, "the blooming Birchlands have gone up in price."

Irving was relieved.

"It's nothing in my life. My order is in over two months already."

"Oh, but you'll have to pay the blooming advance anyway, what?"

"What do you mean?"

"My friend Ferguson, of the Dash Company, tells me all the blooming automobile contracts are subject to price prevailing on date of delivery, don't you know."

"Foolishness!" replied Irving, who nevertheless felt a sinking in his stomach. "Because they ain't able to deliver me my car when they promised I got to pay them yet a bonus?"

"If you look up your blooming contract," suggested Mr. Wolfe, "I dare say you'll find that you jolly well do."

Irving reached his office feeling low. Mr. Ring, simply radiating affability over the telephone, confirmed his worst fears. Yes, all contracts were made subject to price prevailing on date of delivery. Irving got his contract out of the safe. Not that he doubted his misfortune, but he just wanted to take a look at such a contract that he, Irving Apfel, was damn fool enough to sign. His eye traveled sadly down the page. Then he straightened perceptibly, and some of the sadness vanished. Again—this time with a beating heart he read his contract.

For once Mr. Ring seemed on the verge of divorce from his affability. He had to read his own copy of the contract three times before he could believe what Irving told him, and then he assured Irving it was the only contract that had ever gone out of his office without such a clause. Mr. Ring did not seem to take much stock in the theory of luck. He blamed it all on the carelessness of the salesman who had signed Mr. Apfel up, and the only thing that kept the salesman from losing his job was the fact that he had thrown it up two weeks before.

The next time Irving inquired after his car he learned that the fellows who supply the raw materials were holding them up because of strikes, though as Irving hinted to Mr. Ring, whose affability was beginning to get on his nerves, why a car that should have been shipped in January should be held up at the end of March for lack of raw materials wasn't exactly clear. And furthermore he did not feel like disposing of his contract!

Followed the freight embargo on luxuries, and right on top of that a lovely warm Sunday, with automobiles as thick as flies in a mountain boarding house. And as if that ain't aggravation enough, Mr. Wolfe goes riding out like the King of Jerusalem in his secondhand Fearless. Never a word that feller says when you're dying for conversation. But if there's one time when any kind of conversation would only be a aggravation, believe me, he ain't tongue-tied.

"I say now," began Mr. Wolfe, "where's the blooming Birchland?"

"I loaned it to President Wilson," replied Irving with a facetiousness he was far from feeling—oh, very far.

"New cars are deuced scarce, what?" rejoined Mr. Wolfe. "I do believe it's more

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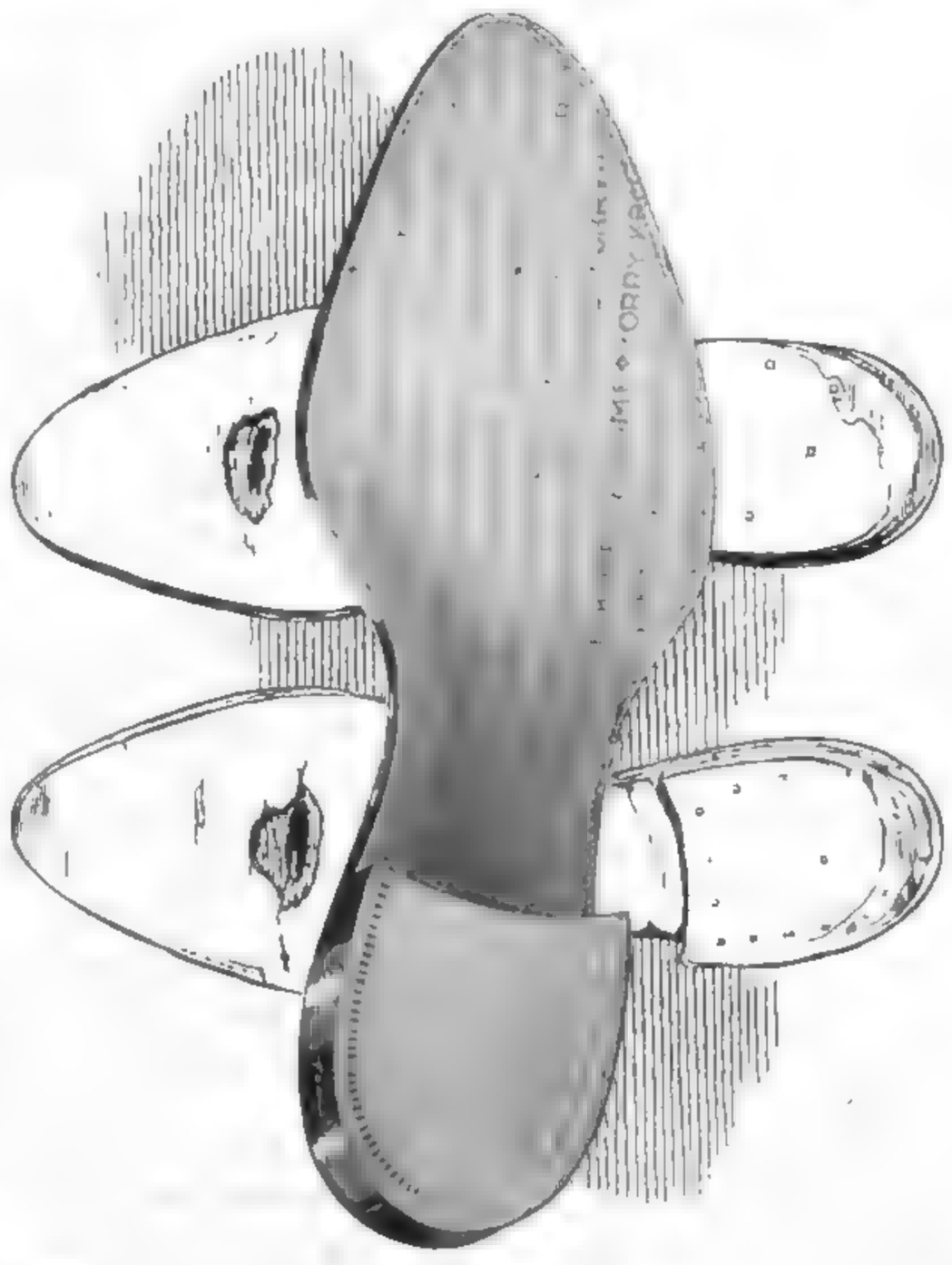
One Cost You Can Cut



Korry-Krome

GENUINE LEATHER SOLES

Everyone has shoes re-soled these days. But each time you tap your shoes you tap your pocketbook. Korry Soles will average twice the wear of ordinary soles. If you have found a good pair of uppers worth re-soling twice, one set of Korry Soles is all you need. See that your repair man uses Korry Soles, for here is a sensible way to cut the cost of living.

Korry Soles are real leather, tanned by a secret process that makes them permanently waterproof and flexible; and they won't slip on wet pavements. They are made in two brands for men, women, and children, and are as good for dress shoes as for work shoes.

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Korry-Krome is made from selected portions of the hide, and takes a somewhat higher finish. This is the most durable sole in the world.

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As this sole is cut from the shoulder it has a coarser grain; but Korry Special will outwear any other kind of leather except Korry-Krome, and costs less.

If your repair man does not have Korry Soles for you, send us $1.00 and we will send you a pair of Korry-Krome half-soles (or two pairs children's sizes up to size 13), which any repair man can attach. Full soles, $1.75. Give size of your shoes.

J. W. & A. P. HOWARD COMPANY *Established 1867* **Corry, Penn.**

"A firm bargain and a right reckoning make long friends"

ONE of the great joys of making and selling a fine motor car is to know that it is going out on the roads of the world filled with fellow-humans, to serve them faithfully and well for many years.

The feeling we have about Peerless Cars seems to have got into the minds and hearts of an astounding lot of people.

They come into our salesrooms all over the country with a feeling of confidence. They go out for demonstrations with the air almost of wanting to prove to us that they knew all the time what a Peerless Two-power-range Eight would do.

We value this good will about as highly as anything we possess. We know that most of it must come from friends who own Peerless Cars and like them.

And we like to believe that one reason why Peerless owners are such "long friends" is that from the very beginning they have found "a firm bargain and a right reckoning."

The Peerless Two-power-range Eight has been put to every test known to motoring for five years, changing from year to year only in the refinement of details. So our new friends will have essentially the same car as our old friends.

Touring Car $3230, Roadster $3200
Coupé $3920, Sedan $4140, Sedan-Limousine $4400
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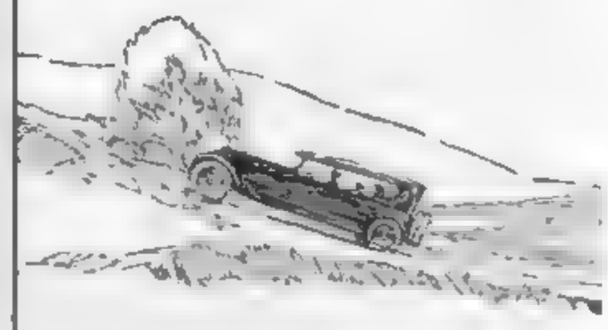

"LOAFING" RANGE — "SPORTING" RANGE

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The National Ticket: The Monroe Price Mark

MEN may differ on politics, but never on the Monroe Price Mark. That's the ticket. Compare it figure for figure with the price of similar high-grade clothes of metropolitan style, *all-wool fabric*, and *silk-sewn tailoring*. It's always less. There's no padded profit in a Monroe Suit or Overcoat.

Go to the Monroe Clothier in your city, and look over the clothes that 500,000 New York men who know have approved by wearing them. Cast your ballot against the High Cost of Living by getting the *special Monroe Two-pants Suit*. If there is no Monroe Clothier in your city, write us.

The Monroe Label guarantees you all-wool, and the price ticket attached by us to each garment is the nation-wide guaranty of standard Monroe Quality Price

$40
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(Concluded from Page 97)

satisfactory, don't you know, to own a used car than to keep on nearly owning a new one, what? There's a new Dash you could get. My friend Ferguson says they happen to have one in the shop—blooming paint scratched off and all that sort of thing—had to be sent to the paint shop, don't you know. But I don't suppose they could sell you that—living in Brooklyn and all that sort of rot. Besides, it's probably too dashed much money for you. It's a pretty good car, the Dash. Not at all in the same blooming class as the Birchland, don't you know."

Irving only knew that he was so mad that if he didn't talk to somebody he would bust—positively. He went up and talked to Bessie. He told her everything. Of course she made believe she was surprised. They had a long heart-to-heart talk. The upshot of that talk was that the next day Irving Apfel presented himself at the New York offices of the Dash Company. His wife was with him. Mr. Ferguson was a nice man. He was sympathetic; also he was a good salesman. He agreed, when Irving had related his treatment at the hands of the Birchland people—though he did not like to run down a competitor—that Irving had a grievance. And he felt certain that Irving would have no difficulty in disposing of his Birchland—if it ever arrived—even if the Birchland people did not back up their repeated offers to relieve him of his contract. Irving felt certain of it too; so did Bessie. At that moment the Birch seemed the remotest of remote possibilities; the Dash the most concrete of fascinating realities.

Moreover, as I have said, Mr. Ferguson had a charming personality. How did Mr. Apfel—was it?—happen to have heard about the Dash they had coming out of the shop? Through Mr. Wolfe? Ah, so! Mr. Apfel was very fortunate. If the car had ever reached the floor—the Dash cars went like hot cakes. He could guarantee to sell six in two hours if he had them on the floor. Mr. Apfel could have the Dash the day after to-morrow. Bessie was in high spirits all the way home.

"I'm so glad you took the Dash, dear. It's such a nice-looking car."

"No better than the Birchland. In fact if you stand them side by side they look like twins."

"But everybody knows the Dash is a better car."

"It ought to be. It costs a thousand dollars more."

"Oh, but it sounds so much better to say you have a Dash than a Birchland."

"To tell the truth, for the sound I wouldn't give a thousand dollars extra. Even th' upholstery is the same."

"Anybody would think you were sorry you had given your order."

Well, in a way. You don't like to pay a thousand dollars more for nilly the same thing you could get for a thousand dollars less. And anyway, he had to pretend he lived in New York or they wouldn't have given him the car, and no man really likes that kind of bluffing. With the Birchland he didn't have to do such hocus-pocus.

"Yes, but when would you get the old Birchland?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, what's the hurry? Did I promise somebody a ride for *Pesach*. I waited four months already, so I could wait another coupla weeks."

"Well, there's no use crying over it. The Dash is bought."

Well, so was the Birchland—even more so, when you came right down to it. And when you think how polite that feller Ring always was, and the time they spent giving him lessons! Irving began to feel not a little ashamed. And after all, nearly everybody said the Birchland was a good car and a bargain for the money. Not only the initial cost would be less, but it would cost less to run. Less for tires, less for gas, less for insurance. A genuine nostalgia for his Birchland began to possess Irving's soul. Why on earth had he let Bessie talk him into buying that Dash? Why must the women always make a man crazy with style? Wasn't he perfectly satisfied with his Birchland all along? And now what did he have? Two cars on his hands, and maybe lawsuits and God knows what. Dammit, if only the women wouldn't keep mixing in!

By the time they reached home Irving had retired into the silences. Annie, opening the door, informed him that somebody had phoned for him.

"The office! D'y'ever see? One day I go away and ——"

No, it wasn't the office. It was a Mr. Bell.

"Bell?"

"No—Ring. He says your car is there, and will you please come and take it away to-morrow."

Irving could contain himself no longer.

"You see?" he demanded of the perplexed Bessie—"you see?" and marched with extreme dignity and bitterness to the bedroom and slammed the door.

He called Arthur up after supper.

"I don't think there'll be any trouble," he explained to his legal adviser. "The Dash feller says the Dash cars go like hot cakes. In two hours he could sell six from the floor if he only had them. But I thought before I do anything I'll better call you up. What do you think?"

"How," inquired the lawyer, "could a smart business man like you get yourself in such a hole?"

Irving was pained.

"Listen, Arthur! I don't need a lawyer to ask me questions. What I need a lawyer for is to tell me answers. What should I do?"

"Here's what you do! Go up to the Dash people in the morning and tell them you find yourself financially embarrassed—don't think you'll be able to meet payment on the car—you know, ask for a little extension of time. Put it on thick, and if you do it right they'll be glad to give you back your deposit and get out of the contract."

"What? Me? Irving Apfel—I should go up and tell such a automobile salesman I ain't got three thousand dollars to pay for his car? Rather I'll be stuck with three cars."

"Suit yourself, but don't come crying to me."

"Listen, Arthur, can't you see? I look like a damn fool!"

"Well?"

Irving hung up the receiver. That's what you get for having your wife's family for a lawyer. What you want from a lawyer is business advice, not personal opinions. He spent a sleepless and unprofitable night.

At nine the next morning the office phone rang. It was Mr. Ferguson. Mr. Ferguson was a polite and charming man, but you could see his feelings were badly wounded. Mr. Apfel had stated, and had made his application to state that he resided in Manhattan, whereas the night before, merely through chance and the kindness of a friend, Mr. Abraham Wolfe, Mr. Ferguson had learned that Mr. Apfel resided in Brooklyn. Mr. Wolfe, though hating to do it, had admitted that Mr. Apfel was in fact a neighbor of his in Brooklyn. Now to permit a resident of Brooklyn to have a car out of New York stock would be in violation of their contract with their Brooklyn agency. Mr. Apfel saw that, did he not?

No, he did not. Mr. Apfel refused to have anything to do with the Brooklyn agency. Mr. Ferguson was very patient. He explained again all about their contract with their Brooklyn agency. Mr. Apfel was inclined to be unreasonable. He refused to understand. Mr. Ferguson's patience began to skid. Mr. Apfel remained obdurate. If Mr. Apfel had betrayed even a glimmer of reason, Mr. Ferguson, who was a very charming man, and patient, might have fixed it up for him. But Mr. Apfel continued to be so unreasonable that Mr. Ferguson, who was only human, finally lost his temper and refused in the name of the Dash Company to have any further dealings with Mr. Apfel at all! Mr. Apfel was afraid that, God forbid! he should change his mind, so he took the precaution to stop payment on his check. It don't do to depend too much on luck, even if it begins to look as if there is such a thing, *takusch*.

It was with a light spirit Irving called up the Birchland and learned that his car was really there.

"You'll be out for it this afternoon?" Mr. Ring inquired.

"I should say not! I got to get my insurance first. Just keep it a few days yet."

"We'll have to charge you storage," Mr. Ring advised him cheerfully.

Irving exploded. Did y'ever hear such a high-handed robbery way of doing business? They can keep you waiting four months for your car. That's all right. But the minute it comes, right away, quick, they expect you should come over like a magician and whistle it away! Storage! When you got a garadge home that you never used since you moved in only to store in a stepladder and two cans of paint! The temper into which Irving had previously thrown Mr. Ferguson was a seven days' calm compared with the temper into which Mr. Ring now threw Irving.

"I'll see you in Germany," he yelled—or some equally undesirable locality—"before I'll pay you a cent storage! Six o'clock I'll come over so I'll take away my car!"

He immediately called up his wife's Uncle Nathan about the insurance.

"Sure you can have it right away as a special favor. Day after to-morrow."

"What good is day after to-morrow? To-day I got to have it!"

Uncle Nathan was not of an excitable temperament.

"What's the sweat?" he inquired placidly.

"Four months I'm begging him already take out for me a little insurance on my car! And now when I need it he says, 'What's the sweat?'"

"But I told you to give me three or four days' notice."

"Listen, *chammer*, and try to forget for a minute you're a fool. How could I give you three days' notice when I only heard it myself to-day? That's what I get for mixing business with relations!"

You can imagine the way he felt. Not only he must take out his car without even a lesson to brush up his memory, but he must take it out yet without insurance. But on the other hand, what was there to be afraid of so much? The whole thing was maybe two miles to drive. All the fools in the world could run automobiles. Most of his friends did. And the last time he had done very well, without any help from the cigarettel. He could manage already. There was nothing to be nervous about. Was he maybe gonna be reckless or something?

Still he could not keep his mind on business. Round and round in his head went the formula—"Push round the button—push the hands to a quarter after four—see the brake is off."

He did nothing all day but start the car—stop the car—go into first—go into second—go into high—reverse. Once while the girl was out to lunch he sat down at the typewriter to address an envelope and his foot reached out absent-mindedly for the starter.

At last closing time drew near. The nearer it drew the harder he tried to keep it from arriving. But finally he could not find another thing to do. He had to start. He thought he was going to be ill—he had such a funny feeling round his heart, and his hands were like ice!

There was not a single flaw in the subway service that evening. Before he had started and stopped his car fifty times he was there. The check was given to Mr. Ring—most affable. He was seated in the car—his own car. His feet searched out the starting button—the clutch. His hands were busy at the wheel—he was off!

"I don't know yet how it happened!" Irving mopped his brow with his handkerchief, and bracing his feet against the lower drawer of his desk leaned back in his office chair. "For the life of me, I don't know yet how such a thing could happen to me!"

Neil regarded him sympathetically. Though it was the seventeenth time he had heard the details of the tragedy, he listened patiently.

"Everything was going along so fine. Not a bit of trouble all the way home—not a stall—nothing. Through the park—through traffic—everything.

"And then on my own street such a big *gonef* has to get ahead of me with a truck, and he won't let me past. I should ride up my own street the first time in back of such a elephant—nobody wouldn't see me at all! I give him a toot. Yo! He should worry! I give him another toot. Then I get so mad I give him three—four—five toots!

"Finely he moves over a little. I didn't realize it was so near the crossing. I put on gas to go past him—*gevalt!* All of a sudden I see a feller coming down the avenue, so I thought already I'm smashed in pieces! I give a turn out, so I'm in the other feller's way! I give another turn in. You could believe me, Neil, I don't know how it is to this day! I didn't see her till it was already too late! I give you my word I never seen that woman till I was on top of her already!"

He paused to mop his brow again.

"Such a *schlem azel!* Not for a million dollars would I do such a thing to nobody—let alone a woman that ——"

Neil sought to stem the tide of self-recrimination.

"There now, Irving, don't you worry! Everybody knows it wasn't your fault, and she's not badly hurt. You know they said at the hospital it was mostly shock."

"Oh, sure, I know she'll be all right again, but I'll never forget it so long I live! Just to me such a thing should happen! Just to me!" and he shook his head from side to side sadly.

"Nonsense, Irving!" Neil tried to cheer him up. "Buck up! Those things happen to everybody. Look at my uncle—had the same thing happen to him his first day out!"

"Ye-eh, I know"—Irving forgot his own troubles for a moment—"and they got a ten-thousand-dollar verdict, and his insurance was only five. But a lot they could do with such a verdict when the car's in his wife's name. I got to hand it to your uncle. He's a smart man. He ain't the kind that gets stung easy."

"Then I didn't tell you about Aunt Mathilde's legacy?"

"A legacy? No! What?"

"Poor Aunt Mathilde! All her life she's been a slave to an old uncle because he promised her when he died he'd leave her something. And then he had to go and die two days after they got a judgment against Aunt Mathilde, and the five thousand dollars she'd been waiting for all her life and the insurance just covered it. What do you think of that for luck?"

"Your aunt got a legacy?" Irving was so excited he almost tipped his chair over backward, and had to seize the edge of his desk to steady himself. "She's good for the money?"

Neil nodded sadly.

"She got word that she was heir to five thousand dollars just two days after they got a judgment against her for that much. I thought I told you."

Irving shook his head from side to side.

"Th—th—that's really a *schlem azel*—the poor woman! What's she gonna do?"

Neil began to laugh reminiscently.

"I can see that Arthur isn't given to talking about his clients' affairs, or you would have heard. Poor Aunt Mathilde was so sore at uncle she got up on her ear for once in her life and decided to take things in her own hands. She asked me what she should do. I gave her Arthur's number. I knew if there was anything she could do he'd tell her what it was. Well, you know Arthur.

"He found out there were other things uncle had put in her name, and she grabbed them, and so she'll come out all right even if the verdict is upheld. For once she's slipping it over on uncle. Every time I think of it I could die laughing."

But Irving had no laugh in him.

"Your poor uncle! My enemies *gesugt* such a luck!"

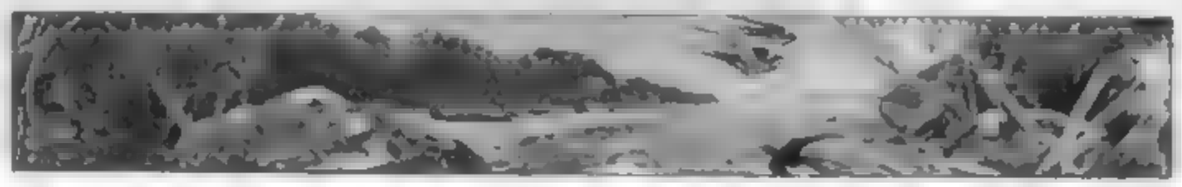
"What's that? Luck? Thought you didn't believe in luck!"

"I don't," said Irving—"really. Only if there is such a thing—hard luck, I mean—your uncle is certainly got it."

"You said it! He's had hard luck all his life. But you, you big stiff, everything you touch breaks right for you. You've got the real article, ten carat, blue white. You know there's a saying, 'Jew luck is better than Christian science.'"

Irving's face broke into the first smile he had been able to conjure up in forty-eight hours.

"That's a good one, Neil! By golly, I got to tell Bessie! That's *takisch* a good one! 'Jew luck is better than Christian science!' When I think your uncle, with insurance and the car in his wife's name and everything, runs over a woman and it costs him right away five thousand dollars—and I got no insurance and the car ain't in my wife's name and I ain't got even a license, and I run over a woman and it don't cost me a cent, because it should just happen the woman is my own mother-in-law—maybe there is such a thing—luck. And maybe I got it—*umbeschrieben*," he added hastily.



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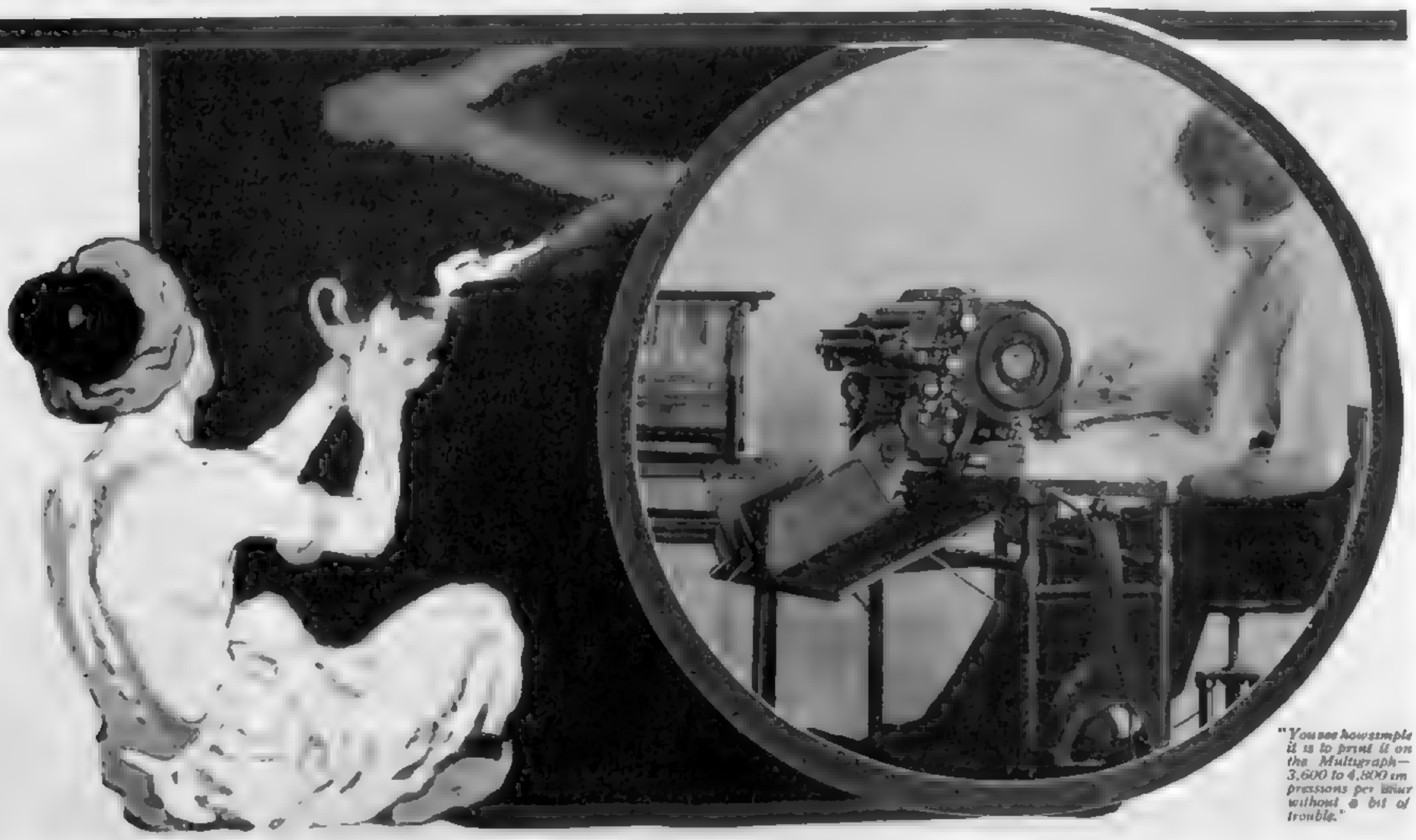

"You see how simple it is to print it on the Multigraph—3,600 to 4,800 impressions per hour without a bit of trouble."

"What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands; I and the other slaves of the lamp."

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*Rub Your Own "Lamps"!**

Right before your eyes, in the magic circle on the opposite page, stands a big little genie who will instantly respond to the commands of your secretary or assistant, and perform feats of modern necromancy almost as marvelous as those the Slave of the Lamp put across for old friend Aladdin in the days of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid.

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No fuss, no delay!

Simply say, "Print it on the Multigraph," and the job is done! Done *on time*, done *right*, *right inside your own establishment*, by one of your own employees.

And when we say PRINT, we mean *just that*. No make-shift, half-way stuff, but *real* printing, far better than most of the jobs you get. And printed in *half* the time at *25% to 75%* of your present costs.

What the Multigraph Is

The Multigraph is a small, compact rapid rotary printing press. It prints from real type or from curved electrotypes. It uses real printers' ink. Colors if desired. And you can use illustrations. Multigraph Senior is electrically driven. Multigraph Junior is hand operated.

It is also a multiple typewriter. Reproduces highest grade typewritten letters in quantities—through a ribbon or direct from type.

The equipment includes an easily operated *typesetter*, which sets typewriter and other type faces as desired.

Saves 25% to 75%

The Multigraph *saves 25% to 75%* of your printing costs. *Saves bother, saves delays*—no factory, office or sales work has to wait for necessary printed matter.

Saves sales expense—Multigraphed sales-helps make it easier to get and hold business, reduce cost of selling.

Saves advertising effort—Multigraph typewritten or printed follow-ups help you cash in on your advertising, get quick action from your jobber, dealer or customer. The Multigraph sometimes saves unnecessary advertising expense by going direct to your audience without publication advertising.

MULTIGRAPH

Saves Opportunity—You can take advantage of every sales opppr-tunity at *exactly* the right moment—no time lost waiting for printed matter.

And it earns, too

The Multigraph *earns* by getting *you* in when *callers* are barred. By winning the confidence of your trade, and keeping in close touch with them.

It *earns* by doing missionary work for your salesmen, making them bigger producers. By developing mail-order business in territory your salesmen can't afford to cover.

It *earns* by keeping your sales force posted, interested, enthused. By educating and inspiring factory and office force, and developing ability.

Start Something!

With these hints as a starter you can think of a dozen other ways in which the Multigraph can save money and earn money for you.

But *thinking* won't do much good.

You've got to START something if you get anywhere these days. Why not ask for full information now?

* *A free translation from the Arabic; the literal meaning is, "Sit up and take notice!"*

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THE MULTIGRAPH SENIOR This is a complete, compact equipment that turns out high quality printing and form typewriting at very low cost—averaging a saving of from 25% to 75%. It is simple and easy to operate; rapid and convenient. Electrically driven, with printing ink attachment, automatic paper feed, signature device, automatic platen release and wide printing surface.

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WAITING FOR THE MASSACRE

(Continued from Page 32)

delight to Captain C—— that three days later the Turk was arrested and put in the same cement room with him.

"They jugged him for stealing," Captain C—— would say; "but they never preferred any charge against me."

We never could get Mr. W—— to say very much about those thirteen days he spent in the cement room with seven other prisoners.

"We were eight prisoners, of six nationalities," he said, "and six languages—English, French, Greek, Russian, Turkish and profane American. We played cards, and we listened by the hour to the minute accounts a Turkish colonel gave us of the Armenians he had murdered with his own hands. As nearly as I can remember, there were two thousand of them, and he recalled them all."

"Wonder what became of that colonel," Captain C—— would say. "Maybe he took a bath and the shock killed him."

I felt as if Mr. W——'s case was more difficult than that of any of us. His vacation, longed for during eleven years, was being eaten up in nothingness, and he had two little children whose digestions could not assimilate the black bread which was all we could buy, and he had a very pretty wife, who had been accustomed to looking after the children for two hours in the day, and not for twenty-four. She was the type a man naturally wants to protect, and her husband adored her. The small boys I found adorable. Their parents, with the upper-class British habit of underrating their young, called them poisonous, because they were sometimes a little noisy and sometimes waited to obey till they got smacked. But archangels were not prominent in Baku just then, infantile or adult. We all loved their joyous laughter.

Arguments With the Red

The Bolshevik child, whom we always called the little Bolshevik, was nothing like so laughter loving. Perhaps he had seen too much pain in the north, where his mother worked in an insane asylum. She told us that some of the women patients had gone mad from grief and terror since the war. She also said, but she did not know it was for publication, that wherever Bolshevism went, there also went grief and famine. She had a long, plain, nice face; she wore her hair short, and what her qualities of femininity were any woman will understand when I state that the day she went out shopping by herself to buy evening dresses she came back with two silk slips and asked us to tell her what was wrong with them.

Madame G—— felt obliged to pay her much more deference than she did to Mrs. W—— or me, but she explained why she passed her food first, and why she coddled the Bolshevik officer. We didn't mind; we rather liked him. When we first sat down at table I think the Frenchmen always remembered him, and were a little guarded in what they said. But presently, as usual, they were talking three at a time. Occasionally he asked madame what we said. For all I know, he may have understood every word. Occasionally we asked her to tell him our remarks. I remember one day in particular, when we had all got to the point which every person understands—the point where we were determined to speak our minds no matter what came of it—we made madame express to him our sentiments. We would make a remark in a fiery, furious tone that an idiot could not have failed to understand, no matter what language, and madame would translate it, and I have no doubt soften it.

"Why," we yelled at him in a sort of chorus, "did you let the Italian mission go through in that first week when we all wanted to go? We have just as much right to go as the Italians."

How madame put it I don't know, but the Bolshevik assumed a wounded and righteous look, and said: "But your countries have refused to trade with us. Italy does trade with us, and so, of course, we put the small amount of transportation we had at the disposal of the Italians."

"Tell him," shouted M. B——, "that Trotzky's brother is in business in France, and we don't molest him. He can go where he pleases, leave the country any time he pleases. Yet the Bolsheviks are keeping two harmless French clerks in prison."

"Tell him we haven't interned Russians in England or the United States," we said; "no matter what the Bolsheviks do to the countries, we don't visit it on individual Russians. Tell him ——"

I think madame told him some of it, because he smiled a deprecating smile and did not answer. There was nothing much he could say to remarks like that.

Sometimes, under the spell of the Frenchmen, with their alacrity of mind, their gift for living in the moment, we forgot that we were held by the Bolsheviks. Perhaps M. B—— would talk to us about religion in France, which he said would be a different thing in the future from what it had been for twenty years. France would never forget that priests she had exiled had been such good patriots that they had come back to fight for their country. Perhaps he would tell us concrete stories of the sixty-year-old chaplain of his regiment, who had coaxed him to walk back when he was wounded, and who had half carried another wounded man, and this when both the soldiers were hysterical and sick and wanted to lie and die where they were. Or perhaps M. D—— would tell us of the time he was brigaded with the Americans when they first came over, and thought everything in France so queer. Or M. A—— would discuss the drama. Or madame would tell us what Russia had been like just before the war, when she had plenty of money and looked forward to a roseate future for her children. But, of course, that always brought us back to the restricted present.

Madame used often to say that we were going away sometime, but she would have to stay in a city where there were no winter clothes to be had, no shoes, and where food was growing dearer and dearer, and there were no young men for her Tamara to marry; Tamara, who had had no peaceful girlhood, nothing but war and grief and alarms. Poor Madame G——

At night the moon was very beautiful, and sometimes madame, Mrs. W—— and I would lean out of the corridor window and watch it. The Armenians across the way, with whom Madame G—— had a standing feud, were always spying on us through their corridor windows. Occasionally on these moonlight nights their twelve-year-old son would wave a signal to our ten-year-old Tania. I think it was a case there of Montague and Capulet; at least, I caught the youngsters once or twice conversing in the back entry, and they seemed on terms, though in public they passed each other with their noses in the air.

Killing Time With Cards

As Madame G——, Mrs. W—— and I watched the moon we would glance down the courtyard and see the little domestic dramas in the other corridor windows. Perhaps we would see a commissar at his desk, or Moussa, the concierge, flirting with a Russian girl, he being a Tartar. In the apartment opposite us, one flight down, was a man who paced to and fro, to and fro, with a troubled air.

"The Bolshevists have got the money he had in the bank, I suppose," Mrs. W—— suggested.

"Maybe he's in some love difficulty," I said.

"How queer that I never thought of that," she returned; "one doesn't, somehow, in these days. It all seems so remote, that sort of thing. When I left Tabriz I was looking forward to pleasure. It's been so long since I was in Paris or London. But now all I want is just peace."

Then we would leave the moon and go back to the dining room, where M. A—— was humming Madelon and M. B—— was telling how the Germans burned his grandfather's house in Alsace in the seventies and his father's in 1914, and then luck made him military governor in a city in Alsace after the armistice, and it was within his power to send Germans away as the Germans had sent his people away. The others would play patience.

Everyone played patience by the hour. No one had the tenacity to try bridge, and only occasionally was poker essayed. Patience was on hand from nine in the morning till two next morning. But at about eleven, when the laziest person had breakfasted, we all went down to the boulevard to collect the rumors of the day. This boulevard lay on the edge of the Caspian Sea. From it one had a beautiful view of the harbor and of Baku, climbing the hill. Far away at the left and right stretched the oil fields. Away in the distance we could see the islands where lay Byloff, the place where the British prisoners were held, and Nargen, the jail for the Russian political prisoners. This boulevard was lined by a double row of trees giving scant shade; under them were closely set benches. Normally the population of Baku does not frequent the boulevard till late afternoon, but we interned people haunted it in the mornings. There were under a hundred Americans and Europeans—British, French, Dutch, Swiss, Greek—but there were several hundreds of Persian subjects—Armenians and Tartars, who were keen to go. There were hundreds of Azerbaijan subjects, too, with no excuse for leaving, who wanted to get out of the country, and whose chance for leaving was much slighter than ours. Mingled with us were, I have no doubt, Bolshevik spies.

We were warned not to talk freely, for fear of being overheard. Sometimes we obeyed and sometimes we did not.

The Land of Lies

It was on the boulevard one day that we heard some news that promised release for us. There was grim irony in the nature of this release. We learned that the Tartars of Elisabethpol had risen against the Bolsheviks; that the Armenian and German colonists had joined with the Bolsheviks and after six days' fighting had crushed the Tartars, killing ten thousand of them, men and women and children. It needed but the most cursory of observation to show that the Tartars of Baku had got the news. The Bolsheviks tightened the barriers against them, though at the same time they tried to soothe them with privileges, such as staying out till midnight instead of having to get home by nine. But feeling ran high. We heard that Mustapha Kemal was marching on Azerbaijan, that he would join the Tartars, and that presently there would be in Baku the worst of all the massacres. The Bolsheviks would be pitched out and then we foreigners could go home. We assured one another that, of course, we didn't want a massacre. Out loud we spoke of peace with Georgia, but what we were keenest to hear about was that massacre. We got at it indirectly by talking of the temper of the Tartars in Baku and the nonsense about Mustapha Kemal. All the same, we believed that the massacre would come.

We called what we heard "news," but it was really nothing but rumor. Until someone came along who had heard something we used to read the Bolshevik newspaper.

"All it says is dramatic, and all lies," a Bolshevik colonel told me.

"Listen to this item," Captain C—— would say: "'All deserters may take advantage of an amnesty and may return between the fifth and the fifteenth of June.' Listen to that. After that, deserters, if you don't come back we'll be real mad with you."

Sometimes the paper would be bristling with fulminations against Georgia. She wanted her borders increased, did she? Never! Rather than that, Azerbaijan would fight to the death. Sometimes the paper would take a fling at the British. Enzeli was taken; Resht was taken; the government was preparing to leave Teheran and take refuge in Bagdad. But in Bagdad the British were evacuating. They were fleeing from the Bolsheviks.

"I hope the Bolsheviks won't push them off their own right little tight little island," someone said.

When the newspaper was read we watched the pedestrians to see who was bringing news. There was one man whom Mr. Van L—— called the biggest liar on the boulevard; and that was crediting him with considerable invention. It was he who told us that without doubt the Poles had taken Moscow, and that it was but a question of days when the Bolsheviks would have to evacuate Azerbaijan and send every man to the Polish front. He had it on the very best authority. There were some people who actually believed him, but we said that was not surprising; when one considered how, during the early part of the war, people believed that the Russians had come down from the north and crossed England and had come over to France by that route—after that, credulity would go to any length.

"Mustapha Kemal is but sixty miles away," this man told us once. "The Tartars all about are ready to spring to arms at a moment's notice. I have this on the best authority. A Bolshevik aviator I know, a German, has flown over his army and dropped bombs on him. He has an overwhelming force. He may be here at any time."

"Let's go home and pack," we jeered.

Toward the end of our enforced stay some of us got very mysterious indeed about our sources of information. It was quite common to hear a remark like this: "I have some very special information. I am sorry I cannot give you full details but I am pledged to a certain amount of secrecy. In general it is this: Certain things have happened that have changed the whole course of events here. We shall all be able to leave in about five days."

A variation, you see, of the "I have it on the best authority" yarn. As a matter of fact, nobody had any exclusive information. The man in charge of the American relief work used to be very mysterious sometimes about the interviews he had with Narimanoff, the head of the revolutionary committee. These interviews were few and brief and crisp, so the various underlings connected with the commissar said. I was acquainted with some of the smaller fry—secretaries, we should call them—and they told me that Narimanoff was bored stiff with the necessity of wasting time on any of the foreign representatives, saw as little of them as he could, just enough to satisfy them, treated them as fairly as he could, and dismissed them with passionate relief. He wanted to do important things, and he did not consider it important to be asked whether the American relief work could go on along the old lines, and when the foreigners of all nations might leave. Still, human nature will have its vanities, and I dare say some of us fancied we had special knowledge because our self-respect demanded that we should cease to be nonentities sitting on benches, waiting to be told when we were free. It certainly stripped us of our confidence in ourselves to be thralls of the Bolsheviks; not able to draw our own money from the banks, such of us as had it there; not able to be sure where we could live or what we could eat or what we might buy; not to be able to go where we wished. No wonder we used silly devices for thinking we counted a little after all; commissars were confiding in us!

The Wreck of the Bridge

There were days when there was no news whatever, not even a rumor. There was nothing to do except watch the battleships with their pointing guns, or the ship that had the aëroplane rotting away on it under the weather, or the other ship loaded with American cotton. I met in Tiflis the young man who had bought that cotton. He had got it out of Petrovsk, and had been told that if he didn't follow it overnight he'd be shot. He loved that cotton as a father his child, and I tried to let him down gently as to its fate. It went back to Petrovsk and is no doubt at the moment being woven in Russian factories by means of the oil fuel that was sent north along with it. We used to see about three ships a day going north with plunderings—alias requisitions—from Baku. When there was no news or rumors Captain C—— would devise ghastly punishment for Bolsheviks.

"I would like to see them all laid before me in rows," he would say tensely, "each breathing his last breath. Then I would come along and step on the neck of each and force out that last sobbing breath."

"Cheer up!" someone would say. "Maybe the day will come when we'll be leading the children round Baku and showing them where we sat waiting for freedom."

Up would go a mutter of protest; none of us were ever coming to Baku again, once we got out.

"And speaking of sitting," Captain C—— would add, "I have sat in this spot so long that my trousers are shiny. When I take them off at night it is with infinite precaution, because if I dropped them they would break like a looking-glass, and bring me seven years of bad luck."

(Concluded on Page 108)

Sixth Annual

National Fall Styles Exhibit

Grinnell Gloves

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October 28th *to* November 6th

1920

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United States Corp

By H. W. DUBISKE

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The United States Automotive Corporation has been organized in order to assure that the Lexington manufacturing methods will be in harmony with the evolution of the automobile industry. It places behind the Lexington car a giant industrial family. It fortifies Lexington for the future.

The better a manufacturer can control the units that enter into his product, the better can he figure costs, determine quality, and serve the public.

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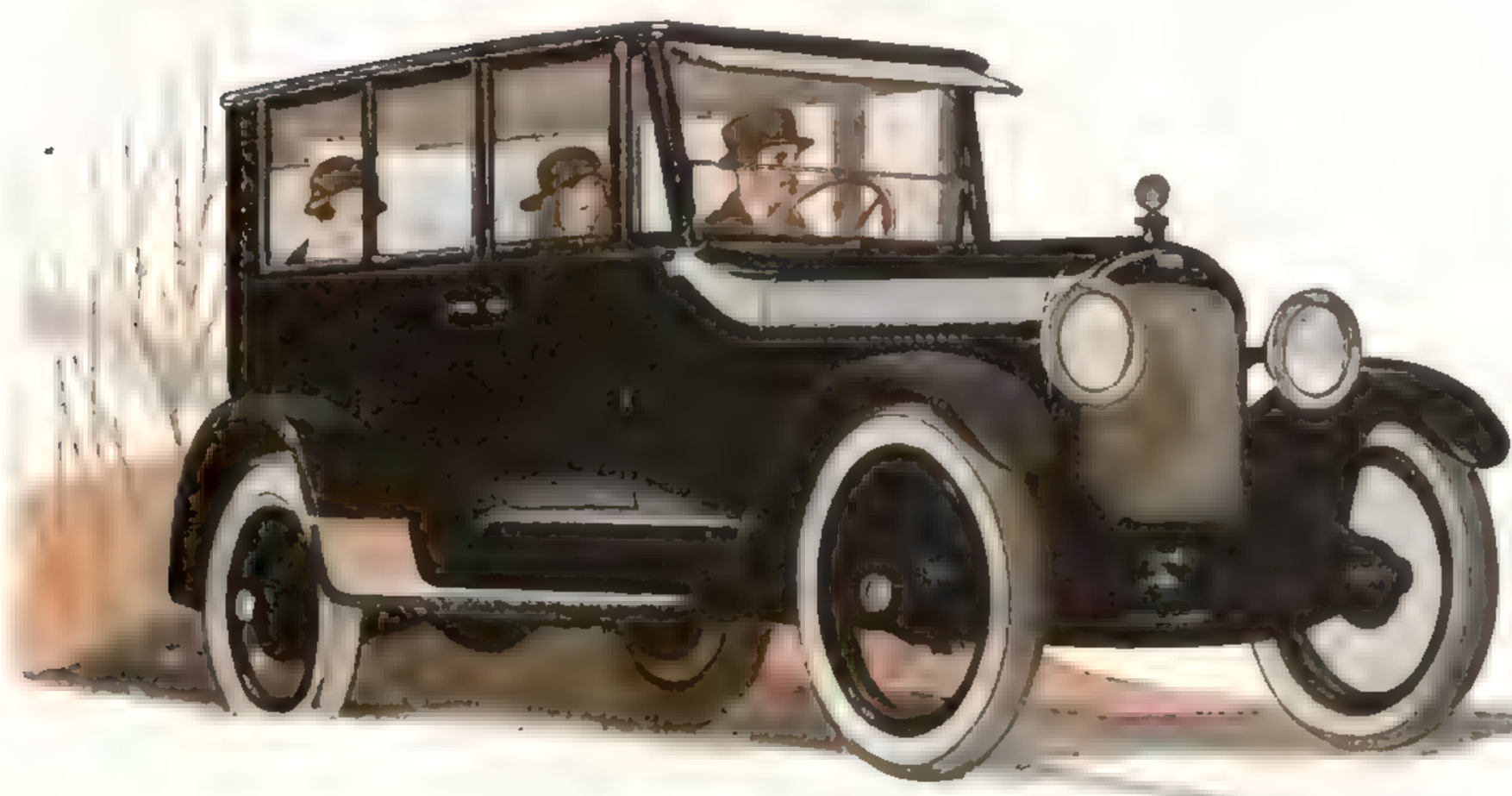
The United States Automotive Corporation allies various companies contributing to Lexington under one management so that they all work as a unit for the same purpose. It co-ordinates all plans, materials, brains, and labor; it eliminates lost motion, waste, and inefficiency, and it



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MINUTE MAN SIX

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Subsidiary United States Automotive Corporation

Automotive oration

makes Lexington even greater in size, facilities, engineering skill, and resources.

Above all, it guarantees a control of the sources of supplies and makes possible vast manufacturing economies.

Every phase of manufacture is thus safeguarded. Instead of being at the mercy of conditions and being forced to take what can be had, if it is obtainable, Lexington can determine quality, workmanship, and deliveries.

It is on this large scale and sound foundation that Lexington is building; not a sudden arrangement, but the final consummation of a plan of operation Lexington has enjoyed in a lesser degree for a long time.

The affiliation which comes about through the United States Automotive Corporation assures Lexington leadership in the industry. It means even better Lexington cars: better for the owner, with a substantial saving—and better for the dealer, who sees in this progressive policy the essentials for his future success. You are invited to write for complete information.

LEXINGTON MOTOR COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA, U. S. A.

Subsidiary United States Automotive Corporation

(Concluded from Page 104)

Sometimes we sat and told each other how much money we were losing by being in Baku, and how much property we should have to leave behind us. A Bolshevik officer had told us that we could take out only ten thousand rubles, no private papers, no gold, and no foreign paper money. We used to suggest devices for hiding money, such as in the hems of skirts and the collars of coats. No matter what we evolved, Captain C—— would throw cold water on it.

"You can't think of anything that the Bolsheviks haven't heard of," he said. "They even scrape the soles of your feet to see if you haven't got false soles on. They watch you from here to the border; peek at you in the night to see that you're not drinking the bath water and devouring your young."

My one satisfaction is that, though I was searched at the border by a German woman, I managed to carry off my notes in my hair, my paper money sewed into a hat with a double lining, and my gold in a condensed milk tin. I recommend that condensed milk tin; it's the niftiest sort of hiding place. I got a hundred and sixty dollars in gold out in that way, Anna Petrovna licking off the milk for me. But more of Anna later.

All Things to All Men

The funniest thing I saw on the boulevard was in the inclosure where the children play. Those who enjoyed it were a small group of Russians—not Bolsheviks—and Tartars. A bright youngster of three, part Tartar and part Armenian, was running up and down the inclosure in the care of a French nurse.

"*Voilà!*" he cried to us. "Now I will show you how the Tartars walk, the bourgeoisie and the Bolshevik."

He wove from side to side with an Oriental grace, then he swaggered with a proud air; and then he strode, scowling, pushing the other children out of his way. We spectators fell into ecstasies of laughter, but his nurse was alarmed.

"*Mon Dieu,*" she cried, "but if the Bolsheviks should see you! You should cry 'Down with the bourgeoisie!' if Bolsheviks are near."

"Down with the bourgeoisie if Bolsheviks are near!" cried the child, at which we laughed more than ever.

To say "bourgeoisie" to the Bolsheviks is like the proverbial red rag to the bull. An American in Baku was arrested twice in May on the accusation of belonging to the bourgeoisie.

"I may look boorjoey," said he, "but I can prove that I'm just a workingman. You have only to look at my wages to know that. I expect you to raise them eighty per cent, like the others."

There was a Tartar wedding going on in the Hôtel d'Europe soon after the Bolsheviks had entered the town. The bridegroom had taken a little too much wine, and in his exuberance he proposed a toast to the bourgeoisie. A listening Bolshevik informed on him, and an hour later, when he was sending for more of the same, the whole party was taken to jail and kept there for six days.

Every day in our own household we heard talk of the bourgeoisie. It was the class to which Madame G—— belonged, and she could not possibly look like a workingwoman. Every morning she used to send young Tania to the Bolshevik newspaper office to carry her sister Tamara's breakfast. Young Tania, though, as I have said, a very leggy child, used to fancy herself in fine apparel. If left to her own devices she would put on a very short white frock, a pink sash, a blue-and-white cap, short pink socks, and shoes. Every day she and her mother had a struggle. Madame said that Tania looked like a member of the bourgeoisie and that she must try to look like a child of the people. So off would come the pink sash, the gay hat and the socks, and Tania would go forth in sandals and a plain cap.

About two o'clock we would all go home to dinner. It was supposed to be at two-thirty but usually happened between three and four. Generally before it was ready there would come a ring at the door, madame would cross herself, and some of us would say: "Here goes for the daily boot-licking."

For every day some member of some committee would come to the flat in the hope of requisitioning rooms. Madame crossed herself because she was always in terror that he would be important enough to get her home; and in time he was. In he would come; we would offer him a chair, the men would give him cigarettes, pretty Mrs. W—— would smile at him, and madame would explain to him that she had six rooms, and sixteen people living in them; that her daughter was a workingwoman for the Bolsheviks, and that she herself was going to teach French for the Bolsheviks as soon as the workingmen's classes were organized. Then the Bolshevik officer we had would appear, genial but firm, and he generally managed to overawe the committee member. But we all knew we were living on a volcano; that some day the boot-licking would be of no avail. But for one day more we should have a home. Usually after a visit like that Dicky-Donald would go to their bedroom, put on paper caps they had made, decorated with red stars, take off their blouses, make themselves as rowdy-looking as possible, and run about the house playing at requisitioning rooms. This exhibition never failed to amuse our Bolshevik officer.

It was at mealtime that madame told us her troubles. Prices were going up; food was hard to find. Unless we helped her buy the compote we could not have desserts any more. Pretty soon we must provide our own sugar; already she was paying eight hundred rubles a pound. She must raise the price of our board. She walked the streets from six till half past eight, begging the Tartars to let her buy food, and they wouldn't do it because she was Russian. Mrs. W—— and I elected to help her, and we warned the men that they must help too. When we nagged them, like gallant Frenchmen they went out and bought compote, but it took daily reminding, and their spirits soon failed. As to the sugar, they seemed to trust to that as Elijah trusted to the ravens. It simmered down to the masculine feeling that it was a woman's job to look after the housekeeping. Mrs. W—— and I stormed to each other about it. These were not ordinary times; it was not merely a matter of paying your board and expecting results; it was a question of money not being good enough to buy food with. But in the end we took on our shoulders the burden of helping madame.

Mrs. W—— could speak Turkish perfectly, having been born in Smyrna. She taught me a few Turkish words, so that presently I, too, could say: "Have you any flour, brother, and how much is it a pound?"

Independent Shopkeepers

Mrs. W—— said it was better to address the shopkeeper as "brother." He would be so pleased that he would sell to us if he had the goods. We have gone into a shop with Madame G—— as if we were not acquainted. Madame has asked for flour, for sugar, for compote, and been told that there was none. Then, when she departed, we have got whatever we wanted. Mrs. W —— always got it cheaper than I because she spoke Turkish so well. It was interesting to watch the Tartar shopkeepers, especially after the Elisabethpol massacre. They would not sell to a Russian or a Bolshevik. They always said "*Niete*" or "None," no matter what was asked. I have seen Russian women pleading almost with tears in their eyes to be allowed to buy flour.

"What are my children to do for bread?" a Russian woman said to me in French as she passed out of a shop.

The Tartar understood, and when she had gone he said to me: "What are the Tartar babies in Elisabethpol to do for mothers that have been murdered?"

I knew two Tartars, Persian subjects, who would sell me anything I wanted, though at mounting prices. At first they had been very humble and shopkeeperish, but as time went on they grew very lordly. They liked me to coax a little before they would go into the big storehouse behind the little shop, and bring out the two pounds of sugar I wanted. Now and then they would tell me to come back to-morrow, just for the sake, I am sure, of showing their power. Mrs. W —— hated having to beg: she said that it was a terrible lowering of dignity to have to plead to a Tartar, but I did not think that was as lowering to dignity as being helpless under Bolsheviks. Being an American I rather enjoyed seeing a petty shopkeeper evince a little independence.

They certainly enjoyed thwarting the Russians. One day I went to my particular shop and was received with the usual vivid smiles.

"I've come for the raisins," I said.

As I spoke the shopkeeper's face became blank. "Raisins? I have none," he said.

I was just about to remind him that he had promised me two pounds, and not only that but his brother had gone into the storehouse to get them, when it occurred to me to look round. In the doorway stood a Bolshevik soldier. He had come in like a shadow, and he was watching us closely.

"Then I will take some of these nuts," I said, pointing to a box of withered nuts which, with a box of dried fish, was apparently the whole stock in trade.

While the Tartar was wrapping up the nuts his brother appeared at the door of the warehouse with a two-pound package in his hands—my raisins. In a moment he had dodged back. I took the nuts and withdrew, leaving the Bolshevik staring meditatively at the shopkeeper. At the corner outside his brother met me with the raisins.

"The Bolsheviks are spying on us," he said. "They have found out that we don't sell at the low Bolshevik prices. Besides, they want to learn all that there is to learn about the uprising."

Here was a thrill; open talk of the uprising!

"When will the Tartars rise?" I asked.

"That I do not know, Khanoum, but it will come. When it does no foreigner will be safe in a Russian house."

He then invited me, when the time was ripe, to come to his shop, and he would hide me in the storehouse with his wife.

"Every Tartar house in Baku will be safe," he said, "and every Russian and Armenian house will be a target."

I went back to our boarding house, greatly excited. On the stairs I met Mrs. W——.

Sitting Tight

"I've just been shopping for Madame G——," she said, "and the Tartar where I buy the flour tells me that we're not safe for another day in a Russian house. He has offered us two rooms. I am going to consult my husband."

When we had climbed the fourth flight of stairs we met M. B——.

"The Tartars are on the point of rising," he said. "I have been offered safety in the house of a Tartar friend."

When we entered the apartment and met the others we found that everyone had been offered asylum by the Tartars. Nobody had a corner on news or on sanctuary.

"That's all very well," I said, "but how are we to get from here to there?"

"And also," said M. B —, "what if the Bolsheviks should win? How do we know how much artillery the Tartars have, and what it's worth? How do we know whether the Turks are really coming?"

We decided to remain where we were for the present, and perhaps for the future. If the Bolsheviks won out we were safe; if the Tartars won we would depend on the W——s, who both spoke Turkish, and who would explain that we had sat round for several weeks waiting for them to rise, and that, thanks to Allah, the hour had now come.

Presently Mr. Van L——, Captain C—— and I lost interest in the coming massacre, for it looked as if the Americans would be able to get away. There were three men who were willing to wait till difficulties were less tremendous, but we three wanted to go. There was an armistice at the moment with Georgia, and permits would be granted as far as Vladikavkaz. Then we would have to drive or walk sixty miles or so to the Georgian border, get across however we could, and drive to Tiflis. At first the scheme was to go by rail to a port on the Black Sea, wire for an American destroyer and so get to Constantinople. This scheme was to include all seven of us. But when it fell through and three elected to stay behind, Mr. Van L—— and Captain C—— evolved a route from Vladikavkaz down through various villages by riding or walking. They said they could not take the responsibility of having me along: that it would be too hard a trip for me and that I might hold them back. I did not blame them for cutting me out of the party if they thought I would hold them back. I believe that nearly all the men of our household agreed with them that it would be too hard a trip for me. So perhaps they were all right. But I decided that if I could go through hardships at the front and scores of baptisms of fire, I could manage the hardships of the Caucasus. At any rate, I'd got to the point when I'd rather have died on the road than stay under the Bolsheviks another day. So I determined to make up a party of my own, and that is how I became connected with Anna Petrovna.

Anna Petrovna is a voluble Russian peasant woman, married to an American who left Baku a few months ago to find work. He gave Anna an American passport and promised to send her money to Tiflis in care of the American consul. Anna had about ten words of German, three of English, the obstinacy of a mule, an anguished devotion for her husband and a hatred of the Bolsheviks. Thinking that she knew enough German so that I could talk to her, and relying on her Russian, I offered to pay her expenses and take her along as far as Tiflis. Then it appeared that we could go to Georgia by an easier route, and it was possible for us all once more to go together. But the men refused to be responsible for getting Anna's permits. They said that her husband had deserted her, and that she had much better stay in Baku where she knew people.

As I had committed myself to her when I needed her, I was not going to throw her over when she needed me. Besides, if her husband had deserted her it was an added reason for some other American to set her on her way. I knew she had shown hospitality to American workmen in Baku, and I determined to do my best for her. Ultimately we all traveled together to Tiflis, but I had to see to Anna's permits, her packing and every other detail.

Never have I had such a chore. Anna seemed to think that to-morrow would do as well for everything as to-day. Whatever I told her to do, she wanted to do something else, slightly different. She always fought it when I took a carriage—which cost the price of a quarter of a pound of sugar—because she could not bear to see money "*kaput.*" I had to drive her to get her clothes together; drive her away from her friends who would have said good-by to her forever; drive her to the station; and even when I got her to the train, and told her to stand in a certain spot while I got the tickets, she stood somewhere else, and but for my heavy tip to the station master, who held the train back a few minutes, we'd not have got away when we did. Later I was able to laugh over it all, but while my contact with her lasted I almost preferred the Bolsheviks to Anna. My reward came when I got her to Tiflis, where there was a letter from her husband, who had been sick. I found her work.

Free at Last

Then I saw the doglike look of devotion in her eyes, not for me, but for her husband, as she said, in her miserable German: "It is right to do anything for love. Some day I will try to help an American woman."

I look back on Anna kindly, though the only useful thing she did for me was to lick the condensed milk off my gold pieces. I forgive her the fact that because of her I did not have time properly to say good-by to the W——s, who had been so kind to me, nor to the Frenchman, who had solaced so many of my hours. I can laugh at her and with her, even though I had fairly to carry her down the rope ladder on the broken bridge between Georgia and Azerbaijan.

And then we were all free. Did we forget the weary travel from Baku, where we slept one night in a third-class carriage and the next in a dirty freight car with a dozen other people? Did we exult and beam on each other and feel free and happy? We did not. We sought what shade there was, and tried to sleep or at least avoided speaking to one another. We were free, and we looked more miserable than we had during our captivity.

But presently Mr. Van L—— bought a lamb on the hoof, which was killed for our breakfast. We had tea and cherries and bread, and we began to talk of those we had left behind, the British and the French, and wondered if they would get out before the massacre, or if there would be a massacre at all.

It has not come, up to date, but it is due as surely as the moon's return. We began to smile a little. Captain C—— gathered about him a group of Georgian soldiers and workmen and lectured to them on the horrors of Bolshevism.

We could say what we pleased, and they couldn't touch us. We were free, and the face of at least one of us was set toward the one country in the world, toward home.

It Warms the Entire House With Very Little Fuel

Invariably the user of a Round Oak Pipeless Furnace—for which the Round Oak Indian is a symbol—commends it for its thrifty use of fuel and its abundant circulation of clean and healthfully moist, warm air.

The comfortable warmth of exactly desired degree, which so evenly pervades all rooms of each home this furnace serves through its single, duplex register, is credited properly to the mature experience of the Round Oak Folks.

To this also is traced the uniform use of heavily oversize parts, fitted tightly and held, by a patent bolted construction, permanently to prevent gas, soot or ash entering the air of the house.

Not less than a generation of winter cheer, on meagre annual rations of wood, gas, soft or hard coal, is pledged by these brawny parts, aided by the uncommonly large combustion chamber, the deep, roomy firepot, and the oversize insulated air passages.

The moderate fuel and upkeep costs of this competent, quickly installed furnace make it far more economical to own than one of lesser investment value.

You are invited to examine it; fully descriptive book, with dealer's name, on request.

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SEED OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 23)

When Anna looked round she was surprised to see the earnestness in his clear eyes.

"I never thought you were a gambler," said she, striving to hold her own in the jest.

"I'm a sound investor," declared Leacy. "But if you think the odds are unfair I'll make it two carloads."

She studied him archly. It was often hard to tell when Dunc was fooling. He smiled at this instant, but that same devouring look was in his eyes.

"One carload would be sufficient, I think," she decided.

"Then the bet's on," he insisted, clearing his throat.

What a preposterous idea! Anna felt that she should be furious. Yet there she sat smiling upon the man who crouched beside her, his hands clasped across his tight-kneed knickerbockers. For just a flash their eyes spoke together, then Leacy looked away.

"Anna, I've had you on my mind a lot lately," he said, and her heart leaped again.

"Really?" she managed to say, and was bitterly disappointed in his next remark.

"You're so typical of a certain phase in the California land question."

"Oh!"

"You represent a white spot in a long yellow strip. The yellow is struggling on every side to rush over you and blot you out."

"Aren't you exaggerating a little?" asked Anna.

"I wish I were. We're yellow down on the island, too, but the situation there's a little different. We've got the yellow peril working for us, and any time we find enough white labor to do the trick we can clear the Japs and Hindus and Mexicans off the lot and make it a white man's country again. But here the situation is different."

"How—different?"

She eyed him critically, a little coolly, as she always did when his California prejudice began asserting itself.

"You can fight big business with big business," he began. Then with one of his sudden turns: "Why do you suppose Helmholts is coming round here every week with some new proposition?"

"He's not a Japanese," she pointed out.

"He's a Jap under his skin—just one of those poor specimens willing and anxious to sell out anything on a commission basis. Anna, I don't want you to help him put through any such deal!"

"We're sailing very close to the wind," she confessed.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Anna," he replied, his look grave.

"I was very ambitious to make the farm nice. It looked so desolate and run down when we came. It didn't seem fair to Zudie ——"

"Always Zudie!" Dunc Leacy's low tone broke in.

"I had the house repaired and painted. We got nearly all the furniture new. Then Shimba insisted on new pumping machinery for the irrigation system, and I had the barns rebuilt. We had to have a car and a garage for it. Then the fruit bins were in frightful shape—all these improvements cost a great deal of money."

"At the present Klondike prices—I should say yes!" he grunted.

"So you see," she added wistfully, "the prune crop's just got to pay."

"You ought to tell that to the prunes," he laughed, but was serious in an instant. "I'm glad you've built to stay, Anna. You've shown a lot of nerve to come here and fight it out—green as you were. Lordy, I wish I were your boss!"

"What would you do?" she asked, her voice softening.

"I'd just see that you stuck it out."

"I'm going to stick it out!" she declared.

"I don't know," said Dunc, studying her curiously. "It's a pretty thing, the song of Asia. You don't know the Japs as I know them. In fact, I've been operating here for a good many years, and it hasn't been until this summer that I began to open my eyes."

"What's turned you?" she asked.

"The Natural Energy Fruit and Land Company," he replied, and lifted a corner of the newspaper scrap out of his pocket.

She was about to question him more closely, but the deepening of his eyes held her to another thought.

"Anna," he began awkwardly, "I've got my life in a sort of queer mix-up."

At that instant Anna's sedan came puffing into view, Zudie looking cool and pretty in a rear seat, while Henry Johnson, every inch a philosopher, tugged thoughtfully at the wheel.

"Hello, Henry!" cried Dunc Leacy as he came down to help Zudie with her bundles.

"Ah, Mr. Leacy!" Henry had got out and stood bowing ceremoniously, his seedy hat almost sweeping the road dust. "Your appearance always adds freshness to the weather."

"Fresh describes it!" laughed Zudie, giving him a slender hand. "And speaking of freshness, have you noticed the wind?"

Dunc Leacy wet his forefinger and held it appraisingly on high.

"Whoops!" he cried. "It's coming from the south! Hot wave's busted! Now if it doesn't turn to rain ——"

"There's always an if for the poor farmer!"

"It's at least a thousand degrees cooler," declared Zudie. "Have you been chloroformed or something that you haven't noticed it?"

Anna cast a conscious look toward the man who had come closer to her in these few minutes than ever before in their happy acquaintanceship. No, she hadn't noticed the weather.

"Any mail?" she asked when Zudie had stepped under the shadow of the porch.

"A communication from the Mikado, I think," smiled Zudie, bringing forth a large, square envelope embossed with a flowery seal.

"It's Baron Tazumi!" cried Anna delightedly as soon as she had examined the formal card. "He's in San Francisco, and we're invited to a party."

"Oh, goody!" exclaimed her sister, and plucked the invitation from Anna's hand, then read disjointedly: "Dinner and reception—St. Francis Hotel—honor of distinguished travelers returning from Japan—why, it's next Thursday!"

"How very nice of the baron!" beamed Anna.

"Oh, he'll not forget us!" Zudie assured her. "And we're going, aren't we?"

"We must," Anna decided.

"I'm just dying for a party. Isn't he an old dear?"

When Zudie had gone into the house Dunc Leacy stood stiffly against a pillar of the porch and hesitated like one groping for words whereby to speak his mind.

"It's none of my business," he began gruffly, "but I'd like to know ——"

Anna's heart seemed to harden at his tone. The psychological atmosphere had changed as suddenly as the weather.

"What would you like to know?" she asked.

"Are you really going to that Jap's party?"

"Baron Tazumi is an old friend of the family," she informed him, "and we are most certainly going."

"I told you it was none of my business," he said with a twisted smile.

"What objection can you possibly have?" she asked. "Some of the most distinguished people in America will be there."

"Some of the most distinguished people are often wrong," he smiled again. "That's what makes politics, I suppose."

"I don't understand your terms," she told him.

"I'm sorry," said he very gently. "Well, it's time I was going back to the grass country."

He was gone ten minutes when Zudie came back to the porch and found her sister standing, her unseeing eyes gazing into the orchards.

"Anna, you haven't quarreled, have you?" asked the little sister.

Anna Bly struggled with herself before she could reply.

"How could anyone be so bigoted?"

"He's perfectly wild about you, Anna," replied the girl, who was sometimes as wise as she was frivolous.

XVII

THEY loitered for several days in San Francisco, because, as Zudie expressed it, "Prunes won't be ripe for two weeks, and nobody can steal our trees while we're away."

It was a week of social gayety in the city of beautiful breakneck streets and energizing fogs. The Pacific fleet had just steamed into port from the south, and visiting jackies brought in a new note of color to the town which prohibition itself cannot make quite sad. From the hilly cobbles of Sutro Baths to the flat-lying cobbles of the water front rolled handsome specimens of the genus gob, and for every gob at least one pretty girl.

On such a week the male civilian must needs stand aside or fight it out cave-man fashion at the end of ten bare knuckles. One alternative proved as vain as the other. Naval policemen, clubs at their belts and frowns upon their brows, stood before every corner drug store. Warrant officers, machinists' helpers, able seamen, bosn's mates spilled out of taxicabs and rubberneck wagons; or they clung to the jaunting-car seats of the Union Street cable car in its miraculous climb over the Alpine streets of Russian Hill.

That nobody ever fell to his death was but another tribute to the clinging powers of the trained sailormen. There was always a slender waist by which to anchor. Pinafore was in the breezy air, and for Little Buttercup it was the day of days.

It was Wednesday when the Brand sisters came to San Francisco, and they found the Palace Hotel lobby gay with officers, several of whom they recognized as friends of New York and Washington days. The chubby junior lieutenant who came rushing over to greet them proved to be Bobby Burns of pleasant memory.

"Of course you're coming to the reception on boardship," he exclaimed.

"We're not invited, thank you," laughed Zudie.

"We've been living so out of the world we forgot there was such a thing as a Navy," was the way Anna explained it.

(Continued on Page 114)

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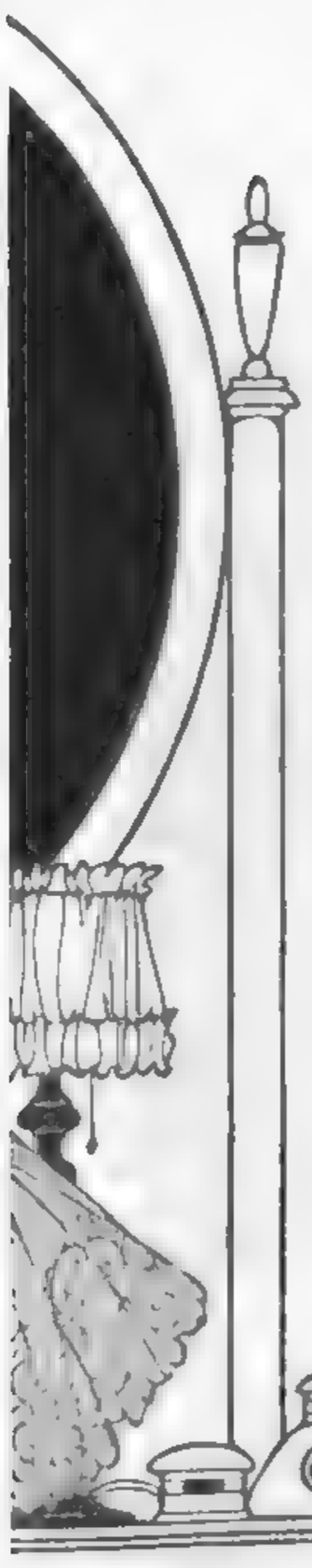

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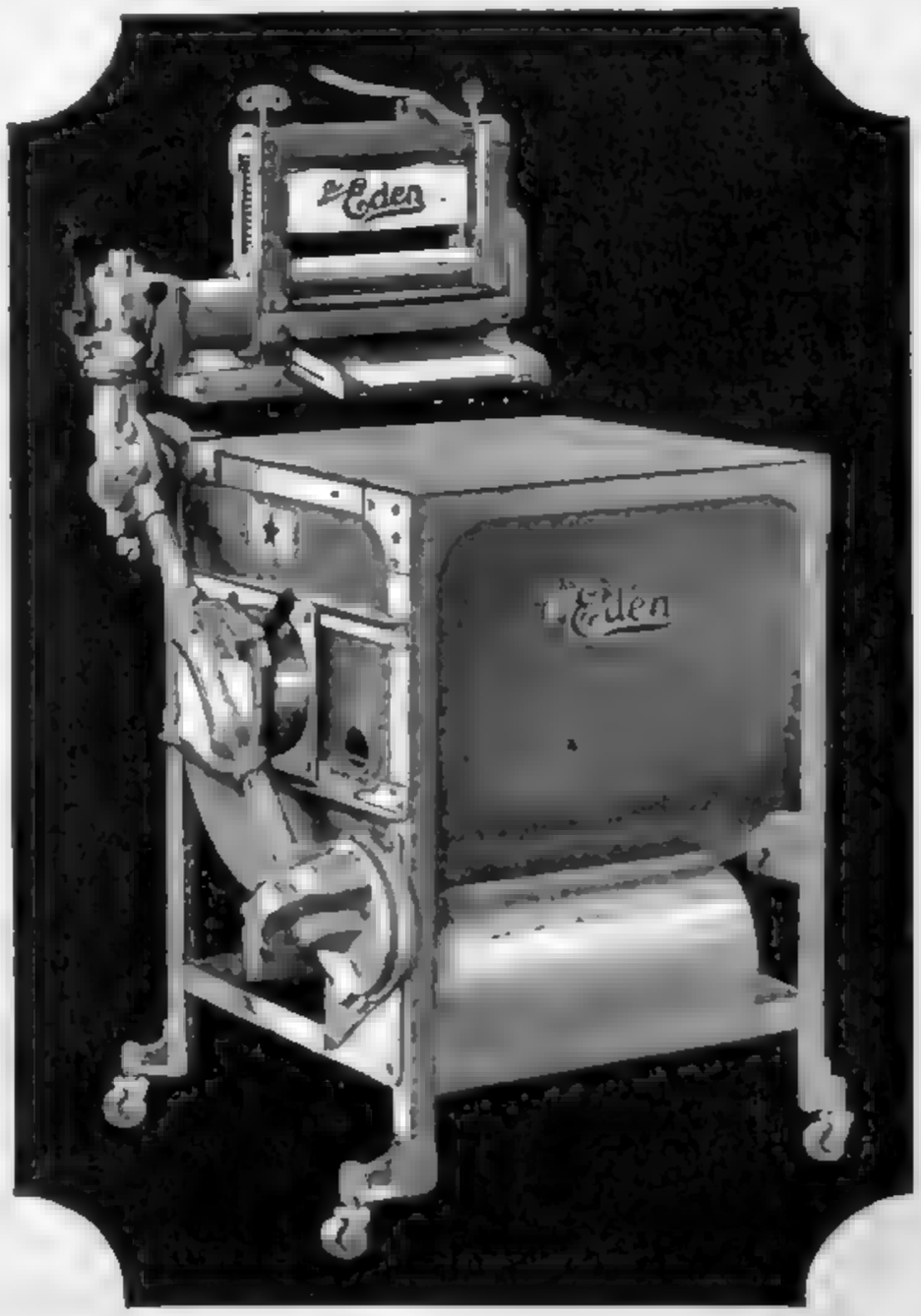


Eden

(Continued from Page 110)

"Well, when the Old Man learns you're in town he'll send a destroyer right up Market Street to haul you in," Bobby threatened.

"We shan't run away!" Zudie promised him, and Anna asked, "How is the admiral?"

"Fit as a fiddle and wishing he was dead. The Old Man isn't much of a tea-going sailor, you know. He'd rather fight twenty grand fleets than one dinner party—and he's booked up to the limit. Official dinner to-night, board-of-trade luncheon to-morrow and that big Jap blowout in the evening."

"You mean Baron Tazumi's dinner?"

"Yes. He seems to be spending money like a lucky tout."

"We're going!" announced Zudie.

"Bully! I'm glad there'll be somebody to talk to. And say, the Old Man's going to be sore as a crab when he finds you're in town and haven't come aboard! Just let me tip him off, will you?"

How well Lieutenant Burns tipped him off was demonstrated within the hour, when an aide presented Admiral Bledsoe's compliments over the telephone and begged that Mrs. Bly and Miss Brand attend the reception on the flagship as the admiral's guests.

"I knew we were going to have a regular orgy!" cried Zudie, and Anna was happy to see the merriment returning to her little sister's eyes.

That afternoon when they stooped under the launch's tasseled canopy to put foot on the floating platform beside the great steel hull a band on the deck above was playing an intoxicating waltz. Even as she mounted the ladder up the side Zudie's little feet were keeping time, hungry for the element in which they had flourished. Anna's heart was fluttering with the enchantment. Not until now had she realized how much she had missed the gayeties of her former life.

And how glad she was for Zudie! Always Zudie, as Dunc Leacy had said upon their last interview.

Several gold-braided officers came forward to greet them, and Anna recognized many of Alec's mates at Annapolis, men who had shared their rooms with him and sailed with him on the great adventure from which he never returned.

"Hello, Anna!" sang out a half dozen cheerful voices in which she recognized the intonations of old friends.

"How in the world did you ever get into this harbor?" besought Lieutenant Gregg, a bearlike officer who had served with Alec.

"We don't live here," chimed in Zudie. "We're running a farm."

"A farm!" Many pleasant voices took up the humorous refrain

"Well, you've grown one peach on it, I'll say!" sang out Bobby Burns, who for long had claimed a place among Zudie's adorers. "Have you followed the plow so long you've forgotten how to dance?"

"I don't know," she retorted. "Let's find out."

The bearlike Gregg claimed Anna before a number of rivals. To the accorded sound of silver cornets, played with a swagger peculiar to naval bands, they whirled across the canvas-covered deck under the wide canopy which shaded batteries of giant guns The flags of all the Allies, stretched end-to-end round the rail, gave a checkered brilliancy to the improvised pavilion.

When the dance was over Anna and her partner stood beside a gallant little banner whereon a rising sun shot scarlet rays across a snow-white field.

"The Japanese flag!" said Anna. "It's the most aesthetic of them all"

"But not the most beautiful," replied Gregg, and his eyes were then upon the level stripes of Old Glory.

"I don't see why you naval men should always be putting the two flags in rivalry!" she exclaimed.

"Rivalry?" asked Gregg, and laughed a big thick laugh. "There's no rivalry between America and Japan"

"No? Then what's all this talk?"

"The European row is over. The newspapers have got to rant about something. The Japanese are sane, whatever you want to say against them. Do you see those little bean shooters up there?"

His glance indicated the long, sheer barrels of heavy guns pointing from their turrets.

"So we'll be going round the world like armed bullies from shore to shore!" exclaimed Anna.

"Joking?" smiled Gregg.

"I suppose so. It's hard to say. At any rate I'm awfully happy to see the uniform again."

"And don't suppose that we're going round like bullies from shore to shore?" he persistently grinned.

"My remark was in horrid taste," she confessed.

"Because you're one of our crowd, Anna," said the good-natured friend. "And I'd hate to think that life on the farm had changed you."

Anna heard no more of this, though Lieutenant Gregg was rated a good talker among sailormen. But all during the conversation her eyes had been seeking out Zudie, and when at last she discovered her little sister the sight was sufficiently astonishing to drive every other idea out of her head.

In and out among the dancers wove the supple figure, the very picture of grace in rhythm. Her eyes were brighter than Anna had ever seen them before, her cheeks were flaming like peonies. Anna could see all this in the instant when Zudie was turned toward her. The next instant Anna caught sight of the girl's partner.

Lieutenant Commander Sidney Footridge!

"I'm so glad!" thought Anna, and could have cried for joy, but to Lieutenant Gregg she said: "Why, there's Sid Footridge!"

"He joined us with the destroyers at San Diego," explained Gregg. "It's not for long, between you and me."

"Has he been ordered away?"

"To the Philippines," explained her informant. "And gosh, how he does dread it!"

Anna danced away with little Bobby Burns, who managed a fox trot well in spite of his inferior stature.

"This is the life!" he chuckled in her ear.

"Indeed it is, Bobby!" she agreed; but he little knew how much of her heart went out in the words.

In spite of the athletic requirements of the dance, her eyes were always seeking after Zudie, and her thoughts went with her gaze. Footridge continued to claim her, dance after dance. Anna uttered a prayer of thanksgiving, even to the accompaniment of profane music. While Anna was dancing an encore she saw the reunited couple leaning against the rail.

"What is there worth quarreling about?" thought Anna. "Is anything sufficiently important to part young lovers at the time when they should be mated?"

Then her mind wandered to thoughts of her own poor case. The day was in sight when she would be thirty years old.

"For one of my advanced years," laughed Anna as she completed her third dance with Bobby, "these modern dances are a bit trying."

"You toddling infant!" whinnied Burns, applying a handkerchief to his brow.

"What's happened to the admiral?" she asked. "I haven't had a peep at him—his own reception too. He ought to be ashamed of himself."

"He's down below," chuckled Bobby, "fighting off a delegation of lady highbrows who want him to hold the fleet another week so that they can give him a few more banquets. He's on a diet, you know, and the thought of a ten-course dinner makes him perfectly savage."

"Poor old Uncle Len!" sighed Anna, harking back to her childhood name for the great man.

At that instant she saw Zudie and Sid Footridge coming toward them. His face seemed to give forth rays of light; and the peonies were still blooming on Zudie's cheeks.

"Well, Sid," said Anna as her hand was crushed in his big palm, "we meet again, after all!"

"With a brass band" roared Sid, "and all flags flying! Zudie's been trying to make me believe that you actually grow prunes on your farm."

"We do grow several," admitted Anna, always willing to joke about the comic fruit.

"How many?"

"My Japanese brought me nearly a plateful of ripe ones last Saturday"

"How do you like the Japs by this time?" asked Sid Footridge.

Anna hoped that they wouldn't quarrel again when Zudie cut in: "They're simply lovely. I don't know how we'd get anything done without the Japanese. Isn't that so, Anna?"

"They're very capable," Anna agreed faintly, and was saved from further parley by a booming series of explosions coming in rapid succession, "Well, well, well!" from the stairway below.

Two muscular arms, blue clad and gold braided, went round the slim shoulders of the Brand sisters, pulling them together into a family group, as the deep-lined, aquiline, merry-eyed face of Admiral Bledsoe beamed down on them.

"Well, well well! What are you two children doing so far away from home? By George, Zudie, you're a regular grown-up lady, aren't you? And, my word, Anna's in long dresses too. Either I'm getting old or girls are going out into society younger than they used to."

Uncle Len always spoke of Anna as a débutante, and seemed quite unable to realize that she had matured into a woman.

Like the merry monarch that he was, he insisted that the sisters should come below "and help talk some of this tea gabble out of my head," as he put it. The group of officers gathered round grinned appreciatively at the Old Man's joke, but Sid Footridge looked a trifle crestfallen, Anna thought, as they deserted him at the head of the stairs.

On the way down a plutocratic Californian stopped the admiral to introduce his plutocratic wife. A great landowner of the rainbow-painting type was this Californian. He urged the admiral to hitch his ship indefinitely on the shore of God's country. He desired the admiral to ride in the fastest and biggest motor car that money could buy, to enjoy the hospitality of the finest country place in Mill Valley; to behold the finest stock farm, the finest forest land, the noblest view in America, all of these desirable things being the sole possession of the great California landholder.

The admiral was sorry, but he had a pressing engagement to conduct the Pacific fleet into deep waters within a very few weeks.

As soon as he had guided his favorite children to the semicircular steel-riveted room below he permitted his seamy face to crinkle into a smile.

"Patrolling the North Sea isn't the hardest job I've ever tackled," said he, showing his guests to stationary chairs and punching a button to order tea and cigarettes.

Anna's eyes roved curiously round the walls, regarding autographed photographs of all the earth's royalties still in respectable standing. King George and Queen Mary, their Majesties of Belgium and of Italy, Ferdinand of Rumania, had expressed in several languages their regard for the popular admiral. President Poincaré's grizzled beard and gentle features offered a tribute from democracy to democracy. The Emperor and Empress of Japan beamed benignly from prominent places.

The sight of all these sovereign lords of universal understanding, gathered as though in peaceful conference in one of America's greatest war vessels, had a soothing effect on Anna's nerves. War at least, thought she, had exerted this beneficent influence, had made it possible for the mightiest peoples of the earth to meet upon a basis of understanding.

But the admiral talked of home things with all the affectionate curiosity of a father who had been long separated from his own. Were they doing well on their farm? Did they like the life? Did they get along smoothly with the Japanese? The Old Man fancied that there had been a lot of loose talking on the Japanese subject lately. No loose talking for him, you bet! Too many admirals had been going in for oratory since the war.

The Old Man winked and crackled his seamy face again at this last sly hint. And when Anna told him what Gregg had said he tightened his lips and spluttered: "Pshaw! Japan's not on our target range. Get that out of your heads!"

As soon as tea was over he bounced to his feet.

"Come on, children," he said. "I want to show you some bits of hardware I've picked up during my travels. Sailors are always collecting trinkets, you know. First of all, I want to show you my jug."

He winked again. Leading them into the officers' mess he stopped before a sideboard and pointed out his jug. It was a beautiful silver urn, standing three feet from lip to pedestal. It bore Great Britain's coat of arms and up and down its silvery bowl many world-famous names were engraved below the inscription: "From the officers of the Grand Fleet to Leonard Bledsoe."

"I guess I'll have to keep that in the family," declared Uncle Len, patting his jug affectionately. "And come along. Let me show you my collection of badges"

He opened a chest of drawers in the semicircular room and brought out a number of small boxes, some of lacquer, some of velvet.

"That's a pretty one, isn't it?" he smiled deprecatingly, opening the first box to reveal an elaborate decoration of gold and enamel suspended from a ribbon.

"The Order of the Bath!" exclaimed Zudie.

"Oh, yes, so it is!" agreed the admiral. "And this one's the Order of King Leopold. And this is the Order of Savoy, isn't it?"

He gazed at the royal favor through his glasses to make sure.

But Anna's attention had been diverted from the admiral's discourse. One among the boxes had attracted her from the first; its beautiful lacquer surface, adorned with a golden chrysanthemum, had urged her to raise the lid and look at the treasure inside. Finally she obeyed the impulse.

A perfect example of the goldsmith's art lay before her on its bed of flowery brocade. Sun rays of white enamel, alternated with streamers of gold, shot forth from a center which might have been a flat-cut ruby or a marvelous circle of brilliant red enamel.

"This is the flower of your collection!" she cried, holding the mighty trifle up to the light.

"You think so?" asked the Old Man.

"It's so simple and so—so imperial!"

"Order of the Rising Sun," explained he. "Nice thing. The Mikado sent that round to me one day."

And he closed the box as if to guard himself against any undue display of pride.

XVIII

IT WAS while Baron Tazumi was receiving his guests in the reception room outside the banquet hall that Anna had her first glimpse of him during her visit to San Francisco. With the ribbon of a foreign order across his shirt front and the correct smile on his lips, he looked—as he always did—the man of the world, always charming, never at a loss for words.

But he seemed a little older, she thought, than when she had last seen him in New York. His face was still unwrinkled and his carefully twisted mustache was black as jet, but his handsome pompadour was salted with gray. As he stood in line, amiably passing his guests on to the American financiers, clergymen and publicists his hand at last went out to Anna and Zudie.

"Ah, Mrs. Bly!" he cried, his almond eyes snapping with genuine pleasure. "I was worried for fear my invitation had miscarried. Allow me to present Senator Jascomb, Mr. Ignatius Kohl and the Reverend Doctor Greet. How stupid of me! You have met before."

Anna was handed on to the important travelers who had been guests of the Cherry Blossom Society in New York and whom she had encountered a little later at the consul general's dinner in San Francisco.

She was of too worldly a breed to feel disappointment at her old friend's formal greeting. The task of shaking hands with a distinguished multitude, giving each the courtesy of his official rank, was sufficient to keep the baron busy; therefore she contented herself with Mrs. Jascomb and Mrs. Kohl, who burst almost at once into eulogies of cherry-blossom time in Yedo and the splendors of the royal court. And they had almost been permitted an audience with the Mikado!

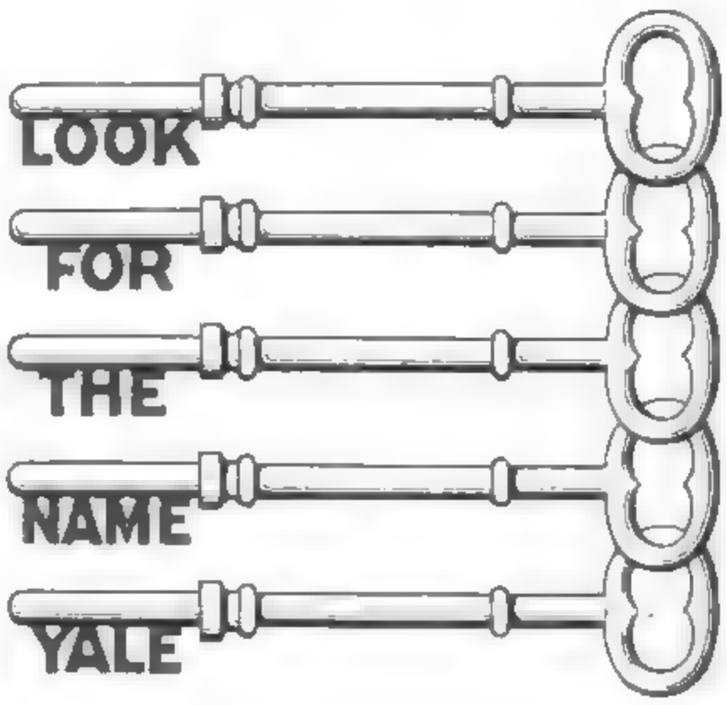
The arrival of officers from the Pacific fleet brightened the scene for Anna and her sister. Rear Admiral Bledsoe, his dress uniform blazing with the loveliest of his badges—the Order of the Rising Sun—accepted the hero's meed of flattery and got out of the crush as soon as possible.

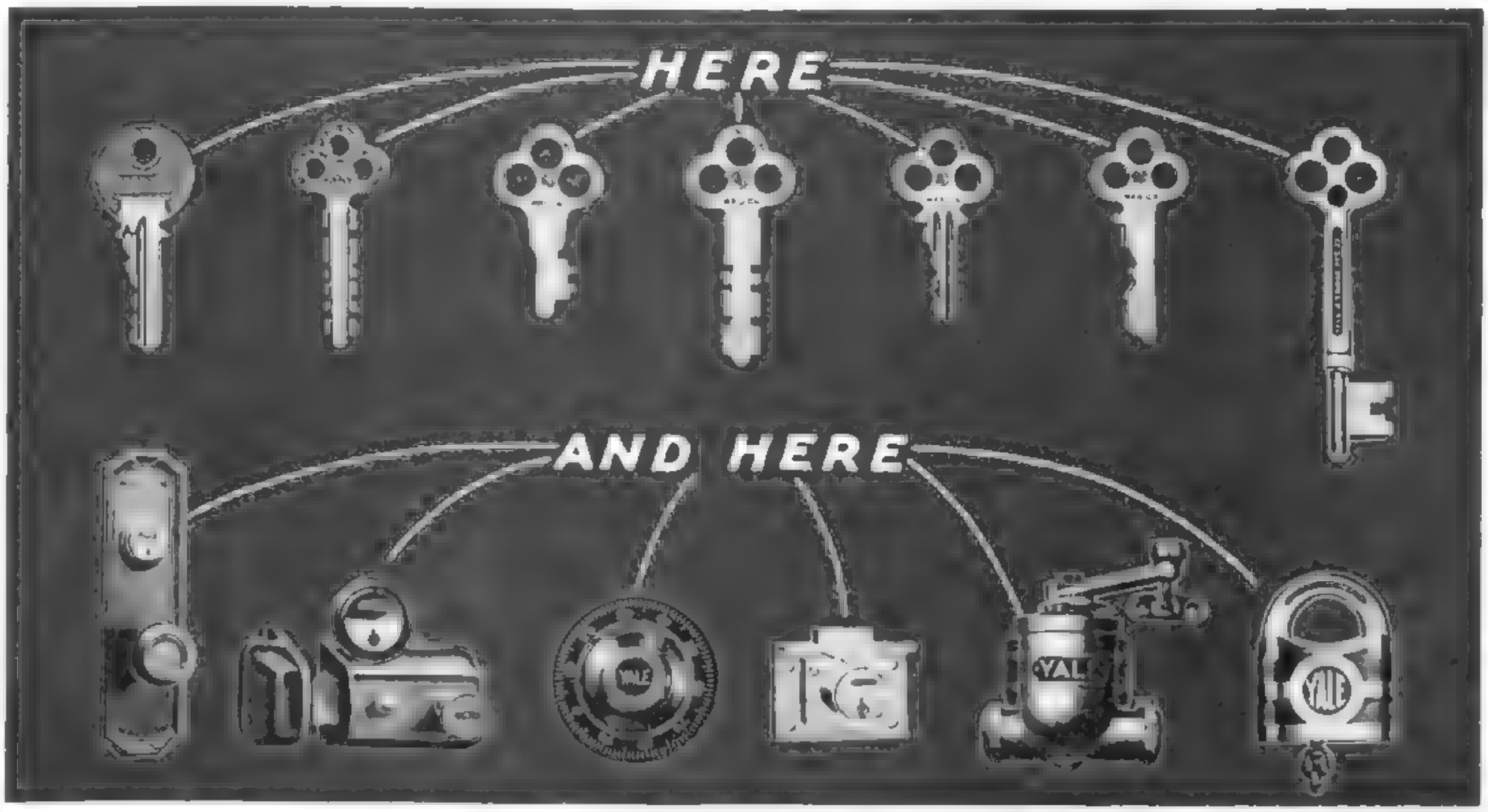
He settled himself in a corner with Anna as long as his popularity would permit, and before they could drag him away again he swore: "By hickory, if they'd hand me a pretty one like you once in a while at these dinners you'd never find me aboard ship!"

Out of a corner of her eye Anna could see Sid Footridge talking earnestly with her sister. Hope renewed itself. Her husband's face appeared distinctly for an instant in her brain. Ensign Bly had been so handsome in his new uniform the night they met—and she had wanted him to love her!

Lieutenant Commander Footridge sought her out just as the guests were forming to file into the banquet hall.

(Continued on Page 116)





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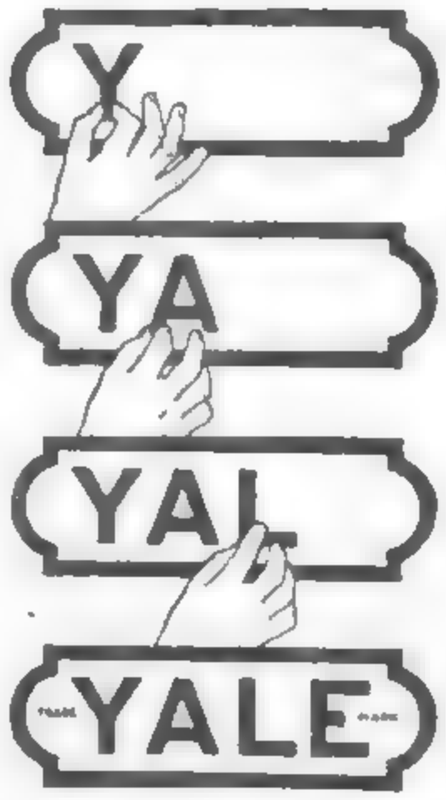

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GRINNELL AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

When the fire starts, the water starts.

(Continued from Page 114)

"Anna, I ought to have flat feet," he declared. "I land on 'em so often. I just blow in from the bay, expecting to bore myself stiff with some important Jap lady, and here I find a card ordering me to take you in to dinner."

"You perfect dear!" cried Anna, truly delighted. "But you oughtn't to be complaining about the Japanese, Sid. There are only a handful here."

"I'll bet you haven't seen so few at a time since you came to California," he remarked.

"Don't let's start that again, Sid," she begged.

He must have caught her significant look and known that she was thinking of Zudie.

"All right. We'll sit round and gossip while the International True Lovers' Festival blows off steam," was the consoling way he put it as they found their places at an obscure end of the U-shaped table. The uniformed, décolletté and white-fronted personages took seats on either side of the noble Japanese. There was a scattering of Tazumi's countryman—officials, bankers and business men—among the latter the wealthy Mr. Otisuki, who had entertained Anna at Piedmont. At a far end of the table she could see the smiling face of the elegant Mr. Oki, who was making himself agreeable to Zudie, seated at his left.

It was not until game had been served that Sid broached his obsessing topic, which was Zudie.

"Anna, it's the hardest job I ever tackled," he confessed. "After the things she said to me in New York I went away thinking that I'd just quit and stay out of it from then on. I've been batting round from port to port ever since, trying to fix up my life. I almost got myself engaged to a nice girl at Coronado. And now I've come right back to where I started. I can't beat the game, Anna."

"You ought to come over to the farm, Sid," she suggested, hoping that she might help him in some way.

"It's next to impossible to get away now. I've been ordered to the Philippines—I might be sent to sea any day—and this is about my last chance."

"Why don't you ask her now?"

Anna was relying upon the force of simplicity.

"I've done that—again this afternoon," he admitted. "Do you know the condition she tried to tie me up to?"

Anna knew, but she didn't say so.

"She wants me to quit the Navy."

His further lament was interrupted by a toast to the President of the United States, for dinner had by now reached a point where something that popped like champagne and tasted like soda water had been poured from tin-foiled bottles into tall glasses. When this was over and the health of the Emperor of Japan had been proposed by Senator Jascomb, and the guests had got up and sat down several times, and Baron Tazumi had toasted the distinguished tourists and the distinguished tourists had toasted Baron Tazumi, the speech making began in earnest.

Smiling modestly across the table, the baron explained that since this was no formal dinner, but—in a manner of speaking—a family gathering, he found himself in the position of toastmaster and host in one. If there were any present narrow enough to doubt the good relations between America and Japan, let him listen to the words of these representative Americans who had just returned from the islands of Nippon, where they had studied both the faults and the virtues of these people whom a yellow press is disposed to call a yellow peril. Tazumi's manner was modest in the extreme, and he closed his remarks with the deprecating hope that the speakers wouldn't be too hard on his little people.

Anna noted in the speeches that followed something of the tone she had heard at the Cherry Blossom Society dinner. But the song had become more melodious. Senator Jascomb, early among the singers, declared that the average Japanese enjoyed a personal freedom comparable to that of the average American.

"Despotism though it may be," he vociferated, "you will find few instances of social injustice or the cruelty of class against class. Half starved for land—yes. Inured to lives of grinding economy—yes. But exploited by capitalism—never!"

"Personally conducted!" whispered Footridge. "I'll bet they never let him get within smelling distance of one of their factories."

After the illustrious Mr. Kohl had expounded upon the superior trade relations of the little people among the inferior nations of Asia, the Reverend Doctor Greet was called upon.

His beautiful, sensitive face, crowned with flowing silver, shed a benediction across the room as he spoke at length upon the subject of Japanese morality.

"Where in all the world," asked his pleasantly emotional voice, "can one find a more beautiful domestic relation than exists among the little workers of Nippon—each occupying his or her place in the perfectly organized home, the father to labor and to counsel, the mother to labor and to teach, the child to revere the parents, to emulate their honesty and kindness?

"In our Western ignorance we have been brought up to think that the Japanese are a polygamous people. How can we persist in so revolting a libel? The Japanese standard of morality compares more than favorably with the American standard—and I know whereof I speak, because I have devoted years to investigating social conditions in New York and Chicago."

"And about a week to the same job in Tokio," whispered Footridge.

"We have been brought up to believe," went on the pleasant-voiced clergyman, "that the prosperous Japanese nobleman is like the Turk of similar station, proprietor of a harem in keeping with his social importance. I see Baron Tazumi smiling at the absurdity of this slander."

The baron indeed was smiling, and sympathetically the room burst into a titter.

"And I come here to-night, my fellow countrymen, to drive a nail in that popular lie. From the Emperor's palace down to the lowliest peasant's hut monogamy is the unbroken rule in Japan to-day. When the present Empress of Japan was a young girl she became a student at the school of Miss Tsuda, a very Christian lady, who so trained the beautiful princess in ideas of Occidental morals that the lesson was never forgotten. The princess later became engaged to the heir apparent only under condition that concubinage should be forever discouraged in the palace. This noble example had an almost magical effect upon the entire Japanese Empire. Whatever the custom might have been in a generation now relegated to the Dark Ages, in progressive modern Japan there is no double standard of morality as there too often is in America. The marriage tie among the beautiful islands of Nippon is a sacred and lasting thing."

The speech making, though ardent in the extreme, was of briefer duration than it had been at the Cherry Blossom Society.

"You see," said Sid Footridge, when the diners were rising from the table and the floor was being cleared for dancing, "this is just another case of before and after taking. These Yankee tourists, before going to Japan, were just mildly pro-Jap."

"If you keep on that way, Sid," whispered Anna, "you'll never get Zudie as long as you live."

The naval officer had just opened his mouth to reply when a slender hand was laid on his shoulder.

"What have you to gain by antagonizing us, Commander Footridge?" asked a sweet voice.

Anna swung nervously round and beheld Baron Tazumi, a good-natured smile on his handsome face, his black eyes snapping quizzically.

"I'm sorry to have butted in, as the American language says it," he continued affably. "But it was innocent eavesdropping, I assure you. And I can't help repeating the question: What have you to gain by antagonizing us?"

"Well, baron," replied Footridge, seeming to come easily out of his first surprise, "are you sure that we are doing the antagonizing?"

"I have an open mind," laughed the baron, "and I am eager to be convinced that Japan has ever been antagonistic."

"You haven't done it by banging a wooden shoe on a dishpan, the way we have," admitted Footridge. "We're a rough lot when it comes to diplomacy. No, Japan hasn't antagonized us that way."

"Just how would you say?" smiled the great gentleman.

"By kind words and soft answers," replied Footridge.

"I should like to discuss that with you in a friendly spirit," invited Tazumi, and Anna could not choose but admire his continued good nature. Or was it the kindness

(Continued on Page 118)

STILL *the* GREATEST MOTHER *in the* WORLD

Quietly, but effectively, the Greatest Mother in the World is busy caring for those who are in need.

She is bringing health and cheer to the crippled, blinded heroes of the war who are still in Army, Navy and Public Health Service Hospitals.

She does more. She takes to her arms the victims of disaster in peace, the victims of floods, fires, tornadoes and other catastrophes. Over 30,000 such unfortunates were shielded and sheltered by her this year alone.

In preventing disease through education, in saving lives through home nursing and by teaching first aid in accidents, the Greatest Mother in the World—your RED CROSS—is keeping faith with you; keeping faith not merely in your own community but in foreign lands as well.

Will you keep faith with her? The good she has done in the past has been made possible entirely through your membership. Join the Red Cross or renew your membership during the

FOURTH RED CROSS ROLL CALL

NOVEMBER 11-25, 1920

This advertisement contributed by friends of the American Red Cross

Red Star Timer

FOR FORD CARS·TRUCKS AND TRACTORS

Gives Fords Power

Does your Ford misfire? Does it lack power? Is it hard to start? A Red Star Timer will give you a sweet-running, powerful motor.

The Red Star Timer delivers a sure-fire spark at the exact instant to every cylinder. Makes all 4 cylinders hit in perfect time because it is correctly designed—its construction is flawless.

Red Star Timer is milled and machined to five ten-thousandths of an inch. The roller-on-a-roller, a special Red Star feature, runs true with the race. The race of time-cured, bone-hard fibre, polished on three sides, does not pit or get bumpy.

Nine inspections make sure that workmanship and materials are perfect.

A Red Star stamped on the shell is your protection against interior timers.

Your garage or repair man has Red Stars or can get one for you. Carried in stock by all wholesale houses. Descriptive circular mailed on request.

AUTO COMPONENTS, INC., Dept. 700
1603 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

WAKE UP

every morning with your trousers freshly and perfectly creased.
Baggy knees and wrinkles removed while you sleep.

The Ford Trouser Creaser
will save your tailor bills and lengthen the life of your clothes. This wonderful invention, made of light, strong wood, felt pressed, will fold for the traveling bag. Lasts a lifetime. A moment to operate. Mailed parcel post, prepaid, $1.50.

Wisconsin Textile Mfg. Co.
Two Rivers, Wisconsin
Also Manufacturers of Infants' Underwear and Stocking Forms, Wood Specialties

New Home Study Course in Accounting

Absolutely new in both material and method. No books—all lessons loose-leaf—always right up to date. Personal instruction by C. P. A.'s of the highest standing. Postgraduate courses permit you to specialize along any line you desire.

Write Today

Get the facts about this *different* course. A postal or letter brings you interesting booklets and complete information. Address

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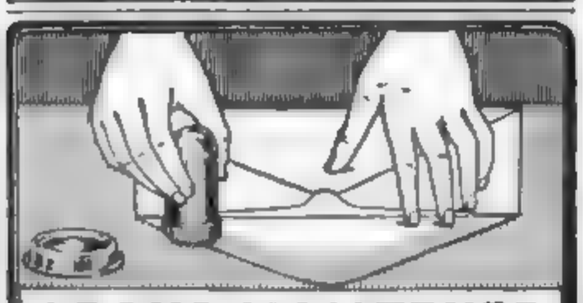

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Simplifies Stamping and Sealing Envelopes
Moistens stamps, envelopes or labels more perfectly and more quickly than tongue. Sound lips can't do it. Has many other uses. Place ARGUS Moistener on your desk. Always ready.
Never out of order. From your stationer or send us **$2.35**
Money Refunded If Not Satisfactory
Argus Mfg. Co., 406 N. Paulina St., Dept. 61, Chicago

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of a wise teacher, conscious of his superior intelligence, yet too expert to show superiority?

"We'll go fifty-fifty on the hall," grinned Footridge, his eyes wandering toward a corner where Zudie stood surrounded.

"Ah!" The baron's eyes danced. "But it should be in a neutral country."

"There's always Coblenz," suggested the lieutenant commander. "And now if you'll pardon me ——"

He made his bow and was off to fight for his share of Zudie's attention.

"A fine fellow!" exclaimed Tazumi. "A splendid type of service man. His father, as I knew him, was like that—stubborn and brusque and a little—shall I say it?—provincial."

Like all his countrymen, Tazumi was shy about dancing. Possibly it was a consciousness of his inferior stature; possibly it was a hereditary prejudice against public familiarity between male and female. At any rate he expressed, without saying so, his preference to sit the dance out. They found themselves a little gilt alcove outside the big room. Here they settled among rose upholsteries, pleasantly distant from the fine wail of violin strings. She knew instinctively what Tazumi was about to say, and as he talked on, obviously playing for time, she made a rapid review of her life and his place in it.

He was, she still persisted, the finest gentleman she had ever met. In stature, to be sure, he was short. Then came to her an echo from the speech she had heard in a Buddhist temple: "Nobody shall say that our souls are smaller than theirs." Surely Tazumi's soul was a great one. Trained in the narrow creed of an old nobility, he had schooled his fine mind to open to all the world, to comprehend the message of a universal brotherhood. What could be higher than that?

His skin, to be sure, was a shade sallower than hers, his eyes a little different. Many women of her acquaintance had married hideously ugly men and loved them to distraction. What, then, was the invisible wall between her and the aristocratic Tazumi?

In that searching flash she thought of Dune Leacy—or was it the mind behind the mind that brought his picture to her? There had been an hour when she had considered him possible to her. That hour had passed.

"Anna"—she heard Tazumi's high-pitched voice coming out of the general to the particular—"I have often wondered. How tall are you?"

"I?" She laughed a trifle nervously. "I'm a bean pole—five feet ten."

"Ah!" His tone was rich with admiration. "And we are such little people!"

"Not in spirit," she told him.

"You think not?"

His quick black eyes seemed to devour her, and in another instant he was saying the expected thing.

"Anna, I have thought a great deal about you since we said farewell. It has worried me to think that you might have fallen among those who strive to make trouble between your people and mine. Is it so, Anna?"

"I—I don't think so," she replied.

"You must have known how much I have cared for you," he went on, "though I have never spoken of love."

The last word came strangely from his lips.

"Why should you have thought of me?" she asked ineffectually, groping for something to say.

"There are few American women like you. You are so gentle. You are so inspired with what we call the domestic virtues. I have seen how much you could sacrifice for your children. Such beauties of character are not lost upon a Nipponese."

"Those are admirable qualities to admire," she said, and hoped it hadn't sounded like a sarcasm.

The orchestra was playing tenderly, great waves of sound. Out there on the dancing floor, she remembered, Zudie was swimming in the golden element she loved.

"Much as I have admired your fight against fate," Tazumi was saying, "I have hated to think of you struggling against the rough elements—alone. I am no worshiper of money, Anna, but I have a great deal of it. You would enjoy among my people the place you deserve. You would be a figure in society. You could live again among the great of the earth."

The great of the earth! Who are they? Big-framed men, blond, boisterous, fighting for the fruits of the soil with the spirit of boys? Fine-boned yellow men, keen-eyed, studious and thoughtful, planning their destiny with the skill of engineers? Soul strength against soul strength—who are the great of the earth?

Anna glanced at the fine-grained little man beside her. Candid, earnest, honorable, she knew that he admired her because he too was admirable. He had gone into a strange land and fought for his people with an ethical code as pure as Galahad's. And yet she gazed in wonder, trying to imagine them in the relation of husband and wife.

"I'll be called back home soon," he urged, "and I should like your answer, Anna."

He touched her hand for an instant, but she withdrew it. His fingers were soft as silk, but cold to the touch.

"Please don't ask me to decide now," she pleaded, rising and looking across the crowded ballroom.

"Many months ago, Anna, I wished to ask this question," he said, standing beside her.

"Everything's so jumbled!"

Anna had herself risen with a panic-stricken desire to run away.

"May I call at your hotel to-morrow at noon?" he asked, coming back to his punctilious manner.

"Oh, yes, do come. I'll try to ——"

She rushed away from him to encounter Bobby Burns, blazing with heat, among the side seats near the orchestra.

"Dance with me, Bobby!" she begged. "I don't care who else claims you."

"You've always got first call," he puffingly assured her. "I'll whirl you until I melt. Great Brussels sprouts, but you look like a handsome, reckless devil, Anna!"

"I am," she agreed, "and I hope the tune never stops!"

Whereupon he clasped her as tightly as naval etiquette will permit. He didn't melt, as he had agreed to do for her sake, but that happy termination was only prevented by a decision of the orchestra leader, who at last laid down his bow and put away his fiddle for the night.

She shook hands with the baron, among a hundred others, at the door and thanked him for his entertainment.

In the cloakroom her name came to her from a curious source. A hotel maid, who had just helped Zudie on with her wrap, turned to Anna with the question: "Pardon me, madam. Which of you ladies is Mrs. Bly?"

"I'm Mrs. Bly," said Anna, slightly surprised.

"I have a note for you," explained the woman as she reached to a shelf above the coat hooks and brought down a pinkish square envelope.

The address was astonishing enough. It was written in a large schoolboy hand with every "a" and "o" painfully rounded out:

"Mrs. Bly,
"Care Tazumi Ball,
"Francis Hotel."

"Who brought this?" asked Anna before she had opened the note.

"A Jap boy," said the maid.

"What Jap boy?"

"I can't say, madam. They look so much alike, you know."

Anna concealed the envelope under her cloak, loath to open it before so many prying eyes.

It was not until they had reached the outer air and were waiting under the marquee for their taxicab that she hearkened to Zudie's suggestion: "It might be something important. You'd better read it right away."

Therefore Anna broke the flap and read:

"Mrs. Bly, you could be there at ten on time because danguras to-morrow A. M. see me about Tazumi and be glad to do so. I am a lady."

Anna had read the queer message over a second time before she found, faintly penciled at the bottom of the page, a name and number, probably an address, though she had never heard of such a street in San Francisco.

When Zudie read the letter she laughed.

"It sounds like one of Shimba's proclamations," was her light decision.

But her look became more serious when she added: "You mustn't think of going, Ann. Heaven only knows what sort of a trap you'd be walking into!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Above the Clouds at the Extinct Crater of Haleakala, Island of Maui, Hawaiian Islands

"Royal Blue" for Men and Women. "Liberty Bell" for Children

"Is It a Selz Shoe?"

Be sure to ask this question

If it is, you are certain of a genuine all-leather shoe. You are bound to be satisfied. You are getting your money's full worth.

If it isn't, then insist on becoming acquainted with this better shoe. Say that you'll be content with nothing less than an all-leather Selz.

You're not going to find it difficult to obtain Selz Shoes, if this be your initiation into real shoe satisfaction. Over 30,000 Selz Dealers supply the millions of shoe-wise Americans—dealers who are proud of this product and are glad of the opportunity of introducing you to Selz Shoes.

A lesser shoe—not real leather—is a poor investment. It always brings disappointments. Shoes must be measured by long wear, comfort and style.

But it is sometimes difficult for one unfamiliar with shoe-making to be a good judge. Appearance is too frequently the only consideration. And unfortunately camouflage has been introduced into shoe-making.

The true way to judge shoes is to know the maker. So ask for Selz Shoes *by name*. That insures a genuine all-leather shoe. It certifies that there has been no substitution of materials.

Selz Shoes are a decided economy, as every Selz wearer knows. And this reputation has been passed along through several generations, for Selz Shoes have been known for 50 years as *good* shoes, better than the average.

Yet these extra values do not signify extra prices. Your dollar brings its utmost when invested in Selz Shoes.

1871 **SELZ** 1920

CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

VIRGINIES—*A Treat in Meat*

Says the Cook in the Can

These savory, generous-sized patties of choicest sausage meat, temptingly fried to a golden brown and perfectly packed in sterilized cans while steaming with their rare aroma, have quickly leaped into favor as a breakfast, dinner and supper delight.

Here's a new meat dish of our own invention—a palate delight made by an exclusive process—in which the zest of unusual spices is blended with the food value of high grade beef, selected by experts.

Ready to serve as they come from the can, after twenty minutes in boiling water.

Virginies are prepared, cooked and packed with infinite care and skill by white-clad helpers, in kitchens of radiant cleanliness. The one way to appreciate them is to buy a can. Like all other

RED CROWN

Instant-Service Canned Meats

Virginies are wasteless, therefore highly economical. Ask your grocer. Packed and backed by

Acme Packing Company, Chicago, U.S.A.

Copyright 1920, Acme Packing Company

VOX POTPOURRI

(Continued from Page 13)

while she was feeding the baby because it was bad for his digestion.

Well, she had got us so well trained by now that we never even expected any personal liberty any more, and so we quit; and anyways it was time to dress for dinner by then because we was going out for it, this being the first time I had done so in months, and looking forward to it though it used to be such a bore and a kimono at home with some chop suey greatly to be preferred, but I had had enough of home for the present and got out my very best-looking dinner gown—a simple little affair of green-and-gold brocade with turquoise beads and a long tight skirt—extremely expensive, and a model at that.

Well, anyways, before I commenced the heathen rites which precede the actual getting into her clothes of any well-groomed woman, I shut the door into Jim's room, turned on all the lights and proceeded to give myself the once-over in good earnest. And after looking in the mirror for a long while and walking up and down in front of the cheval glass, which is French for the bottom of your skirts, I guess—well anyways, I looked for a change and I seen one.

Being a honest woman, and no one can say different with truth, I admit it. Of course if I was like some I could of kidded myself into believing that it was the same as I had been a year ago, but a professional actress which kids herself that way is a fool. Still I could of felt satisfied because nobody, not even a woman friend, could of said I looked old. There wasn't a line in my face, but it was undoubtedly a little fuller. My hair somehow didn't seem to have quite the pep it used to, though it was still blond and curly. And I was maybe a few pounds fatter. I didn't need the bathroom scales to tell me that. But while I hadn't grown old exactly, I had changed in some subtle way. I wasn't a cluck, to be sure, but I was no longer a chicken, and that was the horrid truth. And heaven forgive me, for a moment I almost hated my baby which had took my youth away!

You see it made me a little panicky about Jim's love. Men is so unreasonable. If a wife has no baby they don't think much of her, and with good reason. And if she has a baby they don't mean to, but they do think less of her, also with reason. I mean she passes out of the chicken class, and then it's up to her to keep their love instead of, as before, up to them to keep hers. It's unfair, but it's true, and it's been so ever since Eve picked what she thought was a apple and it turned out to be a lemon.

And of course as soon as I realized this truth I decided to fight it. I wasn't going to collapse and be a old lady, which was the easy and dignified thing to do but would make me unhappy all my life. I was going to fight for my youth good and plenty. And having decided to, I at once commenced slapping cold cream onto my nose with more vigor and interest than I had in months, and when I got through and into the green-and-gold brocade, which was some struggle, it having concluded to side with the bathroom scales, but when I had won the battle and was arrayed, as the poet says, in the brocaded lilies of the field, Mrs. Solomon had nothing on me, and Jim admitted it at first glance.

"Gee, but you look swell, mommer!" he says. And of course I was pleased all but for the mommer stuff. If he had of said "Hello, kid" I would of liked it better.

But I swallowed it and, not being unnatural, I went in and took a peek at Junior, or as much of a one as Miss Bidwell thought healthy for him, because I love my child and want to be mommer to him, but not to look it to my husband. Do you get me? If married and female, I'll say you do!

Well, anyways, we was all set by then, ma having developed into a chick little frock of purple satin which covered fully two hundred of her two hundred and odd pounds but exposed the odd. And Jim's soup-and-fish being in the right place, we went down to the waiting limousine and got in and then Jim says "Lantoine's" to the chauffeur and got in too.

"Why Jim!" I says. "Ain't we going to the Ritz?" I says, real disappointed. "Are you ashamed of me," I says, "that you want to hide me away?"

"Why we can go there if you like," says Jim. "But I thought you'd like to see one of the exclusive little new dining clubs. But just as you wish!"

Well, of course that showed me where I got off, and so I says oh no, Lantoine's would be better, though wondering what it was, and it was something entirely new to me, but awfully snappy and up-to-date, I could tell it on the place the very minute I was ushered into its sacred, menuless atmosphere, and while I felt like a foreigner from the Middle West I tried not to show it, even when we met Ruby Roselle and I thought it was a little child in a low-necked dress until she turned round.

"Well, dearie!" she says. "How nice to see you! How's the baby? Jim tells me about him every day!"

She spoke real friendly, but she kept looking at my skirt, which I now realized had a lot of waste material round the bottom of it and the dressmaker could of saved half on goods and been twice as stylish.

"The baby is fine, dear," I says, feeling that I had no chance against her vampire beauty, and Jim working with her on lonely locations and everything!

"I suppose you'll give up acting now!" says Ruby. "You look quite the home body already."

Well, what could a person say to that? So I didn't, but ate my dinner without much enjoyment, though not wholly without ideas in my head, which Ruby herself had put them there. And all the evening I never got an opening to vent my spleen on nobody until getting my cloak in the cloakroom, and then it was on a more or less innocent bystander, as is the case with most explosions.

There was a lady getting her cloak which was also getting a young Pekingese pup and a second lady who was getting a fur coat and a Pom. And they was acting like a coupla boobs over them.

"Oh, the darling!" says the first one to the maid. "Has he been a good boy?"

"Just too dood for anyfing!" says the maid.

"Isn't he sweet?" asks the other lady. And the first one says "Yes," and they both looked at me sort of pitying my poverty because I wasn't retrieving any animal except the ermine on my wrap.

"I got a sweetums at home," I says, not wishing to be left out.

"Have you?" says the first lady. "What is yours?"

"Mine's a boy!" I says, and walked away leaving 'em flat, and somehow feeling revenged on the whole entire world.

But someways believe me the feeling didn't last, especially next morning when I give the baby a little blue silk pillow I had made for him and Miss Bidwell took it away. I got the Down-and-Out-Again Blues and a hate on life generally. But my fighting blood was still up and when Jim went off to work early, about eleven A. M., I got out the demiest tailleur that I had—the most demi as to skirt, that is—and, jazzing myself up the best I could, I beat it for Goldringer's office and a job. If I didn't know enough to be a regular mother, perhaps I could go on being a regular actress. I felt like a hick, a back number, a useless person without no regular standing, and I hated it. I was going to get back a place in the world and shake that misplaced feeling or bust in the attempt. But I got a wrong start down to Goldringer's.

Because believe me Al Goldringer's office was one place I was accustomed to walking right into, and when a perfectly strange office boy blocked my way and said actually "What name, please?" I commenced to weaken in the knees, because I realized that any school child had ought to of recognized my face. But once inside, Al himself was real cordial and talked to me about everything except contracts. Finally at last I had to actually bring up the subject myself with a sledge hammer, I not being much on tacks.

"Al," I says, "how would you feel if I was to say I could be persuaded to come back on the lot," I says, "and make a few real pictures, no joke intended?"

"Why, I guess I'd feel good," says Al. "Only it's a big surprise. I had sort of a idea you was through."

"Well, I ain't!" I says. "I got a little pep left in me and I guess I can be ready to start almost any time."

"What does Jim say to it?" says Goldringer.

"He don't know it and I don't want him to till the contract is signed," I says. "He's got to realize that I been working all my life and I can't learn to quit, not at my age"

"Oh, all right," says Al. "I don't know just what I can do for you—our plans is all made for the season. But if I can find anything for you I'll shove the contract right along!"

Well, that had a sort of good-by sound to it, and so I got out and cried in the limousine all the way home and I expect anybody which saw me must of thought I was coming from a funeral, and I'll say I was coming from Marie La Tour's funeral, because anybody in the profession will tell you what it means when a producer begins talking to you like that!

Well, anyways, when I got home the baby was asleep, so's I couldn't have him. And I went in my boudoir, which hadn't been redecorated in six months and looked all out

(Continued on Page 125)

"No, Al," I Says, "I Can't Do It. Shakspere Has Waited a Long Time to Get Into the Pictures and He Can Wait Until I've Done My Duty at the Poll"

—Your image stands before them

Photograph taken in The Royal Shops by Eugene Hutchinson

VERY likely you know, as millions do, that Royal clothes are strictly "made to measure."

But they are *more* than that. A Royal garment is not only cut to fit your body lines; it is cut to fit your *mind;* cut to match your every idea and ideal of what's right in clothes.

Detail by detail, the expert measure taker at your local dealer's writes down the description of the suit or overcoat you want.

And when the measure blank is put before the tailor in our shops, it is as though you stood beside him—to guide him and direct him in building your suit.

It is a "Yours-to-command Service"—this Royal Service. You state your wishes, as to fabric and fashion, and we make the clothes to dovetail them.

Yet, Royal made-to-order clothes cost you no more—frequently less—than good ready-mades.

For our system of making and selling is scientifically economic. We combine the artistry of the custom tailor with the large scale production of the ready-made maker. And we sell virtually on the maker-to-wearer plan, at close-to-bone factory cost prices.

For our dealers are service men rather than retailers; they have no investment in stock clothing. So they add to our prices merely a nominal service fee for taking your measures.

Hence it is that Royal Tailoring sells often for less than ready-to-wear clothes. $40 to $70.

THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO · NEW YORK

The Clothes that real men wear: Dealers in 10,000 cities and towns

as they draft your Royal Tailored Suit

Mothers of the Next President and Vice-President

PHEBE ELIZABETH (DICKERSON) HARDING
Mother of Warren G. Harding
Republican Candidate for President

VICTORIA P. (MOOR) COOLIDGE
Mother of Calvin Coolidge
Republican Candidate for Vice-President

These are the two American Mothers whose sons are to be elected President and Vice-President of the United States.

In trusting their sons, you honor them.

The world at last has come to realize the legal political equality of women, as it has always been compelled to recognize their moral superiority.

This election involves a problem of vital importance to every mother, wife and daughter in this Nation.

Shall war or peace for America be decided by the men and women of America, or by the vote of a Council of Foreign Nations?

When Harding and Coolidge, typical Americans, are elected, it will be thoroughly understood all over the world that the United States, its people and its money are to be controlled in the future as in the past, *by the United States*, not by the advice, consent, suggestion, necessities, threats nor agreements of any foreign nation or Foreign Council.

You, who soon will elect Harding and Coolidge and defeat the theory that this country is no longer capable of self-government, will look with interest and with veneration upon the faces of these two mothers. You know that their sons will do all that men can do for all the mothers of America.

With Harding and Coolidge elected, America's destiny will be shaped by the united intelligence of American men and women, American families. In the great family of nations this country will retain its place as heretofore—sympathetic, helpful, offering refuge to the oppressed and opportunity to the ambitious.

With Harding and Coolidge elected, this Nation will retain and exercise its complete independence. The Congress at Washington, not a Foreign Council in Europe, will decide whether this nation shall remain in peace or go to war.

The League of Nations, as it stands and as the Democratic Party would fasten it on this country, is a League of War. It is a League that would make the independent, self-ruling states of America no longer an independent Nation, but merely a little group in a larger international group and governed by that larger group.

When you vote for Harding and Coolidge, typical sons of noble American mothers, you will vote to maintain the independence of the United States. You will vote against war by dictation from abroad. You will vote as Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and other great Americans talked when they lived, and as they would vote if they could return and vote with you.

One flag is enough for one country and we have the right flag.

Republican National Committee

Let's be done with wiggle and wobble

(Continued from Page 121)

of date. And once I had sat down on the old-fashioned day bed I took off my hat and held it and just sat, staring into space thinking, but not thoughts, do you get me? Sort of blank feelings was in my head and that was all. And pretty soon ma come in and she had a tray with some hot chicken soup on it and homemade bread and butter, and she put it down beside me and helped me off with my coat.

"There, dearie," she says, bringing a pillow. "Let mommer help you. Just eat that nice lunch and take it easy and don't you fret!"

"How did you know I was fretting, ma?" I says. "I didn't say nothing!"

"I'm your mother, that's how I know," she says. "I know you feel bad about going back to work and seeing so little of your baby. I realize all about it," she says, "on account of remembering myself joining the circus again and leaving you in Bridgeport with my ma, so as to be at the opening in the Garden. You was only three months old and it pretty near broke my heart. I never got a chance to take care of you until you grew up. But I had my profession and I had to go on."

"I don't have to, financially," I says.

"You got the mental habit of working," says ma, which it's a fact she is wonderfully sympathetic and understanding. "And you got to be occupied with something. There now, quit thinking of your problems until after you eat."

Well, I eat, and while I was doing so ma picked up that evening paper which Jim had left there yesterday and the girl had forgot to take when she forgot to dust.

"Mary Gilligan Smith," says ma, looking at me over the top of the paper and her glasses real solemn and serious. "Mary Gilligan Smith, who are you going to vote for as President?"

Well, believe me that was a strange remark coming from ma, because her and politics had up to then been about as well acquainted as her and the Astorbilts, and about as interested in each other.

"Why, ma, what a question!" I says. "I don't know, really. I been so taken up with my own affairs these last few days I ain't thought much about it."

"Well, then," says ma, "it's time you begun to."

"For goodness' sake, ma," says I, "when did you commence taking your duty to your country so serious?" I says.

"The minute I read this piece about Kentucky—I mean Tennessee," says ma. "All of us ladies of the U. S. A. getting the vote in a bunch give me a sort of wallop in my mind," she says. "Because before then a few states having it here and there—well, that seemed sort of hopeless and like a remnant sale—you couldn't really make much out of any one piece of it. But now we got whole cloth and why shouldn't we do sompin' real good with it?"

Well, I just stared at ma with open breath for a moment, that being pretty near the longest speech I had ever known her to make, and of course I at the same time slowly dawned to the fact that many other women must be getting the same thing she had just expressed.

"Ma Gilligan, now I see where I get my brains!" I says. "Of course we ladies ought to do something with our vote now that it is so popular and the fashion and all. And what is more, this is the most crucial crisis this broad land of ours has ever went through and it's up to us mothers of the country to see that it goes right and that the white and the blue ain't forgotten in the coloring of our national emblem!"

"Bravo!" says ma. "Only whatcha gonner do?"

"I dunno!" I says.

And then we sat and thought hard a few moments, and funny thing but I got the same sort of comforting feeling about having a vote and being a political power that I had when I told that woman with the dog that mine was a boy. Do you get me? It sort of put my feet on the ground and made me feel I had something to do; if not in the motion-picture world, well then in the world at large—the real world, not the shadow world, at that! And then it come over me that those nitwits with the lap dogs had a vote the same as me, and then I got thoroughly alarmed because women like that needs to be guided.

After which I also realized that the cook had a vote, and Miss Bidwell, and even the elevator girl, only she probably wasn't old enough. And when I got a sort of double exposure in my mind of all the fool women which they could be emotionally swung to the right party by a great woman leader, I seen my duty plain and clear. And just then ma broke into my thoughts with one of her own.

"Sompin' had ought to be done!" she says very firm.

"Yeh, but what?" says I.

"Call a committee meeting!" says ma. "That is the way everything is started."

"Yes, but of who?" I asked her. "Because you see, ma, there are very likely quite a few suffrage societies doing that already."

"Well, you ain't been asked to none of them," ma pointed out, "which makes me wonder has your particular spear been covered?"

"You mean the theatrical and motion-picture women?" I says. "But do you think a bunch of girls which are undoubtedly jealous of me will take my word for anything?"

"Well, you ain't working just now," ma pointed out rather unkindly. "And so they will all be real friendly."

Well, of course that bitter fact hurt some, but I swallowed it because it's the truth that even a womanly woman like myself could see that the country was going to the dogs, what with the price of lingerie and the slow delivery on high-priced cars and everything, and that it was my duty to save it if I could. And undoubtedly in spite of my successes there is a great many of the girls that like me a lot and not alone the big-time people but the chorus and up to the studio the extras because of me always taking a real human notice of them instead of trying to prove to them how superior I was by acting toward them in a inferior way, which believe me a lot of stars does just that. And now democracy would be its own reward or I had the wrong dope.

Well, anyways, I figured that by the use of a little time and expense I could form a voting unit where none had grown before, meaning that the above-mentioned girls was otherwise apt to be overlooked by any regular organization and also would themselves very likely not notice that they had a vote unless somebody called their attention to it, and that the one who called it had better be me.

Well, anyways, I pointed this out to ma and she saw it and then I went to the phone and called up Mr. Schultz, which he is the manager of the Palatial Hotel, and I asked him could I have the Grand Ballroom for a political meeting one week from that day, and he says no, the Grand Ballroom was booked solid by the Republicans until November second, but I could have the barroom because they was not using it and he would put a lot of camp-meeting chairs into it and it would seat about two hundred. And I says all right, shoot, Bill, and went off to write my invitations.

Believe me, I didn't overlook a bet, mixing in every name I knew and inviting at the same time girls which I intended should lay aside all professional jealousies in the cause of politics. Also I made no social distinctions, because the vote itself makes none, and so sent general requests to the extra ladies on Jim's lot and even a special invite to Ruby Roselle.

And when I got that much done I commenced reading the newspapers to see who would I vote for and how did I want to throw these votes once I got 'em swinging.

But it seemed the newspapers was full of everything except information; or maybe I should say they was so full of information you couldn't make heads or tail of it, because in one column it says the Democrats is a bunch of kale growers and in the one right next to it is a piece where it says the Republican slush fund is a credit to the imagination of the opposition. On the next page it would say where Senator Harding had no record and on the next page after that it points out where Governor Cox had the grandest record, aside from any phonograph, going. Then again I would buy a different paper and find out that there was loud and noisy footprints on Cox's trail—wet footprints—and this paper says also that Senator Harding loves dogs.

Well, naturally all them facts, if they was such, didn't give me any line on how good was either of these boys going to be if they was elected President or if they was onto their jobs. I must say that if I was hiring a cook I wouldn't care so much if she loved dogs or not or even if she had held her last job three times so much as I would want to know was she a good cook, clean and economical and a good manager. Do you get me? I'll say so!

Of course I personally myself would of liked to help choose the candidate, but you'll notice us ladies didn't nationally get the vote until after both conventions was safely over and so we was in the same position as if our husband was to bring home two new hats, neither of which was extremely becoming to us, and said: "Now, my dear, here is two fall hats—you can have either one of them but no other!"

And what would a woman do under them circumstances, outside of raising a row? Why she would naturally choose the most neutral one and calculate to trim it up better after she got it. Do you get that? Probably not; it's pretty deep. But it's why I decided on Harding, and his cabinet was to be the trimming. See? I wasn't crazy over the shape and would never of picked it out in a milliner shop myself. But I was bound to admit it looked like good quality that would stand considerable wear. And then, too, it was a change. Anything for a change!

And thus, as the poet says, I took my stand. Having so little choice, I chose the best I knew how and decided to call my club the It's Up to Harding Club, because I felt that was about the size of it, and anyway I personally didn't have to be the next President, for which thank heaven. And if the next one didn't make good and straighten things out and get a good crowd of he-men round him and put the country on a sound business basis and make living reasonable, in this the last reasonable country left on earth, why I would feel like asking Lenine for a job or maybe starting a little Fiume of my own.

Well, anyways, I decided to give the Republicans one more chance. And by this time a week was gone and still no contract from Goldringer, and I wouldn't of called him up about it on a bet though thoroughly sick at heart over it. And also Jim begun a new picture with Ruby Roselle and they was away two nights on a location, and no traveling man's wife ever suffered more than I did though I would trust him anywhere, but just the same I didn't like it, and any wife which has recently been thrust into the background by a small baby and no new clothes in a year will understand my feelings.

But of course I had got busy not alone on my Harding Club but on a costume to wear to the opening of it, with skirts which reminded me of the days when teacher used to keep me in and a hat which was a disguise in itself and mercifully hid my blushes, because the stockings Musette, who had by then come back, insisted on me getting was a mere shadow of themselves and the French shoes I also got did nothing to cover them. But when I once got on this jazz outfit I felt better and not a bit like a fool, the way I had ought to of. And as I looked into the mirror I couldn't see why Goldringer didn't come across, honest, I didn't.

Well, anyways, I was all set and just about to start for the meeting, which was to be right after breakfast, at two o'clock, when in come ma and bawled me out.

"Do you hear that baby of yours crying?" she says fiercely, pointing her twelve-dollar twenty-four-button glove toward the nursery, her tricotine bosom tricotining with rage. "It's inhuman, that's what it is, to leave the poor lamb yell like that and go off to a club meeting!"

"Wait now, ma!" I says. "You started this club thing, just kindly remember! And besides, the baby is only hungry, and Miss Bidwell wouldn't let me feed him if I was to ask to!"

But just the same I had a sort of sickish sinking feeling myself and would of dashed right in and picked him up only I didn't dare. I listened, though, until I heard Miss Bidwell feed him and then I and ma started for the elevator, she still unappeased.

"You'll be sorry some day," she says, "for leaving your child so much to that strange woman. If she was my help I would fire her!"

"So would I fire her," I agreed real mournfully, "only I can't get anything on her. She's absolutely perfect and the baby shows the result. That woman ain't got a flaw outside of being a hateful flinty-hearted machine!"

"Just the same you'll regret it!" says ma. And believe me, knowing ma and her wisdom the way I do, I had ought to of heeded her but didn't, and we went along to the meeting

Now far be it from me to dwell at length on any committee meeting, because they

(Continued on Page 129)

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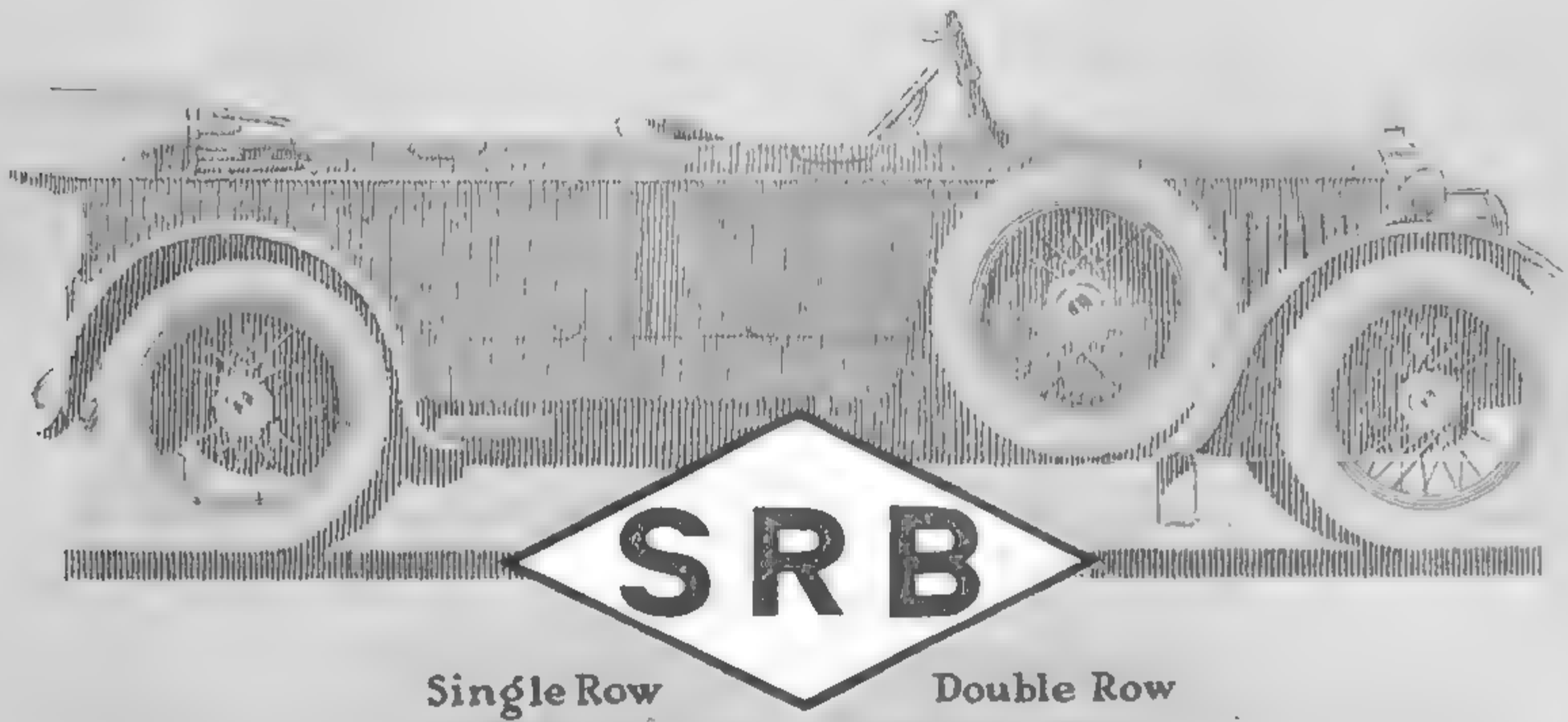

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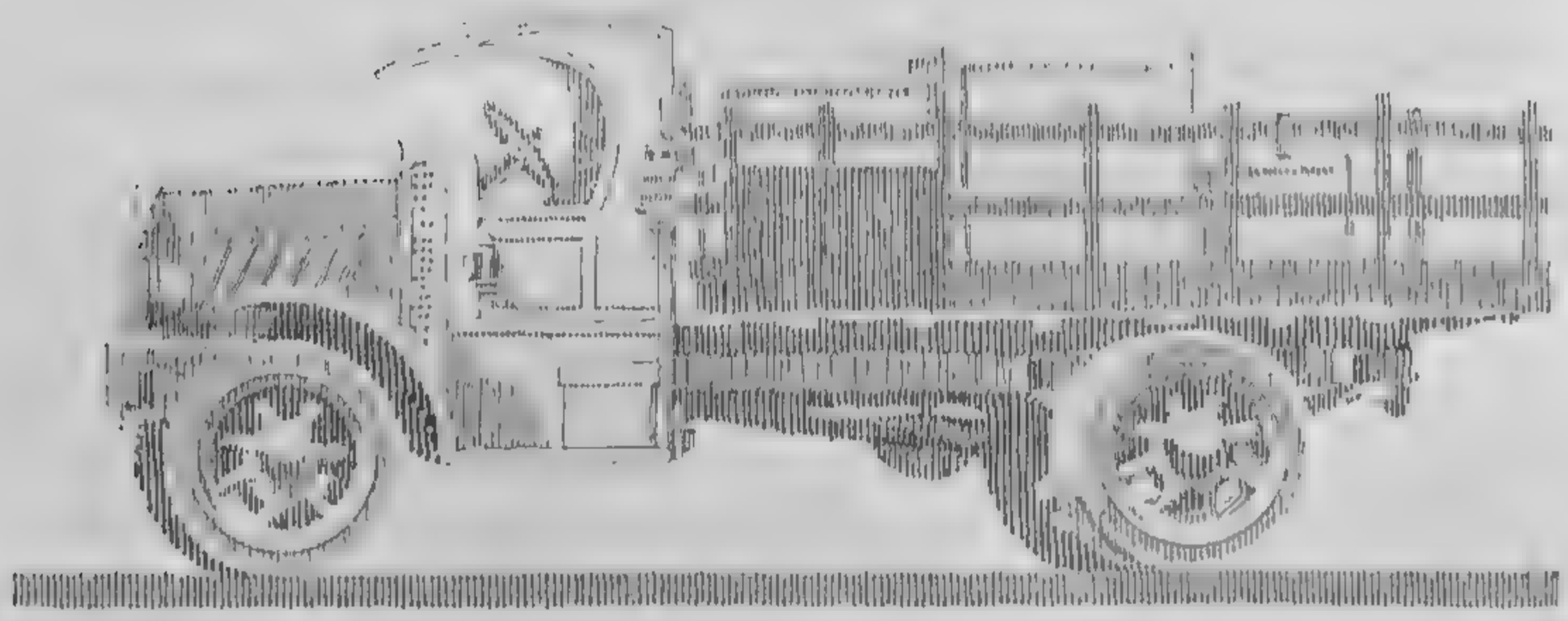

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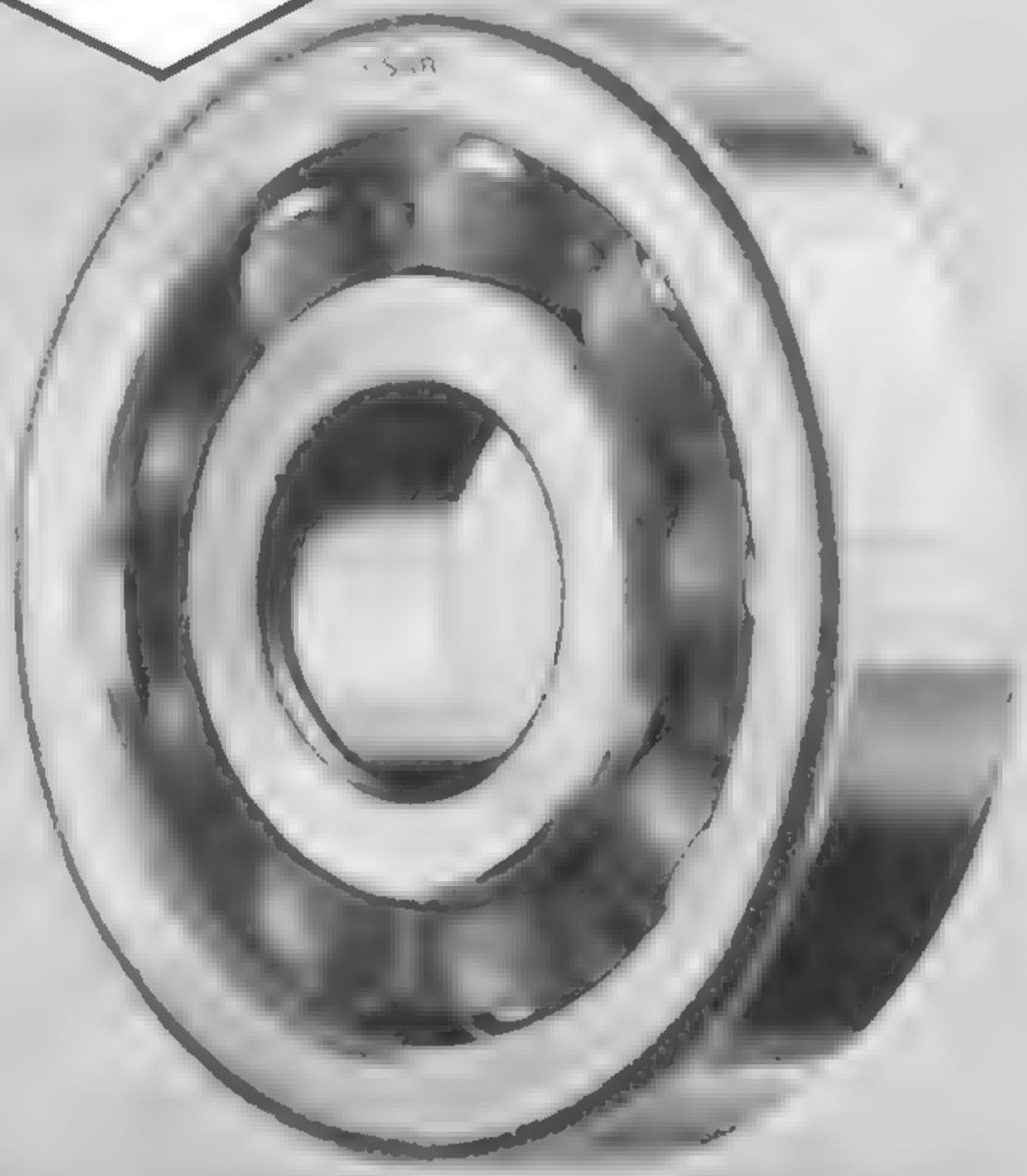

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Whitman's

(Continued from Page 125)

are too well known to all, both by reason of there being at least one in every well-made five-reeler and also from each individual's personal experience. And so I will mention only the fact that the first meeting of the It's Up to Harding Club was held in the ex-bar of the Palatial Hotel almost as per schedule, a good many of the girls being a little late but most of them getting there eventually, and the club being formed with but little resistance on the part of the members with exception of Ruby Roselle, who couldn't see why we hadn't ought to start a new party of our own and get our class properly represented, and tried to nominate Charlie Chaplin from the floor for President; and it got quite a hand, at that, because he would make just as good a President as a lot of people which got mentioned in the conventions, being known to every American school child, and so on, only a Englishman by birth, which I had to explain to Ruby let him out. And she having made this *faux pas*—which is French for "don't pass"—sat down and I got up and made a speech.

"Ladies and others present," I says, "we have here to-day done what should be done all over the country in order to make sure that the next Administration is the goods and not a bunch of bull throwers. We have got together as citizens who mean to watch our party and our man and see to it that he makes good on his campaign speeches, and we must read them and remember them or we won't be able to check him up on them later. We have come together because in union is strength and a club means more than a scattered individual. We are a class—motion-picture women, but human just the same—and worthy of representation provided only that we take the trouble to get represented. There is no use in yapping about conditions unless you do something about them as well, and the American way is to do it with the ballot which we now have.

"If we don't get together, learn what we want, state it clearly and follow the matter through, we are going to show up as the bunch of boobs which the men has always delighted to call us.

"We must think as individuals but act as a unit or the labor unionists, who have long seen the point, will walk all over us without giving us anything in return. There is nothing wrong with the machinery of our Government, our methods of self-government; it is the best and the simplest the world has ever seen; but there is a lot the matter with us members of the public who won't take the trouble to get together and use our power intelligently, and if we get stung it is our own fault.

"Let us stick together on this great issue which is so vital to the American flag and prove that the ladies of these grand United States is not sapheads but intelligent women and vote for Harding and pray to God. I thank you!"

And was there some cheering when I sat down? I'll say there was! And I felt all worked up and excited and proud and almost believed everything I had said myself. And here was my citizenesses' club all made and pledged to really work and everything, and I felt I had a mission in life even if I didn't have no Goldringer contract. And that reminded me maybe it was at home by now, so I says good-by to the bunch and grabbed off ma, which was talking with old Mrs. Dukey, the wardrobe mistress over to the Colossal which used to be in the circus with her, and we went home.

But no contract was there and no baby, he and Miss Bidwell having gone out a hour ago, so Musette told us

There was, however, a telephone message from Jim saying he wouldn't be home that night—he was going to play some poker—and would I mind, but left no telephone number so how could I tell him I didn't care if he never come home? And so that left me free to bite my lips and wait for the baby to come back, the politics of the nation being all taken care of until the first execution-committee meeting.

But the baby didn't come home.

At first off I didn't worry any, beyond thinking that mean Miss Bidwell was keeping him out later than usual, probably just because she knew I would be home and free. But when four o'clock come and still they didn't show, I commenced to get nervous, and at half past a ambulance dashed into the street and dashed right out again without stopping, but not before I had turned sick with fright and let out a yell which brought ma on as good a imitation of a run as she has give in years.

"What is it, Mary?" she says. "Are you hurt?"

"Only pricked my finger!" I lied, because of being ashamed to let on. "But I do wonder where the nurse and baby is?"

"I was thinking that myself," says ma. "It's near his suppertime!"

"Well, she's got him safe all right," I says. But I didn't believe it; nor did ma either, but said yes to cheer us up.

When it got to be after five I was pretty near frantic and at quarter to six I called the police station and give in the alarm. And after that I commenced running down to the door and looking every five minutes, and at last out to the park and forgot my hat, but to no avail. And all this while I felt just exactly like a wild animal had its claws in my heart, and ma was no comfort, because at ten to seven she was standing over me as I lay sobbing on the day bed and reminded me of how I was to blame.

"I told you it was a wicked thing to leave that poor lamb to a strange woman!" she says. "You heartless creature! Oh, why didn't you leave his old grandma care for him that brought four into the world?"

"And only me living!" I says. "Yet oh, ma, ma, you are right! I wisht I had never heard the word 'club' in my life! Oh, my Lord, I guess I'm going crazy!"

Well, believe me I thought I was when I said that, what for not being able to find Jim—that cold-blooded fish playing his nasty poker with a bunch of roughnecks and enjoying theirselves while his son was maybe murdered in a barrel or kidnaped in a barn or something. And after awhile I couldn't even stand ma no longer but locked myself in my boudoir and prayed the first time with any conviction in how long I hardly dared to think.

"O God," I says, "give me back my baby safe and sound and I'll never vote so long as I live, nor try to get a job or do anything but look after him, and I'll learn to do it right and not leave anybody else touch him if only you will give him back. Now you just do that for me and I'll remember what I promised, honest I will. Only give me back my baby!"

And it's the truth I had hardly got through before ma commenced pounding on the door and she was yelling: "He's back, Mary—he's back!"

Well, believe me I opened up then, and there sure enough was Miss Bidwell with Junior asleep in her arms as peaceful as a little angel.

"Look out! You'll wake him!" she says as I made a dive for him.

But I dove just the same and held him tight to me, and oh, heavens, didn't it feel good! Then I turned on that woman and let her have it good and plenty.

"Where have you been, woman?" I says, over the unconscious form of my child. "Where?"

"I can't tell you, Mrs. Smith," says the brazen thing as calm as you please. "I'm sorry to be a little late, but it couldn't be avoided."

"Can't tell me!" I says. "The idea! Sorry to be late with my child starving to death! It's a outrage!"

"Oh, he was fed at the proper time, Mrs. Smith," says Bidwell. "And he's quite all right!"

"Well, I'm not all right!" I says. "And I insist on knowing where you have been!" I says.

"I'm sorry, but I have given my word not to say," she says. "And now I must put baby to bed!"

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" I says. "I'll put him myself! You're fired!"

"Oh, Mrs. Smith! No!" says Bidwell. And you could of knocked me over with a feather, because that flint face actually begun to cry. "Oh, don't say that, Mrs. Smith!" she says. "Why, I love your baby like it was my own—and he's all right, really! Please wait until to-morrow night before you say I must go. I'm sure you can't say I've done anything but the best for him!"

Well, I wouldn't listen to her but put the baby down myself. But I wasn't very good at it and in the end she had to help me, and again in the morning, because I didn't seem to learn as quick as you might of thought. But somehow she and I got better acquainted during them few hours than ever before and I promised to think it over about firing her.

Junior was all right and I'll admit a healthy baby is a handful. And to tell the

(Concluded on Page 132)

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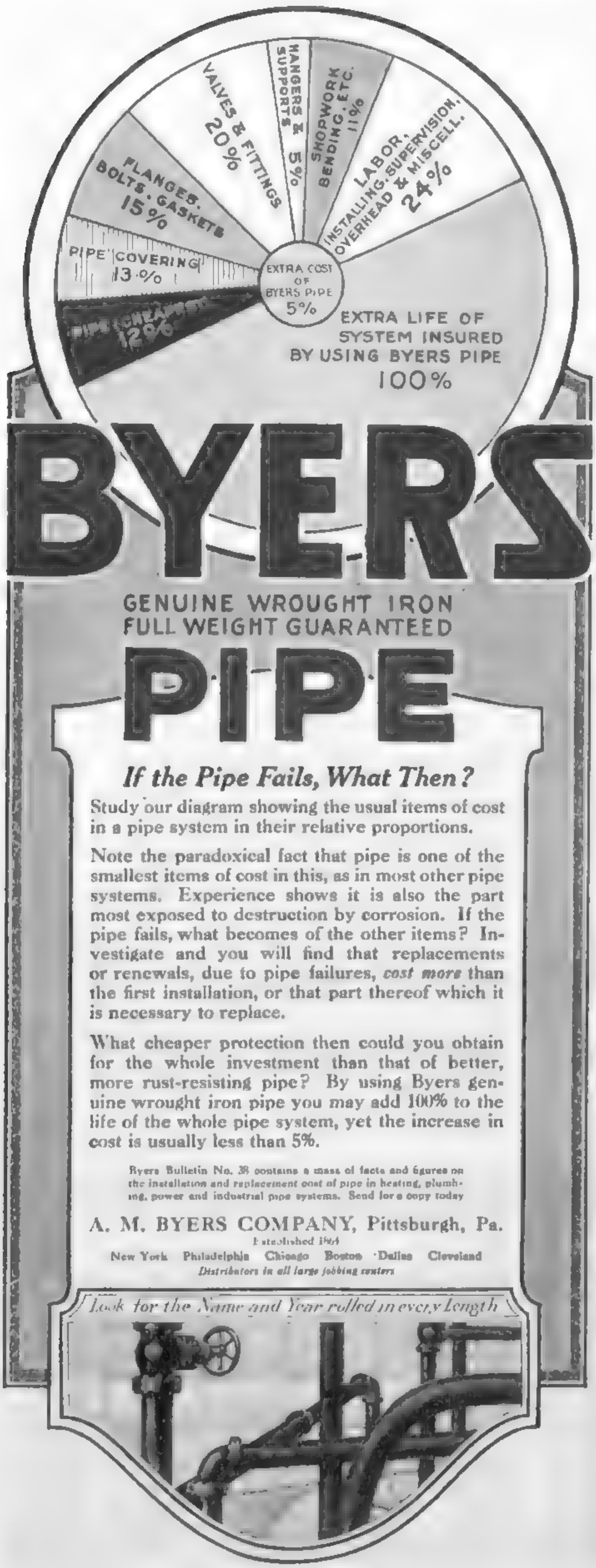
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Study our diagram showing the usual items of cost in a pipe system in their relative proportions.
Note the paradoxical fact that pipe is one of the smallest items of cost in this, as in most other pipe systems. Experience shows it is also the part most exposed to destruction by corrosion. If the pipe fails, what becomes of the other items? Investigate and you will find that replacements or renewals, due to pipe failures, cost more than the first installation, or that part thereof which it is necessary to replace.
What cheaper protection then could you obtain for the whole investment than that of better, more rust-resisting pipe? By using Byers genuine wrought iron pipe you may add 100% to the life of the whole pipe system, yet the increase in cost is usually less than 5%.
Byers Bulletin No. 38 contains a mass of facts and figures on the installation and replacement cost of pipe in heating, plumbing, power and industrial pipe systems. Send for a copy today
A. M. BYERS COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Established 1864
New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Dallas Cleveland
Distributors in all large jobbing centers
Look for the Name and Year rolled in every Length

(Concluded from Page 129)

honest truth it was a relief to leave him in safe hands when early that next afternoon the telephone rang and it was Goldringer and he wanted me to come right up to the studio at once.

Well, I put on my new jazz suit with the ballet skirt and went up, and there was Goldringer in his Queen Mary Ann private office, cigar and all, just like old times. And when he seen me he even give a whistle.

"Pretty snappy chicken, Marie!" he says. "You're coming back strong, kid; coming back strong!"

Well, of course that was sort of rough, but not for a studio, and it made me feel good clean through. I an' Al has always been mighty good friends considering we have worked together such a lot, and I appreciated his O. K., because he is certainly some picker.

"Well, Al," I says, "I'm only just started. Give me time. And now what was it you wanted me for?"

"I wanted you to look at a picture," he says, getting up and leading me into the projecting room. "It's something new I wanted your opinion on! Hey, Butler," he yells, "got them rushes I asked for?"

And we went in, but I was awful disappointed, because it was a funny thing he should get me to come up for anything but a contract. But by then I was getting used to disappointments and I thought: "Oh, well, life is full of them. What's the difference?" And then the lights went out and the machine began to purr and I give a indifferent look at the screen, and then swallowed a gasp and sat up and took real notice, because what was that film but a whole reel of my own darling Junior in every pose you could think of, and they had a kitten in part of it and two baby ducks and a Teddy bear; and believe me for a three-months child Junior is some actor and just about the prettiest thing you ever saw on the screen! He's got a gift for it, that's what he has—a real gift! And it ain't because I'm his mother that I say so—I took a real cold, critical and impartial viewpoint about it and that kid can act! You wait and see! Some day they are going to get out big paper for him! He's good, he is! A regular Booth!

And while I sat there in the dark with the happy tears running down my face I realized that if you have a kid, growing old is worth while; that it pays to step out of the chicken class if you step out that way; and I realized also that you can't stop life, but you can learn to accept it; and that every step has its rewards if you keep yourself open to an understanding of them. And I also thought what a poor fish that silly little irresponsible Marie La Tour had been and was glad I wasn't her no more.

And just about then the film went blank and Al put his hand on mine.

"Just our little surprise for you, Marie!" he says. "Took 'em yesterday, and there ought to be some fine stills of 'em too. The film belongs to you of course."

"Thank you, Al!" I says, drying my eyes and powdering my nose but hardly able to talk. "Thank you is all I know how to say!"

"Well, don't mention it, girlie!" says Al. "We had a lot of fun making it, and that nurse of yours is a wonder! I'm glad you got such a good one because I wanner talk business with you!"

Well, he led the way back into the office then and put a contract in front of me; and believe me I was surprised, because it called for Jim and me to make three Shaksperean pictures in the coming year!

"I tell you what, Marie," says Al, chewing on the cigar, "you're grown up now and this is serious work. You're no chicken any more and I want to try you on something heavy. It's an experiment and it may be a flivver, but it's also a big chance for you. Are you on?"

"Al," I says slowly, "this says I got to start right for the Coast. And if I do I won't be here November second."

"Sure you won't," says Al. "What has that got to do with it?"

"It means I won't be able to vote!" I says. "And, Al, there is too many people in this country who let any and every thing interfere with voting!"

"Aw, cut it!" says Al. "We got to get this stuff started while we got space. You pack your things and hop out to the Coast!"

"No, Al," I says, getting to my feet and picking up my things. "I can't do it. Shakspere has waited a long time to get into the pictures and he can wait until I've done my duty at the poll. Take back your contract," I says. "For every intelligent vote is needed this year and I don't intend to disappoint my party!"

"Well, then, we'll change the date!" says Al, grabbing the ink and doing so. "Sign here!" he says. And I grinned and signed.

And did I walk out of that office on air, all set to run home and kiss Miss Bidwell? I'll say so! And then, when I got into the limousine I got also an awful jolt.

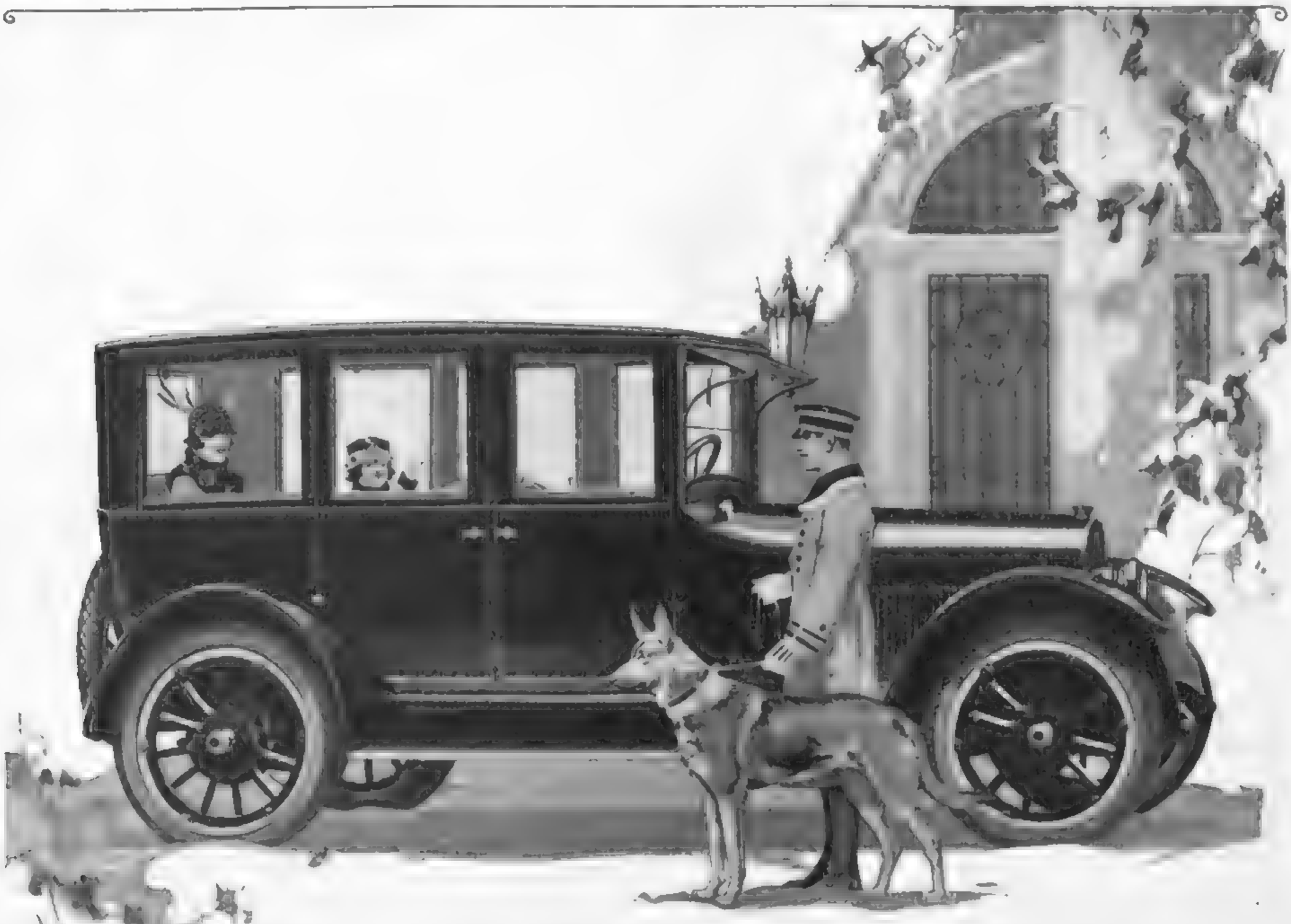
I remembered my promise to God. And I felt sick. But there was nothing for it but face the matter; so I sat way back where the other traffic wouldn't see me and closed my eyes and prayed.

"Let me off this time, O Lord," I says, "and leave me try to do my work well now that it's serious work; and vote because the country needs it; and be a good mother at the same time; and forgive me and understand, because the modern woman is up against an awful problem!"

Emblem of Satisfaction

BUICK

Emblem of Satisfaction



THE power, the positive, satisfying performance, and the striking utility value that have characterized Buick models for two decades are again the dominant features of the new Nineteen Twenty-One Buick Series.

The famed Buick Valve-in-Head Motor—the rugged, sure-working engine developed to even greater perfection—gives to each of the seven models the staunch, dependable power that has gained for this car a reputation of trustworthiness. And additional mechanical refinements further insure characteristic Buick serviceability.

Combined with this trustworthy power and utility is a full expression of car beauty. The graceful, sweeping lines are pleasing. The roominess, smooth riding, and attractive appointments afford maximum motoring satisfaction.

For those desiring every refinement of appointment, combined with general motoring utility, the new Buick Seven-Passenger Sedan (Twenty-One Fifty), with handy disappearing, folding seats and commodious compartments, is admirably suited.

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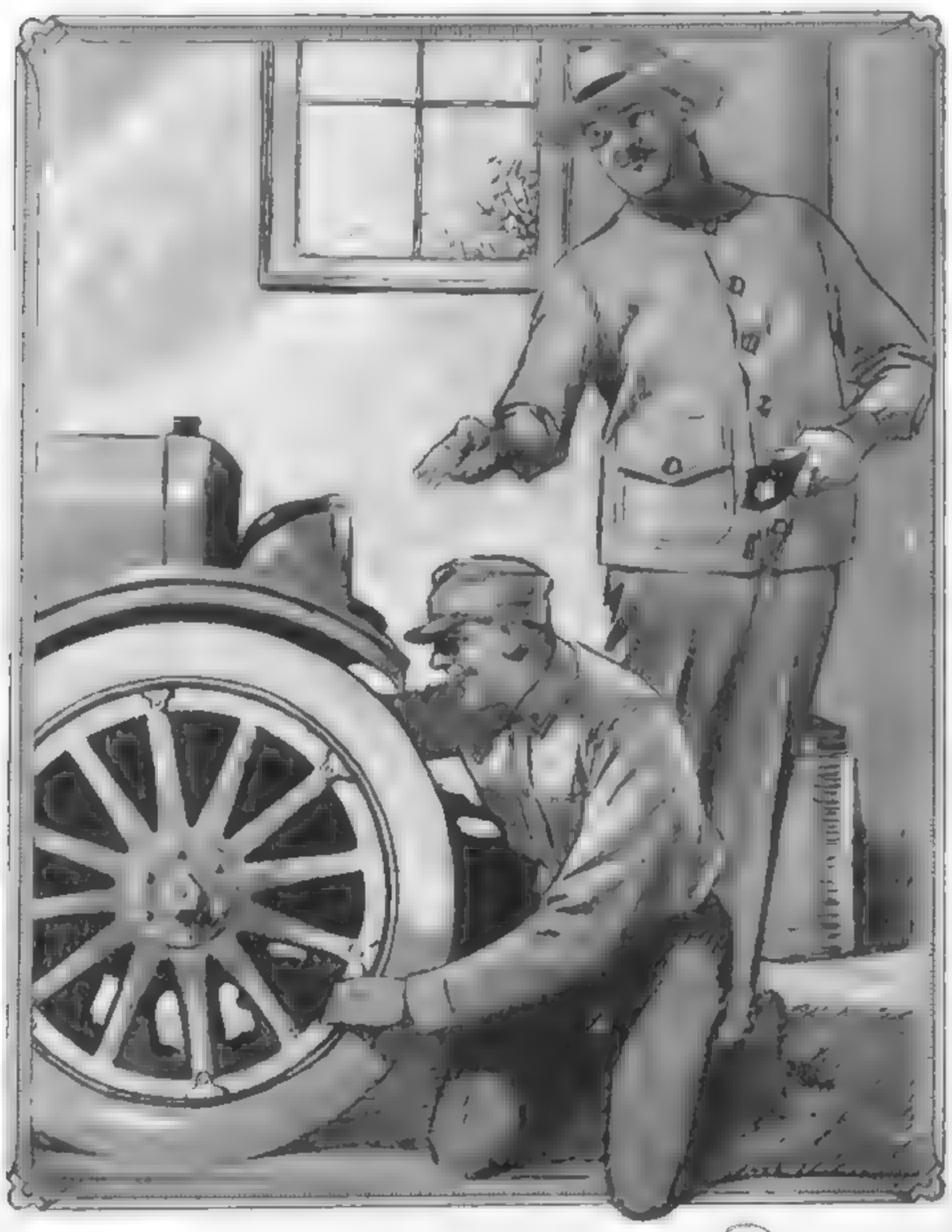
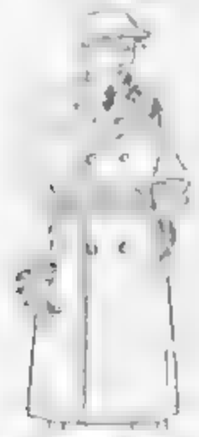


BOSTWICK flannel shirts and jerkins are made for all men and appreciated by all men. The style of these garments fits them for work or for every-day wear. Comfort and careful manufacture make them friendly garments for long wear.

Jerkin—Government jerkin leather, reinforced armpits; large button-down flap pockets, straight or shawl collar



The Bostwick dealer has an advantage in offering practical garments for practical men. Bostwick flannel shirts are tailored to fit; with roomy sleeves, snug set collars, matched buttons and a wide range of colors. The jerkin's wide range of usefulness for sports and work makes it an attractive garment to all manner of men.

French Coat—Best velour in dark brown, slate gray or maple leaf; or leather sizes; full belted, fur collar; inverted pleat back.

Dealers are invited to write for further particulars regarding Bostwick Warmwear garments and Bostwick selling plans. The Bostwick line makes friends with all customers and is a valuable business asset.

Make Friends With Winter

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Smith-McCord-Townsend Dry Goods Co. Kansas City, Mo. For Southwest.

Levi Strauss & Co. San Francisco, Calif. For California.

Boston Garment Mfg. Co. Nashua, N. H. For New England States.

Reversible Coat—Velour and government jerkin leather, can be worn either side out, excellently tailored, three-way collar; large patch pockets and belt.

Know Bostwick by this label

BOSTWICK WARMWEAR MINNEAPOLIS

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 28)

Oil of skunk is used medicinally in some parts of the United States. They are easier to feed and house than marten or mink. Their scent glands may be easily removed.

There has also been a good market for moleskins during recent years. The skins from Washington and Oregon are of greatest value and are larger and have better texture than European moleskins. The animal can be successfully trapped at any season of the year and the fur is prime in both winter and midsummer. The muskrat is one of the chief factors in maintaining the total value of our annual fur production and ranks high in commercial importance. These little animals are found in every state in our country. They are not found, however, where there are no streams or lakes. They breed three to five times a year, and the litters average from six to eight. They sometimes damage corn or grain, but their depredations are generally confined to areas near the water's edge. The most serious injury they render is to dams and embankments. Their flesh is sold in the markets of the East and Middle West for food and is generally called "marsh rabbit." It is considered by some to have the flavor of wild duck or terrapin. If not carefully skinned a musky odor clings to the flesh. Before cooking, the meat should be thoroughly washed and soaked in salt water for an hour or more. During the past century and a half more than 250,000,000 muskrats have been trapped for their fur. In 1914 more than 10,000,000 skins were sold in London. The muskrat industry has reached its highest present development on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. In one year the trade brought $100,000 into Dorchester County, of that state.

Such skins as those from moles and muskrats can be tanned at home by making a solution of one quart of salt and one-half ounce of sulphuric acid to each gallon of water. The pelt should be kept immersed for one day. After removing it, wash the skin several times in soapy water, wring as dry as possible and run hard soap on the flesh side. Then fold in middle over a line, hair side out, and leave to dry. When both surfaces are barely dry and the interior is still moist, lay the hide over a rounded board and scrape the flesh side with the edge of a worn flat file or other blunt-edged tool, thus removing the inner layer. The skin then becomes nearly white in color and should be rubbed and twisted until quite dry. Fur pieces can be made up at home. Twenty skins are required for an average muff, and twelve to twenty skins are sufficient for a neckpiece. In this connection it is worth noting that a hip-length garment made of mink will require more than fifty skins.

Fox furs are among the most popular with women to-day. A natural black is the rarest specimen of fox, but few people, not excepting the trappers in the far North, have ever seen a natural black. When a live specimen is captured it is usually sold to a fox breeder for many thousands of dollars. Were it not for the occasional appearance in Nature of the natural black fox we should not be able to possess that most beautiful fox skin known as the silver black. This latter fur is the result of careful scientific breeding on the fur ranches on Prince Edward Island. When an ordinary red fox is mated to a black and the resulting pups are bred to a black for four or five generations, a good silver-black fox will result. The first generation will be what is termed a cross fox; the pelt will show some red, a sprinkling of silver hairs and a black cross over the shoulders. As the breed improves there will be more black, a greater amount of the characteristic silver hairs, and the red will disappear from the color scheme of the pelt.

In judging fox furs the texture, quality, gloss and evenness of the guard hairs must be considered. In good-quality fox skins the guard hairs so completely cover the underfur and are so thick and even that there are no marked separations when the fur is draped over the shoulders. According to one noted expert the test for the perfect silver-black fox fur is as follows: The soft downy underfur of slate blue is completely covered by the guard fur, which is quite three and a half inches in length. The guard fur is black, of a raven-blue hue, and on the neck and shoulders and over the rump it is sprinkled with silver white, which gives the individual name to the fur. It is impossible to imitate this white flecking, for Nature puts it on the individual black hair about a quarter of an inch below the glossy black tip. An examination through a magnifying glass will show the white spot to be a trifle thicker than the rest of the hair. These rare silver-black fox skins have recently sold for as much as $2560 for a pair. Of wild foxes, the two most popular varieties are the arctic animals, known as the natural blue, and the polar fox, which latter has a pure white coat in winter. The natural blue sells as high as $400 at retail, while skins of the white fox have been sold for about $100.

In the shipment of foxes from the arctic there are more white skins of different grades than the market can absorb, and not sufficient natural blues to fill the demand. As a consequence the white skins that are imperfect in color are dyed the taupe, or natural blue, that is so popular at the present time. Fox skins come from almost every country on the face of the earth and a large proportion of these skins are dyed to meet the demand for fashionable shades in fox furs. Without such dyeing we should not have the glossy black foxes that we see in such numbers on the street and in the stores.

Fox farming or ranching when properly conducted is profitable. The silver or silver-gray fox was the first American animal of the fur-bearing species to be domesticated. The first profitable fox ranch was built and stocked in 1894. In 1910 pelts from fox ranches commanded a price as high as $1386 for the average; the top price was $2624. Fox farming about this time was taken up by many as a get-rich-quick scheme and many stock companies were organized for the purpose of financing farms. In 1913 ranch-bred cubs, six months old, sold for $11,000 to $15,000 a pair. The war interrupted these speculative operations and by 1916 ranch-bred silver foxes were advertised for sale at $500 to $1000 a pair. Fox ranches are established in most Canadian provinces, in Alaska, and in the American states of New Hampshire, Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Oregon and Washington.

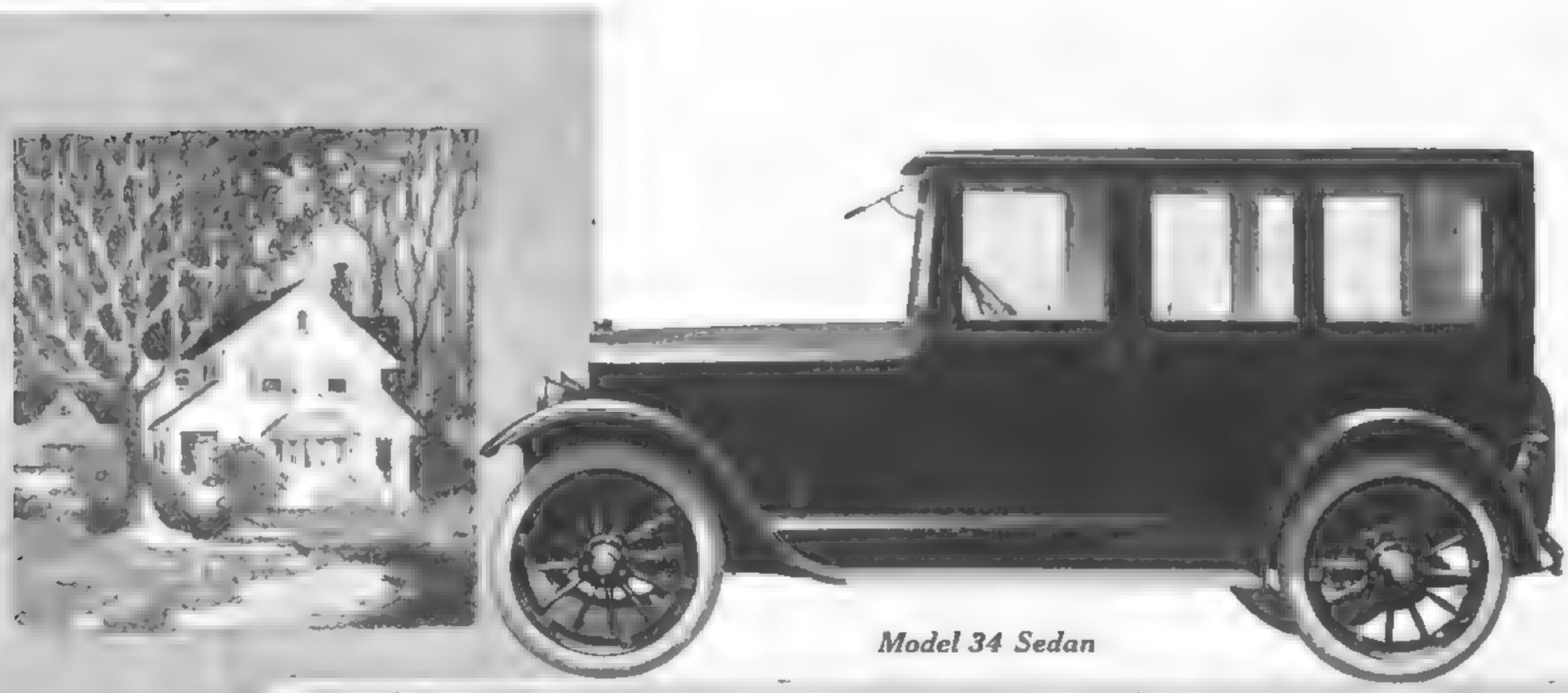
Anyone contemplating taking up fox farming should bear in mind the following facts: The climate must include a cold season and provide moderate rainfall. The site must be quiet and shady. There must be three inclosures—namely: Dens for sheltering the animals; houses for bearing and rearing the young; and yards or runs for exercise. Guard fences should be built to prevent intrusion and escape. The food habits of foxes are similar to those of dogs—practically omnivorous. The animals mate in February or March and there are one to nine cubs in each litter. The young cubs need a great deal of care and in case of accident to the mother fox the cubs may be reared almost from birth by cats. At the age of three weeks their teeth are too sharp for the foster mother. Experience has shown that the cost of rearing will amount to about ninety dollars a fox plus the interest on the cost of the original pair. The profits will come not only from the sale of pelts but from the sale of animals for breeding purposes. From 1905 to 1916 the average price has been $600 a fox. The live animals are sold during the fall and the fur is ready for the market in January.

The large demand for furs and the high prices in recent years make the question of conserving our supply an important problem. A scarcity of furs and high prices can be prevented only by the proper protection of fur-bearing animals in closed season. The trapper is the real custodian of the fur crop in his section, and there should be impressed on him the need not only for obeying the law in regard to game protection but also for acting on his own initiative to conserve the fur supply.

The trapper should not only be familiar with the breeding periods of the animals but he should also have an accurate knowledge of when the furs of the different animals are best.

One expert makes the following suggestions that may be of value in this matter: The best time to take bear is in the early spring when the snow has gone. The fur of the fisher is best about the first of November and remains in good condition until the first of April. The fur of the

(Concluded on Page 137)



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Climax Molybdenum Company is the largest producer of Molybdenum in the World.

(Concluded from Page 134)

marten becomes good about the fifteenth of October and remains in good condition until the last of March. Mink fur is best during November, December and January in the North, and in the South the fur grades highest if taken only during December and January. Muskrat fur is fair in the fall when trapping is easiest and many are caught, but is not best until from midwinter to March. The Northern rats are in good condition until about the first of June, while in the South trapping should be discontinued about the first of April. Skunks are best in the Northern States toward the end of October; in the Southern States their fur is best toward the end of November. The Northern raccoon is in good shape for trapping about November first; in the South his fur is best in December. The fur of the opossum found in the North is best toward the middle of November and stays good until March. In the South opossums should be trapped early in December.

Every trapper should realize that by sane methods of conservation he is protecting his own wealth, insuring himself bigger catches each year and helping to stabilize the trapping industry. Most harm is done to the fur crop by trapping during the breeding season. It is advisable to preserve the dens, holes, water houses, and so on, of the animals in each section. As far as possible their haunts should be kept natural and undisturbed. One should never trap females, kits and immature animals if such a thing can be avoided, either in season or out. Fur-bearing animals are one form of livestock, and though they are wild and distinct from other farm animals they must be conserved and protected just as cattle and sheep are guarded.

It is no unusual thing for a farmer to trap fifty muskrats in an acre or two of useless marshlands and receive for their pelts an average of two dollars apiece. At this rate his fur crop would bring him in the neighborhood of $100, which is a pretty good income off an acre of land on which no effort was expended or expense incurred.

Every trapper should be his own game legislator. He should remember that when he acts in a way to harm the fur supply he is literally throwing away money that actually belongs to him. Game laws are not so much for the protection of fur-bearing animals as for the protection of trappers against their own indiscretions.

No story to-day dealing with any article of common use is considered complete without some reference to the matter of prices. Though most people are familiar with the fact that fur prices last year made a new high record the full extent of the advance is not generally known. It is enlightening to note the peak prices for furs in 1920 as compared with the highest prices for similar furs in 1913 and 1875. For instance, seal in 1920 sold as high as $175 for a single skin; in 1913 the top price was $120, and in 1875 the peak price was $15. Beaver in 1920 brought $10 to $64 a skin; in 1913 the top price was $30, while in 1875 it sold for $1 a pound. Chinchilla in 1920 sold as high as $175, as compared with $85 in 1913, and $18 in 1875. Australian rabbit sold as high as $4.20 a pound in 1920, as compared with 90 cents a pound in 1913. Ermine sold as high as $4.75 a skin in 1920, while the highest price in 1913 was $5, and in 1875 the top price was 50 cents. Natural black fox brought as high as $2000 in 1920, as compared with $1800 in 1913, and $1000 in 1875. Blue fox sold as high as $270 in 1920, while the top prices in the two previous periods were $100 and $50, respectively. Cross fox sold for $242, as compared with $85 in 1913, and $25 in 1875. Silver fox brought $1200 in 1920, while in 1913 the top price was $1200, and in 1875 only $300. The comparative prices for red fox were $64, as compared with $35 and $6. Gray fox sold for $7.25 in 1920, as compared with $7 in 1913, and $2 in 1875.

In 1920 mink skins sold as low as $2.50 and as high as $75, while in 1913 the top price was $20, and in 1875 it was $6. Moleskins sold from 10 cents to 70 cents in 1920, while the top price in 1913 was 50 cents, and in 1875 it was 10 cents. Muskrat sold from $1.05 to $6.80 in 1920, while the peak price in 1913 was $1, and in 1875, 20 cents. House-cat skins sold as high as $1.80 in 1920, while the top price was 25 cents in 1913, and 12 cents in 1875. Squirrel skins brought 45 cents to $2.50 in 1920, as compared with 75 cents in 1913, and 12 cents in 1875. Persian lamb sold as high as $37 in 1920, as compared with $15 and $5 in the earlier periods. The prices of most other furs have shown similar advances, and it must be understood that the prices named are the wholesale prices in the trade, and before the furs have been made up into garments ready for wear.

The present outlook is for materially lower prices for all classes of furs now in common use. This year has proved a record year for fur production in Canada. Hundreds of professional trappers in Canada made as high as $2000 and over for their six months' work. Large stocks of furs have been accumulated in the world's chief auction centers, and so great is the concern of fur dealers for the future of prices that an effort has been made to limit the number of skins offered for sale in the fall auctions. Though a disastrous drop in fur prices is not desirable, even from the consumer's standpoint, because such a decline, if extreme, would curtail the activity of trappers, bringing a scarcity of furs and higher prices next year, there is a good basis for the hope that the public will be able to purchase plenty of furs of good quality this fall at prices more reasonable than those demanded for similar furs last year. In furs, as in most else, all that is needed is the normal action of the law of supply and demand.

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Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes don't slip on your foot—even when unlaced. They put lightness into your step and make you want to walk. Made in every style, in all leathers, for men and women. Sold by first class shoe-stores.

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North Abington, Massachusetts

VASSAR MODEL
Number 804

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 19)

political parties committed to this insane policy—was the very opposite to what had evidently been hoped for if not expected. That the government could have for a moment imagined that the people would be roused to any degree of enthusiasm by the prospect of having to fight for the potential conquest of Constantinople and the Straits, or the acquisition of Posen and Galicia for the benefit of Poland, merely shows how hopelessly unbridgeable is the gulf of mutual noncomprehension which in Russia separates the thin upper crust from the bulk of the nation.

What the Poles, who hoped for the realization of their national ideal—a reunited, independent Poland as a result of the World War—may have thought of the announcement of the Russian Government's intentions in regard to their country, and of the acquiescence therein of the Allies, the mainstay of their hopes, had better be left to the imagination.

While the situation of affairs in Russia was, from week to week, almost from day to day, growing more and more alarming, those who, like myself, were anxiously scanning the horizon for any premonitory signs of coming peace were gladdened by two rays of hope, which in quick succession broke through the sinister darkness of the lowering war clouds. They were the German Chancellor's note of December twelfth announcing Germany's readiness to enter into peace negotiations, and the note of the Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing, conveying to the belligerent Powers President Wilson's proposal "that soundings be taken in order that all may learn, the neutrals with the belligerents, how near the haven of peace may be for which all mankind longs with an intense and increasing longing."

The relation of the propaganda press to these timid attempts at initiating peace negotiations foreshadowing the attitude of the governments concerned was characteristic of the prevailing war psychosis. The German announcement of readiness to enter into peace negotiations was declared to be insincere, a peace offensive, a sham, a war maneuver, devised to entrap the Allies into negotiations, with the object of compelling them to conclude a German peace, and similar expressions of disapproval, some of which subsequently found a complaisant echo in the collective reply to the German note, which made it abundantly clear that no beginning of peace negotiations was to be thought of. I wonder what the authors of that reply, in view of the catastrophic conditions in which the greatest part of Europe is agonizing at present, would think of their abrupt refusal even to consider the possibility of peace negotiations at that time if they were to recall to mind the lofty thoughts so eloquently clothed in President Wilson's note in a language so noble and so conclusive that I cannot resist the temptation of quoting from it here:

"If the contest must continue to proceed toward undefined ends by slow attrition, until one group of belligerents or the other is exhausted, if million after million of human lives must continue to be offered up, until on the one side or the other there are no more to offer, if resentments must be kindled that can never cool and despairs engendered from which there can be no recovery, hopes of peace and of the willing concert of free peoples will be rendered vain and idle.

"The life of the entire world has been profoundly affected. Every part of the great family of mankind has felt the burden and terror of this unprecedented contest of arms. No nation in the civilized world can be said in truth to stand outside its influence or to be safe against its disturbing effects, and yet the concrete objects for which it is being waged have never been definitely stated. . . . Stated in general terms they seem the same on both sides. . . . It may be that peace is nearer than we know; that the terms which the belligerents on the one side and on the other would deem it necessary to insist upon are not so irreconcilable as some have feared; that an interchange of views would clear the way at least for conference and make the permanent concord of nations a hope of the immediate future, a concert of nations immediately practicable."

It was not for me to judge whether the policy then decided upon by our Allies was the best that could have been adopted in their own interest. But I knew that the time had come when it had become the sacred duty of Russia's rulers, if they really wanted to save their country from the visibly impending catastrophe, to seize this opportunity for raising with our Allies the question of the necessity of the earliest possible conclusion of a general peace, which the salvation of Russia imperatively demanded, and to insist on an answer being returned to the German and American notes which would not close the door to the beginning of peace negotiations.

It so happened that these notes were received when Mr. Pokroffsky, Comptroller of the Empire and also member of the upper house of our legislature and therefore a colleague and personal acquaintance of mine, had just been appointed to the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, which since the dismissal of Stuermer had remained vacant for some time. Being convinced that in his case I should not meet with the supercilious rebuff to which I had been accustomed at the hands of his predecessors in office, I asked him to give me an opportunity to discuss with him the political situation, a request which was most readily granted in the same spirit in which it had been made. Mr. Pokroffsky was an open-minded, level-headed and well-meaning man, but, being entirely new to the sphere of activity of the office to which he had been unexpectedly appointed, he was naturally somewhat handicapped by his inexperience in the handling of intricate diplomatic affairs, and by the consequent need of relying more than would otherwise have been necessary on the advice of his new subordinates.

In the course of two prolonged interviews which he very courteously granted me I was enabled exhaustively to explain to him my views, and I brought away the impression that at heart he was inclined to share them, but that he considered as hopeless any attempt at carrying out the policy I advocated, presumably on account not only of the insurmountable difficulties he seemed to think we should be bound to encounter on the part of our Allies, but also of the opposition of our party leaders, and evidently also of his own official advisers, all of whom were wedded to the policy that had brought Russia to the brink of the precipice and was preparing to push her into the yawning abyss of a dark and ominously threatening future.

Mr. Pokroffsky's apprehension in regard to the probable attitude of our Allies was certainly not unfounded. It was abundantly evident that in all belligerent countries on both sides of the fence the militaristic knock-out-blow point of view was gaining the upper hand over the inspirations of statesmanship. Moreover, there were then, in Great Britain as well as in France, those who believed that a decidedly weakened and dismembered Russia would best serve their countries' interests, partly as an elimination of potential rivalry in Asia, partly as an immunization from the danger of a possible Russo-German understanding in the future. There were, however, other and, one might have thought, more powerful motives, of a political and more especially, perhaps, of a financial nature, which should have rendered desirable to our Allies the unimpaired power and greatness of the Russian Empire, and consequently should have moved them to help us in every way to prevent its impending collapse.

It is true, of course, that the adoption of the line of policy I advocated would have implied in the first place an entirely open and unreserved avowal of the hopelessly critical condition to which Russia had already been reduced by the war and which was going to be catastrophically aggravated by its further prolongation; and in the second place an unshakable firmness in insisting on the occasion furnished by the German and American notes being seized without delay for the initiation of negotiations for a general peace.

The first would have been a duty of honor and loyalty to our Allies, and the second a sacred duty of loyalty to Russia and her people. It is unquestionable also that the

(Continued on Page 141)

SERVICE

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An individual, an institution and a nation grow in happiness, strength and wealth through service —endure through service and by service.

As one hands down a good name, so business hands down a good institution capable of greater growth, if the foundation of service is well laid.

Yet we are an age in haste for its reward. We must have proof of the value of our service. Industry secures this estimate when its wares gain the appreciation of the consumer.

A service worth the name, a commodity worth selling, should not be withheld from those whom it will benefit. It is the recognition of this fact which accounts for the prominent place now held by advertising.

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There is a third small group of tire makers, however, who are building tires of an entirely different character. They can be termed the "quality" group. The Mohawk Rubber Company is one of them.

They are building tires which run so far beyond the usual guarantee basis as to be a distinct surprise to the average car owner who has been satisfied with the average tire.

Three, five, even ten thousand miles over and above the guarantee basis is not the exception but the rule with these tires. And the buyer gets these thousands of *extra* miles at practically no cost whatever.

Each year a multitude of car owners are turning to the "quality" tire group. They are people who have long since discovered that pure virgin wool clothing is not only more satisfying but far more economical than shoddy and cotton mixtures. They are careful buyers who make a study of getting the maximum value in all their purchases.

Even though you may be satisfied with the tires you are now using, we believe you will find it interesting as well as profitable to find out how much of this "no-charge" mileage a "quality" tire yields by trying a Mohawk Tire on a rear wheel of your car.

We believe the Mohawk Rubber Company is the leading tire maker of the "quality" group.

For eight years it has maintained the policy of using only the finest grades of rubber and fabric, and maintaining standards of material, workmanship, and inspection which are equalled by only a few makers in any branch of the automotive business.

You can buy a Mohawk Tire almost anywhere, so that you may prove these things for yourself.

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KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO DALLAS LOS ANGELES MOHAWK RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON ATLANTA

(Continued from Page 138)

adoption of such a policy would have demanded of those who would have had to carry it out a moral courage and a fortitude in which they might have been deficient, not to mention that clean-cut and categorical solutions of momentous questions are usually found to be repugnant to the mentality of politicians—not only in Russia. In any case, no agreement with our Allies on the lines I suggested could have been reached without delicate negotiations, which the new and quite inexperienced Minister of Foreign Affairs may have hesitated to conduct himself and been unwilling to intrust to any one of our Ambassadors in Allied countries. Be that as it may, nothing whatever was attempted to save the empire from the catastrophe whose imminence only willful blindness could fail to foresee.

Russia assented to the collective replies of the Allies to the German and American notes, which effectually closed the door to any hope of approaching peace. Mr. Pokroffsky read in the Duma a speech composed in the most approved war-propaganda style, winding up with the declaration that no premature peace could be concluded with an enemy "seeking a breathing space by making deceitful offers of a permanent peace," and lastly that "in this conviction Russia is in complete agreement with all her valiant Allies. We are all equally convinced of the vital necessity of carrying on the war to a victorious end, and no subterfuge by our enemies will prevent us from following this path to the end."

In the text of this speech, as reported by cable and published in the New York papers, from which I have quoted the above, occurs, however, a passage which contains the whole truth in a nutshell. Mr. Pokroffsky is made to say:

"In the event of failure" [of their proposal] "they will exploit at home the refusal of the Allies to accept peace in order to rehabilitate the tottering morale of their people."

In other words, the perhaps expected and even hoped-for refusal was to bring grist to the mill of the German militarists.

After listening to Mr. Pokroffsky's speech the Duma passed a resolution "unanimously favoring a categorical refusal by the Allied Governments to enter under present conditions into any peace negotiations whatever." The resolution then goes on to say that the Duma "considers that the German proposals are nothing more than a fresh proof of the weakness of the enemy and a hypocritical act from which the enemy expects no real success but by which it seeks to throw upon others the responsibility for the war, for what happened during it, and to exculpate itself before public opinion in Germany."

These proceedings in the Duma were followed on the twenty-fifth of December by the issue of an imperial order to the army and navy, from the text of which, as transmitted by the British Admiralty by Wireless Press and published in the New York papers of December twenty-eighth, I quote the following:

"The time for peace negotiations has not yet arrived. The enemy has not been driven out of the provinces he has occupied. Russia's attainment of the task created by the war—regarding Constantinople and the Dardanelles, as well as the creation of a free Poland from all the three of her now incomplete tribal districts—has not yet been guaranteed. To conclude peace at this moment would mean failure to utilize the fruits of the untold trials of the heroic Russian troops and fleet. These trials and the still more sacred memory of those noble sons of Russia who have fallen on the battlefield do not permit of thoughts of peace until final victory over our enemies. Who dares to think that he who brought about war shall have it in his power to conclude peace at any time he likes?"

Whether all these declarations were intended to placate our Allies, anxious to make sure of our participation in the prolongation of the war, or to conceal from them our actually critical position, or to bluff the enemy, or whether they were inspired by a really sincere albeit erroneous conviction that by such means the fighting spirit of the nation could be aroused, I cannot undertake to determine.

The effect produced by them on a profoundly war-weary army and people may be imagined. Besides, it was to manifest itself very soon in a way apparently little expected by the authors of those bellicose declarations.

The new year, 1917, brought us the sanguinary dénouement of the disgraceful Rasputin episode; the resignation of Trepoff; the appointment to replace him as Prime Minister of Prince Golitzyn, an honorable and worthy man but politically a colorless nonentity; and lastly the advent of a Franco-Anglo-Italian delegation headed by M. Doumergue, Viscount Milner, and Signor Scialoya, the object of whose coming was not disclosed to the public. Since the publication by the Bolsheviks of the secret documents found by them in the archives of our Ministry of Foreign Affairs it has been said that during the sojourn at Petrograd of the Allied delegation some agreement had been reached between the Russian and French governments guaranteeing: To France, the return of Alsace and Lorraine, an exceptional position for her in the Saar Valley and the political separation from Germany and organization on a special basis of her possessions on the left bank of the Rhine, so as to make that river a solid strategic frontier against German aggression; and: To Russia, the right to a free hand in the settlement of her western frontiers. Not having seen any of these secret documents published by the Bolsheviks, I am not in a position to verify whether there has ever been any serious foundation for such rumors.

Since the resignation of Trepoff the whole power of the government had practically fallen into the hands of Protopopoff, and the singular way in which he sometimes used it had given rise to doubts as to his entire sanity and even to suspicions in regard to which Mr. E. H. Wilcox, a very competent and, when not influenced by war psychology, quite impartial observer, writes in his Russia's Ruin, Page 147:

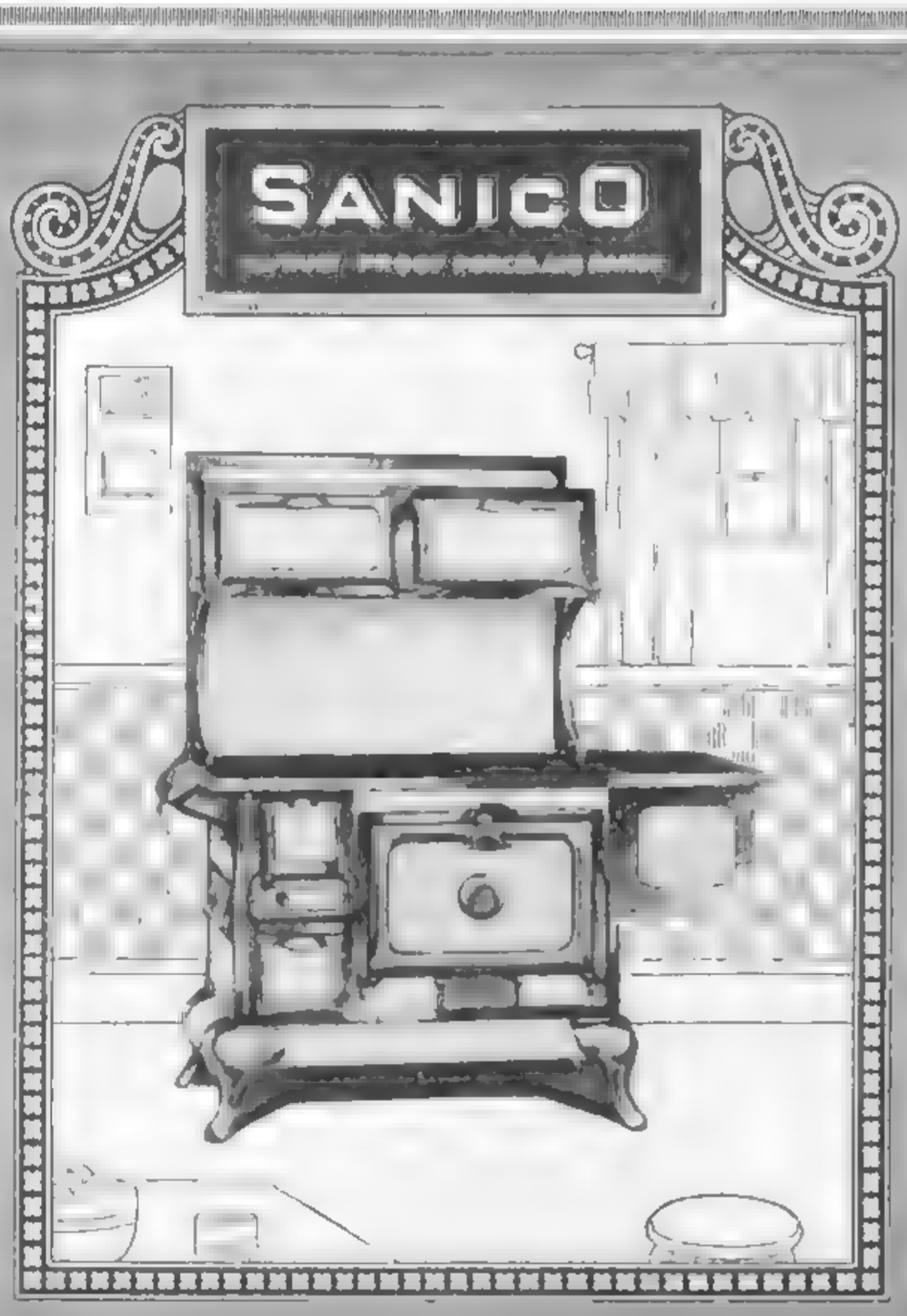
"The theory that Protopopoff deliberately worked for revolution must meet the objections that he was by no means a stupid man, and, even before he had at his disposal a vast and efficient espionage system of the Ministry of the Interior, by no means an ill-informed one. He must have been perfectly aware that any such plan as that attributed to him meant the gravest risks both to the dynasty and to himself. As a leading member of the Progressive Bloc in the Duma he must have known that the whole country had been more or less organized for revolution, and that most of the leading generals in the field were in cordial sympathy with the movement. And if he had any doubts as to the state of feeling of the masses, they must have been instantly dispelled when he came to read the reports of the police secret service. It is incredible that he should not have realized that it would be infinitely harder to stop a revolutionary movement than to start it."

And Mr. Wilcox concludes: "It was not that he wished to provoke the revolution, but that he believed it to be at hand and imagined himself to be strong enough to crush it and to earn the lasting gratitude of the dynasty. No doubt it was the mental instability which made such ambitions possible that afterwards degenerated into madness; but until he had brought the Russian Empire crashing down about his head, Protopopoff's actions may be judged by the ordinary standards of human weakness and folly."

Protopopoff's share in the responsibility for the catastrophe which overtook the government is undeniable, but there was no need of provoking, as he has been accused of doing, a revolution. The revolution was there already; it was in the hearts of the people, deadly sick of the war and sighing for peace—a fact which Allied as well as Russian war propaganda was endeavoring to conceal or to deny. It was not an organized, but an instinctive, elemental force, this revolt of the people against the war. Its outbreak was not premeditated. It was spontaneous—one might say almost accidental.

Its outbreak in the form in which it occurred was rendered possible by the presence in the fantastically overcrowded barracks of the capital of a horde of armed peasants—one of the products of the insane mobilization measure of the preceding year—some two to three hundred thousand reservists of the regiment of the imperial guard combating at the front. They were very sparsely officered and were merely by force of tradition and inertia submitting to some kind of loose and precariously maintained discipline.

The success of the outbreak was due to the only cause that renders successful revolutions possible, for no government



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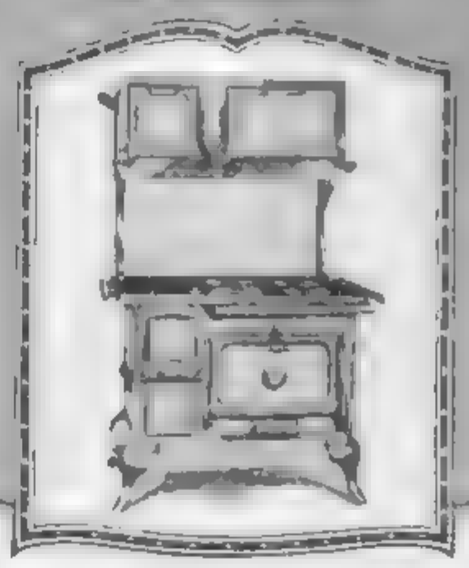

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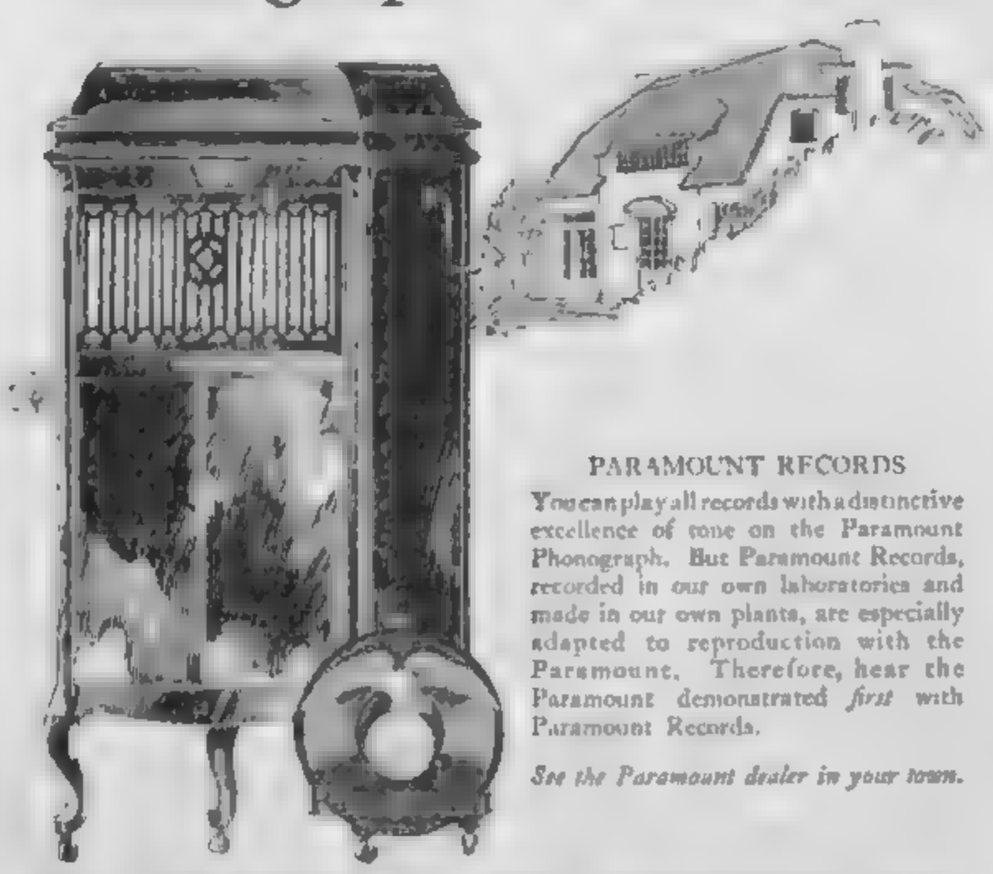

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worthy of the name has ever been overthrown by a revolution save through its own incompetence, weakness and folly. Its success was hailed with general enthusiasm by the people—I mean, of course, the real people—who saw in it the end of the war; and by the Intelligentzia and the politicians, who expected to possess themselves for good of the power of the state and to be enabled to carry on the war to a victorious conclusion, which would have justified the policy to which they were wedded.

Both the people and the Intelligentzia were disappointed in their hopes and expectations, and for the same reason—the unbridgeable nature of the gulf of mutual noncomprehension which separates the bulk of the nation from its upper crust, the educated classes; that same abnormal condition which has always been the curse of our unfortunate country and was at last to achieve its downfall and ruin. For it was the failure to comprehend and to satisfy the imperious craving of the people for peace that caused the overthrow of the imperial, as well as later on of the provisional, and lastly of Kerensky's coalition government, and that literally threw the country into the arms of the Bolsheviks, who promised the people what they were yearning for—peace. Mr. Wilcox seems to have had an inkling of this undeniable truth when he wrote, on Page 150 of his Russia's Ruin:

"The peace the Russians desired so earnestly and with such good reason—of which we in England had next to no personal experience—might well have been secured a year earlier than was actually the case, and their country might have entered upon the phase of reconstruction instead of being plunged into an unprecedented welter of anarchy and civil war."

A step further and, with an Englishman's love of fair play, Mr. Wilcox would, I think, have been willing to admit that it was a Russian patriot's not only unquestionable right but solemn duty to strain every nerve in an endeavor to bring about a general peace by negotiation before the inconceivably shortsighted folly or moral cowardice of the various imperial and revolutionary governments would have abandoned the accomplishment of this all-important task which they had failed to take in hand themselves to the treacherous hands of the demented fanatics who were willing to sacrifice the country to their wild dream of a possible realization of the criminal chimera of a communistic world revolution. I am pleased to quote in corroboration of the view I held as to the imperatively urgent need of peace, if Russia was to be saved from anarchy and civil war, the opinion of this fair-minded English writer, who, I suppose, will not be suspected of being a pro-German or a traitor to the Alliance.

The revolution, properly speaking, which actually and with the greatest ease overthrew the government, from whose palsied hands power was let slip without any effort whatever having been even attempted to retain it, was not, as mentioned above, organized, nor was its outbreak apparently preconcerted with the leaders of the revolutionary parties. It was—such at least was my impression—a characteristically spontaneous, anarchic uprising of the mutinous soldiery and of a revolutionary rabble of workmen from the numerous factories in the capital and suburbs. Its success was achieved in the simplest imaginable way by the disorderly soldiery of some regiments of the guard marching to the palace of the Duma, which had just been dissolved by imperial decree—one of Protopopoff's insane measures—not, by any means, with hostile intent, as some Duma members were said to have apprehended, but apparently with no other object than to acclaim the Duma and its president.

Owing to the complete self-effacement of the legitimate government all the power of the state seemed to have been literally thrust into the hands of the Duma and its president, Mr. Rodzianko, who for a few days became the most popular and, as far as appearances went, the most powerful personage in the country. These appearances, however, were deceptive. The Social-Democratic and Social-Revolutionary parties, though apparently taken by surprise by the spontaneous outbreak of the revolution, had nevertheless succeeded in the course of the very first day, the twelfth of March, in organizing a soviet or council of workmen's and soldiers' deputies, which in the evening of the same day held its first sitting, in which some two hundred and fifty to three hundred of these deputies took part, in the Duma Hall of Session coolly appropriated by them.

"From the outset the Petrograd soviet became the only body the authority of which was fully acknowledged by those who had supplied the element of physical force in bringing about the revolution, that is to say the garrison and factory hands of the capital." I quote this sentence from Mr. Wilcox's book, because it states an incontrovertible and illuminating fact in the most lucid and precise terms. The fact is illuminating inasmuch as it explains the reason why neither the provisional government of Prince Lwoff and Miliukoff nor the coalition government of Kerensky, though accepted by the nation and recognized by the Allied and neutral Powers, ever possessed that fullness of power without which a government is at best but a government in name.

Nevertheless I venture to think that the unorganized, planless and leaderless outbreak might have been at once summarily and successfully dealt with by some of the Duma leaders possessed of sufficient courage and energy, had they not been engaged themselves in a revolutionary conspiracy, to which Dr. E. J. Dillon refers in the above-quoted passage of his Eclipse of Russia, when he attributes the "blast that destroyed the monarchy and shattered the nation" directly to the Duma leaders, omitting to mention, among those who, in his opinion, "aided and abetted" them, some of the leading generals of the active army, without whose connivance it would not have been possible to arrest the imperial train on its way to Tsarskoe Selo at Pskow, the headquarters of a general commanding a whole group of armies; and to allow two Duma members to demand of their Sovereign that he abdicate his throne.

These unfortunates, whose patriotism it would be unjust to question, blinded by the passions of war psychosis, were unable to realize that by their action they were sealing the doom of their country and to foresee that their names would go down to history branded with the maledictions of a nation. It must, however, be stated in justice to them that their aim was not by any means the destruction of the monarchy, but merely the removal of the Sovereign, whom they presumably thought unwilling to continue the war or incapable of continuing it successfully, and the placing on the throne of his young son under a suitable regency.

That their plan, even if it had not been definitively foiled by the Grand Duke Michael's refusal to accept the throne—as the Emperor had abdicated in his favor and not in that of his son—could have been successfully carried out appears more than doubtful, because the Petrograd soviet, though represented in the provisional government by only one of its members, Kerensky, had already acquired an overshadowing influence which reduced that government to practical impotence.

From the very beginning there was a fundamental disagreement between the soviet and the government in regard to the momentous question of peace or war. The soviet, relying on the support of the army and navy and the unmistakable will of the people, had pronounced itself in favor of the earliest possible conclusion of a general peace—not of a separate peace with Germany, but emphatically of a general peace—on the basis of the famous three principles—no annexations, no indemnities and self-determination of nationalities. The Minister of Foreign Affairs and leading member of the government, Miliukoff, on the contrary assured the Allied Governments of Russia's unshakable determination to continue the war with the greatest energy until a final victory. This disagreement was to lead in the end to Miliukoff's resignation, without, however, materially improving the situation, as I shall explain presently.

In the meantime, though I had hardly any hope of bringing Miliukoff round to my view of the urgent necessity of beginning negotiations for a general peace, I sought an interview with him as soon as I learned that our Ambassador to the United States had tendered his resignation, and offered to undertake without a day's delay a mission to Washington, if he thought it desirable, considering the importance of the attitude which the United States Government might assume in the question of bringing about the end of the war.

(Continued on Page 145)

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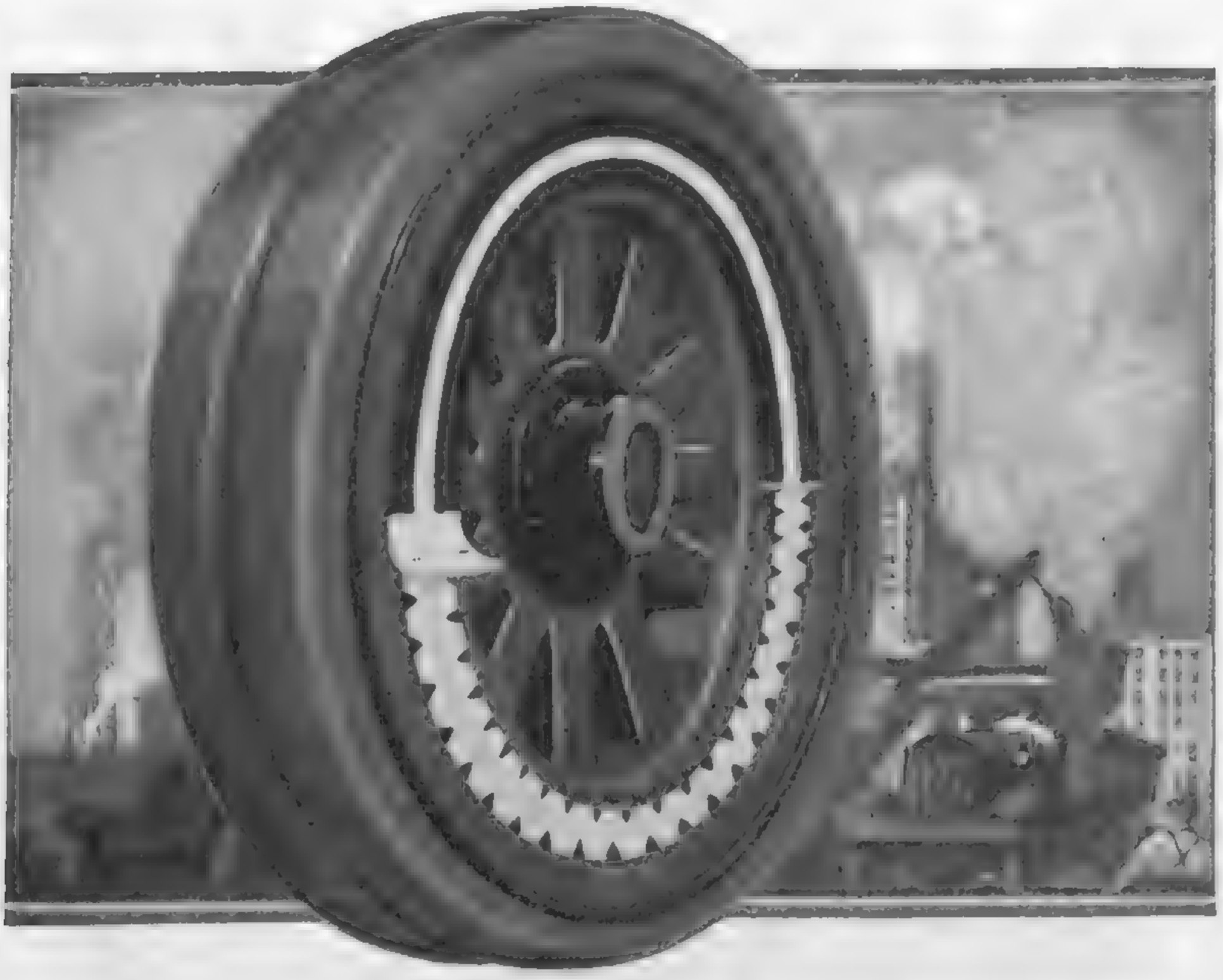

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Sewell Cushion Wheels

(Continued from Page 142)

He told me frankly that he mistrusted my politics, in which he was unquestionably quite right; for my views were indeed the very opposite of his and I would under no conceivable circumstances have consented to conceal from the Government and the people of the United States what I held to be the truth. But I suggested to him that since after all we could both of us have but one aim, the good of our country, we might perhaps by an exchange of views and a thorough discussion of the momentous question at issue reach an agreement. He seemed at first to be inclined to assent to this proposal, but nothing came of it and I did not meet him again.

The next step I undertook when, in the beginning of May, it became evident that Kerensky was the master mind in the government. Through a friend who had been a client of Kerensky's in a law suit and who had kept up friendly relations with him, an interview between us was arranged. It took place at my friend's house, and, as it happened, on the very night when, at a cabinet meeting, as Kerensky told me, two momentous decisions had just been taken after prolonged and presumably stormy discussions—to form a coalition government of socialistic and bourgeois elements, and to break definitely with the policy of Miliukoff, Sazonoff and Iswolsky. This latter decision I could only welcome, as it was this policy that had brought Russia to the verge of ruin, and after a thorough discussion of the question at issue I left, under the impression that the necessary negotiations with our Allies would be initiated without delay in order to come to an agreement as to the conditions upon which a general peace could be concluded.

A few days later Mr. Terestchenko, a young multimillionaire, who seemed to have taken up revolutionary politics more or less as an expensive sport, was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. I was not personally acquainted with him at all, but realizing that as he was quite inexperienced in matters of diplomacy he might find himself handicapped in the accomplishment of the all-important task intrusted to him by the to some extent unavoidable dependence on the collaboration of his future subordinates, who were all, as was but natural, devoted adherents of the very policy from which the government had decided to dissociate itself, I wrote to him offering to place at his disposal all the knowledge and experience I possessed which might be of use to him, and inclosing a paper I had drawn up in which I succinctly outlined the diplomatic steps I considered it necessary to be taken without delay, and requesting him to submit it to the government or to enable me to report it myself to a cabinet meeting with such supplementary explanations as might be required.

No answer was returned to this letter. Having waited about a fortnight for further developments, I made up my mind to call public attention to this matter which I considered to be of supreme importance for the salvation of the country, and embodied the substance of the above-mentioned paper, with some amplifications, in an article which The Den, a mildly socialistic paper, had the courage to print. The following was its text as it appeared in that paper:

"May 20, 1917.

"The Russian people have heard from the lips of Mr. Gutchoff and M. Kerensky, and lately of the Supreme Commander in Chief, General Alexeeff, the manly and highly patriotic confession of the truth: 'Russia is standing on the brink of a precipice.'

"To save the country it is imperatively necessary that a way should be found to lead her out of her present more than critical position. Such a way there is, and it is still open to us as long as the threatening rising tide of anarchy has not yet swamped and carried off the foundations of the state. Therefore entering upon this way can no longer be delayed.

"To begin with, it is necessary to abandon certain very patriotic but nevertheless fatal illusions and to face the truth as it really is. The unvarnished truth is just this:

"The revolutionary people, in entire accord with the revolutionary army and navy, under a vague and instinctive consciousness of the catastrophic meaning for Russia of the present war, demand imperatively its cessation as soon as it may possibly be brought about.

"The watchword 'War to the end' is not suited to the complication of conditions as they exist in reality. It is not in anyone's power to alter these conditions, which can only become worse from day to day as the threatened total disorganization of the economic life of the country is gradually approaching.

"To close our eyes to them means only to deceive ourselves. To the enemy as well as to our Allies they cannot but be well known, and they are undoubtedly correspondingly discounted by them.

"Under these conditions we run the risk both of being abandoned by our Allies and of being in the end driven to the disastrous necessity of a separate peace, if we any longer delay entering upon the only path open to us compatible with the honor and dignity of Russia, by following which we may hope to lead ourselves, as well as Europe, out of the present impasse and at the same time to give satisfaction to the undoubtedly existing earnest craving of all mankind for the cessation of this mutually destructive internecine war of the leading peoples of the white race, which is a disgrace to civilization.

"This path is pointed out to us by the very march and inexorable logic of events.

"Even to the willfully blind it must now be perfectly plain that the aim of the war as originally contemplated by both sides, the total crushing of the adversary by force of arms, is inattainable to one side as well as to the other. Thus the war threatens to resolve itself into a slow process of exhaustion, more or less common to both sides, the duration of which cannot be even approximately determined in advance, because all provisions as to the proximity of the total exhaustion of the enemy's material and moral resources—though his is undoubtedly much the weaker side—can only be based on quite uncertain data and mere guesswork. It may be permitted, perhaps, to surmise that similar considerations might suggest themselves to our enemy as well, notwithstanding the jingoistic and grandiloquent utterances in the Reichstag of the German Chancellor and the boastful articles of the German censored press.

"It therefore remains for us, casting aside all watchwords void of any clearly defined meaning, to enter upon diplomatic negotiations with our Allies and with the United States of America now closely associated with our coalition, and by this means to elicit what concrete conditions of a future peace would satisfy their just demands and could be conciliated with the spirit of the declaration of the provisional government and with the principles proclaimed by President Wilson. Having reached an agreement upon these points, basic conditions for future peace negotiations might be jointly determined upon and might be then communicated to the German Government as a kind of ultimatum on behalf of a coalition of Powers now embracing almost all civilized mankind, leaving it open to that government either to accept these conditions or else to shoulder the sole responsibility for the continuation of the war rendered inevitable by a refusal to accept them.

"Such a diplomatic step taken by Russia would in no way clash with the obligations undertaken by her in regard to her Allies, which, though they tied her hands and placed her in a somewhat subordinate position toward states more powerful than herself as regards wealth and culture, nevertheless have not by any means deprived her of the right to raise her voice when in her opinion the time has come to consider the question of terminating the war by means of negotiation. The weight attaching to the voice of Russia would necessarily correspond to the degree of unimpairedness of her moral and material forces.

"This is why it is of the utmost importance that Russia should take such a step without the least delay, whilst her social and political fabric, already being undermined by anarchy, still presents a sufficiently unimpaired front, and without awaiting the result of the coming advance of her armies. The more favorable such results might turn out to be the greater would be the weight attaching to our coalition in future peace negotiations.

"It must, of course, be recognized that we have far too long delayed taking such diplomatic initiative. It should have been undertaken in response to President Wilson's address to the Powers at war consequent upon Germany's announcement that she was ready to enter upon peace negotiations. Why, then, was it not then undertaken? The reason evidently is that the governments, the press, and altogether the

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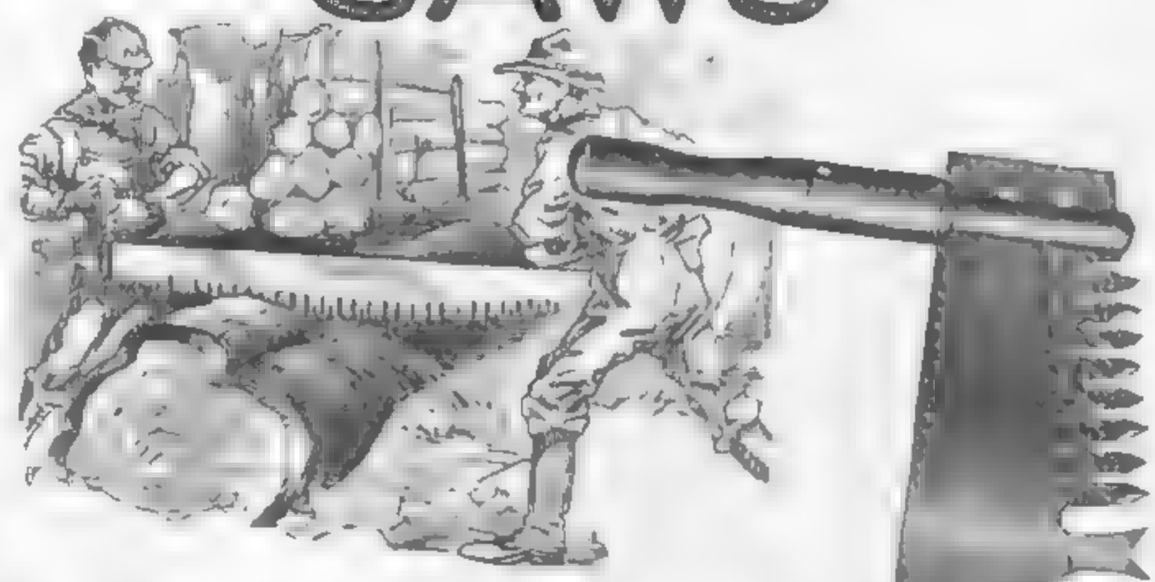

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ruling classes of all the countries participating in the war have gone too far in preaching the doctrine of 'war to the end'—that is to say, war until the total crushing of the enemy by force of arms—for any one of the governments concerned to confess openly its readiness to seek the solution of the questions involved in this war by way of negotiation. The German Government, it is true, seemed to have made up its mind to take such a step in declaring its preparedness to enter upon peace negotiations. But then this declaration was held by the other side to have been nothing but a wily trap. It was a trap indeed, but not in the sense in which we understand it.

"The real intentions of the German Government in making that declaration were, it would have seemed, sufficiently apparent. They evidently wished to satisfy the clamor of a hungry and sorely tried people for a speedy conclusion of peace, and they hoped at the same time to be enabled to oppose to this clamor a tangible proof of the impossibility of entering upon peace negotiations, owing to the stand taken by the Allies threatening the German and allied empires with crushing defeat and dismemberment. This proof was vouchsafed to the German Government and the militaristically thinking classes of German society, and evidently exploited by them for their own purposes, in the collective reply of the Allies to President Wilson's address, and principally in that part of their reply which dealt with our own special demands.

"Thus was completed the impasse from which an issue could only be imperatively pointed out by the intervention of a new and powerful factor. This factor has been the Russian revolution, and therein lies its true and world-wide significance.

"Therein, too, manifests itself the true greatness of the soul of the Russian people. Heeding neither misrepresentations nor abuse, Russian democracy has had the moral courage to launch forth to the world the magic word dissolving the spell of the fatal hypnosis under the influence of which the peoples of Europe have for now almost fully three years been fighting with suicidal frenzy for their own mutual destruction and ruin.

"Grateful mankind will not forget this service when the sun of peace shall some day rise again over blood-stained and exhausted Europe."

Having set my views before the public by means of my article in the Den, I found that the three following ones, meant as a complement to the first, though in each case set in type and sent to me for approval, could not be printed, the requisite courage having apparently failed the editors. Thereupon, being determined not to leave a stone unturned in the pursuit of my self-imposed quixotic task, I began a round of calls on all the members of the cabinet in succession.

I found all of them, as was but natural, quite innocent of any knowledge of diplomatic matters, and I never learned whether my endeavors to enlighten them had produced the desired effect. One of them—and it seemed to me the most intelligent one of them all—after listening to me attentively, astonished me not a little by maintaining that the Minister of Foreign Affairs was proceeding on the very lines I suggested in proposing to the Allied Governments to proceed jointly to a revision of the war aims. To this I demurred, trying to make him see that it was not a question of revising so-called war aims, but of seeking to come to an agreement with our Allies on the subject of basic conditions upon which we might be willing to conclude jointly a general peace with the enemy Powers, and that such an agreement could be reached only by delicate negotiations which could not possibly be carried on by exchanges of published notes or parliamentary declarations primarily meant for home consumption. I could not help, however, admiring the skill with which Mr. Terestchenko, who had evidently fallen under the influence of the ideas of his predecessors, had succeeded in making his colleagues believe that he was actually carrying out the policy which the cabinet had at first decided to adopt.

Then came the news of the departure from America of Mr. Root's mission, sent apparently for the purpose of encouraging Russia to continue the war with greater energy—a mission whose failure I knew was certain, and which could lead only to mutual irritation. I learned of it with painful consternation, because I realized how hopelessly the Government of the United States had been influenced by the current total misconception of the real condition of affairs in Russia and of the real feelings of the Russian people, fostered by war propaganda, by the deceptive assurances of our diplomacy, and the empty vaporings of our subsidized press and of our party leaders, whom Allied diplomacy in Petrograd was wont to consider the only reliable source of information on Russian affairs.

Having made during the sojourn of the American mission in Petrograd several unsuccessful attempts at impressing its members with the importance of what I held to be my duty not to conceal from them, I made up my mind to lay the truth before the American people by way of an open letter addressed to an American friend in Petrograd, which I had printed and sent by registered mail to several newspapers, magazines and numerous friends whose addresses I could remember. Whether any of these letters ever reached their destinations I do not know, except one, which was received while I was visiting a friend in the country in August of last year and which was marked in red ink with the word "Released." It ran as follows:

"PETROGRAD, MORSKAYA, 31.
"July 16/29, 1917.

"Letter from a Russian Patriot to an American Friend in Petrograd

"*My dear friend:* I deeply regret that you should hitherto have avoided giving me a chance to have with you a serious conversation on the subject uppermost in all minds now and of such momentous importance to all of us.

"I have indeed been meeting some of the members of the mission and I have been trying hard to do what I considered to be my duty both to my country and to yours. In a letter addressed to one of them, who seemed to me to have taken a serious interest in some of the things I had a chance to say to him in one of our very few desultory conversations, I most earnestly requested to be given an opportunity of laying before the members of the mission and in your presence my views on the war, on the true meaning of the revolution and on the actual condition of the country. Such an opportunity was not vouchsafed to me. This I regret more than words can express.

"These are not times for indulging in the criminal levity of attempting to deceive ourselves as well as our friends and Allies with idle patriotic vaporings. In these truly tragic times it is the stern duty of every Russian who has at heart not the saving of his own or of this or that party's political face, but the welfare, nay, the very existence of his country and nation, to face the truth as it really is, and to aid by every means in his power every honest endeavor to find a way out of the present deadlock consistent with the nation's honor and dignity, and to save what can still be saved from the wreck of the country's former greatness and prosperity.

"Such a way I pointed out in an article which one of the minor political newspapers here has had the courage to print and of which I had prepared a translation for the special benefit of the American mission. This article is nothing but a slight amplification, for the sake of popularization, of a memorial which I have in person presented individually to all the leading members of the coalition government, with the exception of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who has not seen fit to grant my request for an interview. The now more than ever urgently needed diplomatic action advocated in that memorial I had pressed as long ago as December last upon the attention of the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Pokrofsky. This action, I feel sure, would have been most gladly welcomed by President Wilson, and, undertaken at a time when Russia's military and political front was still unimpaired, would have proved a most powerful and in its effect, I fully believe, decisive support of the President's noble efforts in the cause of peace. Mr. Pokroffsky, an able and level-headed man, but quite new to his office, and, like the present clever and able incumbent of that office, quite inexperienced in the handling of momentous international affairs, though agreeing with my view of the exigencies of the situation had evidently to yield to influences which he was unable or unwilling to resist, the result being that President Wilson, on behalf of

(Continued on Page 149)

After the first winter "many of the colonists engaged in fishing, aboute codd, and bass, and other fish, of which they tooke great store."

New England's Fisheries

WHEN the Pilgrims sent their agent from Leyden in 1618 to secure the consent of the English crown to the settlement they proposed making in America, King James asked, "What profit might arise?" The single word "Fishing" was the reply. But the colonists did not intend to engage in fishing as a business. Only by chance did they land at Plymouth Bay, and by dint of circumstances they took to the sea for a means of livelihood.

Once realizing the value of this industry, however, the Massachusetts General Court soon passed enactments "for the encouragement of men to set upon fishing." In the year 1641, Governor Winthrop reported 300,000 dry fish sent to market—the early beginning of a business that in 1918 brought to Boston, Gloucester and Portland, alone, over 300,000,000 lbs. of fish, valued at more than $10,000,000.

Not only in the fisheries but in the canning and preserving of their products does New England's interest extend. The latest available statistics report that Maine and Massachusetts together, in 1914, canned nearly 5,000,000 cases of fish and oysters—more than half the total in the United States—and over 100,000,000 lbs. of cured fish.

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(Continued from Page 146)

the Allied Powers, was vouchsafed a collective reply, the Russian part of which was particularly and, I make bold to say, ludicrously unreasonable, and which will forever stand as a monument of later-day European diplomacy's fateful incompetence or else weak-kneed subserviency to demagogic folly.

"Then came the revolution and the declaration of war by the United States.

"Victorious Russian democracy lost no time in proclaiming to the world with noble and fearless directness its aims: Peace, as soon as it can possibly be brought about by negotiation—not separate peace with Germany, as democracy has been and is still being falsely accused of advocating, but general peace in full agreement with all our Allies; peace without annexations and without war contributions; and peace on the basis of the freedom of all nationalities to determine their own destinies.

"This program the first provisional government, composed of representatives of the so-called bourgeois parties, with the sole exception of Mr. Kerensky, had been reluctantly compelled to adopt under pressure from the socialistic Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' delegates. It has been and is still being sneeringly referred to in their partisan press. Their reluctance to adopt it was so thinly veiled, and in fact so manifest, as to favor everywhere abroad the formation of a totally erroneous conception of the true meaning of the Russian revolution.

"These Councils of Workmen's and Soldiers' delegates are, of course, entirely self-constituted bodies, but they are in close touch with the masses and they have rightly gauged the real feelings of the fifteen to seventeen millions of soldiers and sailors called to the colors, who are the true representatives of the peasantry of Russia—that is to say, of the class which constitutes the bulk and the mainstay of the nation. Therein lies the secret of the irresistibility of the councils' power, much more than in the attractiveness to the masses of their socialistic doctrines. If the leaders of the bourgeois parties had had the political wisdom of fully realizing this they would have frankly adopted the councils' program and would have immediately proceeded to open negotiations with our Allies in order to seek their adhesion to the Russian democracy's proposals as advocated in my article, of which I inclose herewith a translation.

"Such truly patriotic action would have enabled them to hold on to their posts in the provisional government, to moderate by their participation in shaping its policies the economic claims of the socialistic parties, and to keep the ship of state on an even keel. They, however, preferred to cling to their war cry: 'No peace without a final decisive victory!' and to their imperialistic program as outlined in the reply to President Wilson's address, thereby abandoning the ship of state at a most critical moment in the country's history to the one-sided guidance of the socialistic parties and seriously weakening the position of the country from an international point of view. This attitude of the bourgeois liberal parties is deeply to be deplored in every respect, and not the least because it will insure their defeat in the coming elections to the Conatituent Assembly. These elections, whatever programs the various parties may put forth, will really be fought mainly on the paramount issue of peace or war, and on that issue the socialists are certain to win an overwhelming victory.

"These parties, or their leaders, still seem to be unable to realize that under modern conditions of warfare, when no longer comparatively small professional armies but whole nations armed to the teeth confront each other, imperialistic policies can be carried through only when they are fully understood and indorsed by the bulk of the nations at war.

"This is emphatically not the case in the present war as far as Russia is concerned. The Russian peasantry, who compose about ninety per cent of the fighting forces of the nation, are, as a class, still largely illiterate, densely ignorant, politically quite uneducated, and naturally incapable of forming a reasoned opinion on questions of foreign policies. Such abstract notions as the Great Slav cause, hegemony, balance of power, or such legends as the supposed traditional yearning of the Russian people for the possession of Constantinople, strategical considerations in regard to straits, keys to this or that sea, and so forth, are all creatures of the brain of an infinitesimally small—if compared with the bulk of the nation—circle of intellectuals, who, by their control of the press, their influence on the government and the numerically very limited reading public, are enabled to create the illusion of a public opinion of the immense mass of the Russian people.

"The truth is that all this does not convey any meaning to the masses of the people and to the ever so many millions of men who have been called to the colors and who are now wearing soldiers' garb. They have been fighting because they were ordered to fight by the Czar, they have seen victorious advances, they have seen disastrous retreats, but their hearts were never in the fight. Now there is no more Czar, and blessed liberty has come at last, which they interpret to mean freedom for all to do as they please. They want to return to their homes, they want no more fighting, they want peace. And that is the true underlying meaning of the revolution, and also the secret of its immediate and marvelous success.

"The bourgeois classes who inspired the revolution wanted merely the overthrow of the thoroughly rotten régime of the autocracy, wherein they had the unanimous support of the whole nation, only they also wanted war to complete victory, in the achieving of which is bound up their own political credit, since they had been all through supporting the late government's foreign policy, which was bound to and did lead to the catastrophe of the present war. But the masses, who through the soldiery and workingmen of Petrograd actually made the revolution, leaving aside the overthrow of Czardom and autocracy, wanted and do want above all peace.

"Now that is the situation as it really is, and it cannot be glossed over by any amount of tall talk and patriotic declamation.

"It has, indeed, been found possible to attempt an advance of parts of the armies at the front which, at first apparently successful at the cost of an awful loss of invaluable lives of an enormous number of officers who heroically sacrificed themselves for a forlorn hope, has ended—as it was but too likely to end—in dire disaster and disgrace.

"I leave it to the consciences of those who, surely, from the purest and noblest motives of patriotism, ordered this attempt—I leave it with them to judge whether such an attempt, even if it had not ended as it did, could have really brought us and our Allies any nearer the ever-elusive goal of that complete and crushing victory which is said to be the only possible way of terminating the war.

"But those who in their honest but, as far as I can judge, hopelessly mistaken belief in the possibility of such a victory ever being achieved, maintain that it will be possible to induce an unwilling people and soldiery to carry on the war indefinitely, are practicing a self-deception which, though they may deem it pious and patriotic, would, if acted upon, only land the country in still greater disaster and ruin.

"Anyone who keeps his brain clear and unbefuddled by the jingoistic claptrap that pervades the utterances of the censored press and of public men in all the belligerent countries must see that the one crying, tragically crying, need of this country—and for the matter of that of all countries engaged in this awful war—is peace; certainly not a separate peace with Germany, which would be disastrous all round, but a general peace, in full agreement with all our Allies, on the basis of the Russian democracy's declaration and the principles proclaimed by the President of the United States, upon terms just and fair to all. Such a peace, without forcible annexations and punitive indemnities, would create the only possible condition that could insure its becoming a really durable peace, and would deal a deathblow to militarism by proving conclusively that war, even on such a gigantic scale, and after entailing such colossal sacrifices of material and moral values, was unprofitable to all concerned.

"That such a peace can be brought about now, before any more oceans of blood and tears are shed and any more hecatombs of the flower of all our countries' manhood are sacrificed on the altar of the Molech of war, is my firm conviction, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, provided the United States chooses to throw the enormous weight of the American people's resources in wealth and energy and men into the balance in favor of

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the Russian democracy's proposal, to start at once negotiations with a view to bring about such a result.

"The American people have declared their generous intention to come with all the means in their power to the assistance of the Russian people and the Russian democracy in this the hour of their direst need. Well, that is the only way in which they can accomplish their noble and generous purpose.

"Besides, would it not be a crime against humanity not to make an attempt at terminating the war by negotiation if even there were only the faintest chance of success? Nothing could possibly be lost by taking such a course. In case such an attempt should fail through the almost incredible criminal folly of the ruling classes of Germany, the war would necessarily have to go on indefinitely to the satisfaction of those who believe or pretend to believe that knock-out blows and crushing defeats can be achieved in an armed contest between the greatest nations of the world, in which on both sides millions of men are fighting, and that only by such means can an end be put to the world's agony.

"But then, those who hold similar views would do well to reflect that the Russian revolution carries still another meaning, which is also a solemn warning to the ruling classes in all the belligerent countries. The revolution also means the beginning of the awakening of the toiling masses, which compose the overwhelming majority of the people of every country, to a realization of the fact that the awful crime of the war and its indefinite prolongation have been and are being forced on them by their rulers as an outcome of policies which to these rulers represent the tempting phantoms of power, of hegemony, of prestige, of revenge, of markets, of expansion; but which to the masses present themselves merely as shibboleths, devoid of meaning in terms of the lives of men and women, for which, however, they have had and are still expected to have to pay with the lives of millions of their sons and brothers, with millions upon millions of ruined homes, and with all the untold suffering and misery wrought by a war on such a gigantic scale.

"It further means that when the day of their final awakening shall have dawned upon the masses they will make it a day of reckoning with their rulers, and that the present fratricidal war between the nations may resolve itself into a fratricidal and suicidal war between the masses and the classes within the nations.

"The part of wisdom, it would seem, would be to heed the warning before it will be too late.

"You may imagine with what feelings of profound disappointment, nay utter despair, I realized that the American mission had not come here for the purpose of aiding the Russian people and the Russian democracy in the only way in which real aid could be rendered them, by lending the all-powerful support of the United States to their endeavor to bring about the termination of the war by way of negotiation as soon as possible.

"As it is, the advent of the mission will only have served to bolster up the self-complacency and to encourage the baseless hopes of those who in their willful blindness still pretend that the war will and can be brought to an end only through a final and crushing defeat of the enemy by force of arms, and who, through their apparently still potent influence, have succeeded in preventing so far any serious and really efficient effort being made in the only possible direction in which an honorable peace could be brought about as willed by the Russian democracy. And how much invaluable time, ever since December last, has thus been fatally and irretrievably lost whilst we have been from month to month ever faster and faster sliding down the inclined plane leading to bankruptcy of the state and total disorganization of the economic life of the country, from which it will take the nation generations to recover!

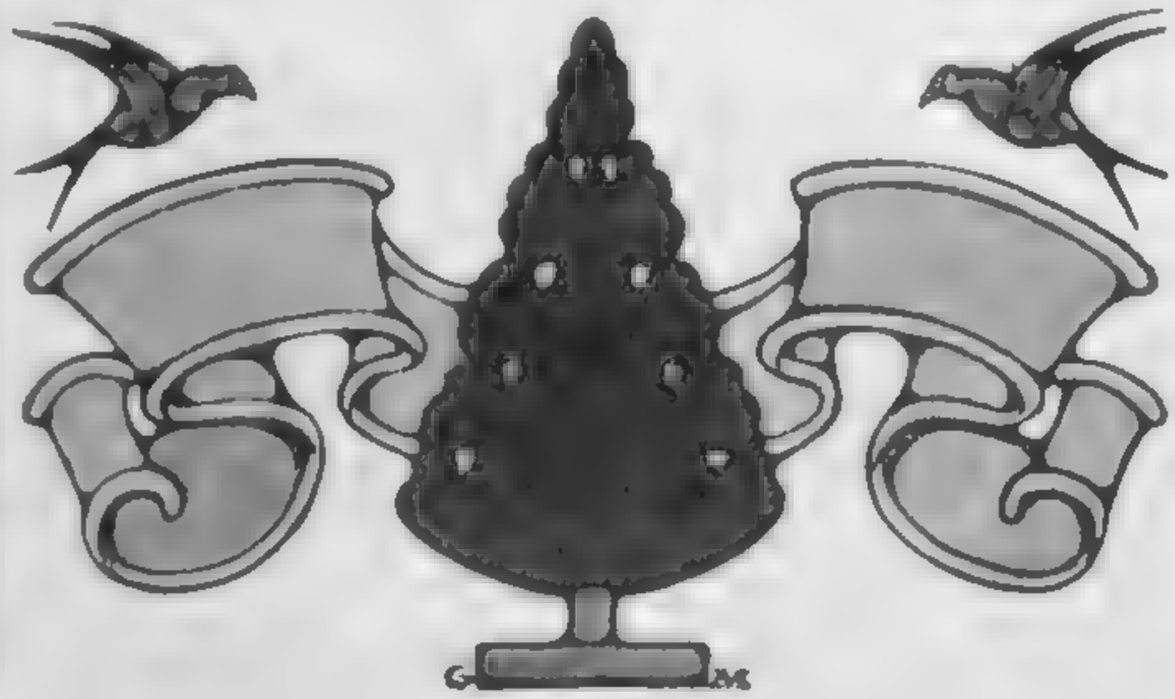
"It might be well to keep in mind also that the failure of the Russian democracy to secure in the present crisis the undivided support of her sister democracies would obviously mean the unquestioned triumph of the spirit of that very militarism which we have all declared we have set out to destroy.

"You may believe me, my dear friend, when I say that in writing as I do I have no personal or partisan ax to grind. It is merely the cry of a despairing heart, the heart of one who, in the evening of a long life given up entirely to the most devoted service of the country of his birth, finds himself condemned to stand by in impotent rage, a helpless witness of his country's downfall and ruin, brought about by the late imperial government's insane and fatal domestic and foreign policy, which he has all along been persistently opposing with word and pen to the best of his ability.

"My only hope is still in your country, the country to which I have all my life long been most warmly and lovingly attached, the country that bears in its womb the future of mankind. May she wake up to a realization of the sinister meaning of the awful tragedy now being enacted on the battlefields of Europe—an omen, maybe, of the approaching doom of our race and civilization; and may the great, the noble, the generous American nation come to see and understand that the only way to help her sister nations of Europe to save and extricate themselves from the sanguinary mire in which they are agonizing is by bringing to bear the colossal weight of her material and moral strength in trying to induce them to settle their differences by way of negotiation before the destruction and ruin wrought by the war shall have become irretrievable.

"In your note just received you mentioned that you will come to see me as soon as you shall have put in shape and dispatched your reports, from which I conclude that you may, like the late mission, have wished to avoid being perturbed in forming your judgment on the situation here by anything I might have had to say, or that perhaps you thought that my voice was not worth listening to. In either case I can say that I deeply regret it. My voice, of course, is nothing but a very still and very small voice, entirely drowned in the gigantic chorus of largely self-imposed madness which fills the universe with its martial din. But it is a voice in the service of eternal truth, and in the end truth must and will prevail. In that service and for the sacred cause of peace I shall go on fighting with word and pen until my heart stops beating. "(Signed) ROMAN ROSEN."

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-sixth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.



Here is the Real Test

When the loaded truck is on a sloping road and the wheels are skidding, then most of the weight is thrown to one side.

This is the supreme test of axle strength. The side-strain brings pressure to bear on a part of the axle about five times greater than the normal down-pressure of the load.

Sheldon Axles are built to resist these side-strains. The bearings are widely spread—the principle upon which locomotive and freight car axles are built—and the wheels are fixed rigidly to the revolving axles.

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When you see a truck with these torpedo-shaped hub caps and double anchor trade mark—it has Sheldon Axles.

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IMAGINE fifty ships building at once at the great Hog Island shipbuilding plant of the Government near Philadelphia.

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All the vast expenditure for surface coatings and labor is not incurred merely to make these 7500-ton ships *look well*, although, naturally, that is one result. The main object is to *preserve all surfaces* against the sea, the storms and the sun of every climate into which the ships will sail.

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THAT DEFLATED FEELING

(Continued from Page 9)

within the last year or so, and merchants are notoriously less fearful to-day that there won't be enough goods to go round than they were in 1919.

Despite the evils of the high-price extravagance orgy of 1919, that memorable year contained the seeds of its own cure. Never were industrial profits reinvested on such a scale. Sugar and cotton prices were scandalously high, but the amount invested in sugar and cotton mills had never been equaled. Now we are beginning to see the effects.

As one financier puts it: "High prices always cure themselves. It may be painful, but Nature is inhuman anyway. It always hurts to pull off the scab."

It is equally certain that Mister World is coming down off his high horse of inflation in the matter of government expenses, banking and credit inflation and general popular extravagance. Our own Government is still carrying enormous expenses, and in the opinion of many has been shockingly slow in reducing. But no one will deny that the reverse process has at least begun, and that the end of many other unproductive expenses is in sight. Other countries, perhaps, have pushed toward government economy more rapidly.

And we are certainly on the road to banking and credit deflation. With the rates for commercial paper, for almost every form of borrowing, in fact, round eight per cent as compared with a ten-year prewar average of 4⅞ per cent, the borrower is beginning to have a markedly deflated feeling.

"During the war we injected some twenty-four billion dollars of government financing into the body politic," said a banker as familiar perhaps as any with the New York money market. "It was not taken care of by individual savings, but it was sheer inflation shot into the body politic by the force of a syringe. Is it any wonder that that body has been blown up, puffed up?

"We would be back to normal in no time if we could squeeze these billions out.

"If this were an autocracy we might do it by putting everyone on half rations and save some scores of billions a year. We might save half our total annual income. Of course it can't be done; the idea is silly. For see how people yell at present taxes, which are only a very small percentage of the total income. So I guess we will have to get back gradually and not all at once."

The Consumers' Strike

Naturally the disposition was strong under the strain of war to make credit do the work of capital. I mean that the immense demands of war, the waste of it, were taken care of by means of bank credits rather than by the slower process of building up capital through saving. This tendency to overplay credit was all the more intensified, in the opinion of numerous authorities, by the fact that the chief source of savings in the past—the surplus incomes of the rich—was being taken in supertaxes rather than invested in industry.

Nor finally can there be any doubt of the growing disposition of the consuming public toward economy. The purchasing disposition of consumers has undergone an unmistakable reversal, amounting almost to a revulsion of feeling. The wave of extravagance has subsided, has almost broken. The profound human instinct for prudence and economy that exists alongside the contrary instinct of extravagance has finally been stirred to rebellion by endless price exploitations, and has moved larger and larger masses of people simply to go without. The day of bargains may not have arrived but the day of reckless buying is over.

The overall campaign, the old-clothes campaign and the outcries against profiteering were all part of a real consumers' strike. The overall campaign was amusing and perhaps silly enough in itself, but it started people thinking. Many who would never dream of joining an overall parade or even consent to wear such articles decided to go without a spring or summer suit.

Retailers began to sense shoals in popular purchasing power, and that discovery led to price slashing in many cities during the month of May.

Now, of course, retail-price slashing may be the merest froth on the surface of a major price movement. The basic commodities are what count. But the price cutting of last spring in department stores was a significant symptom of a change in the popular psychology, which has been followed by a much more serious and tangible development—the cancellation of orders in numerous lines, beginning with retailers and backing up first against jobbers and then against manufacturers.

It is true, of course, that a man with ample means to buy a pair of trousers or any other article of clothing will not and cannot go without them indefinitely. But I seriously doubt if the true extent of the consumers' strike has yet been understood. The great middle classes have refused to buy to an extent which has probably never before been equaled. The newly rich, whether laboring man or mushroom millionaire, has supplied a great new consuming class, but the older group of consumers, the middle-class buyers, have been wearing old clothes, and they propose to stick for a long time unless prices come down.

This change in psychology is a very important factor in price movements, whether it be in the stock market or the necktie market. At times everyone wants to buy and at other times the purchasing disposition seems to be dead. An excessive appetite for buying, like that for food, always comes to an end with surfeit. Extravagance is in a sense its own cure. Easy money never lasts, rage though he may who profits thereby.

Gradual Readjustments

As far as this country is concerned it is obvious that the rise in prices has been due in considerable part to enormous exports during the war period and in the year 1919. Prices here started up when Europe's demands began to evince themselves before we entered the war, and now that these demands are slacking up, in the natural course of events the price tables are almost certain to be turned.

It will be recalled that immediately after the armistice business fell off in this country and it looked for a short time as if prices would fall. But an eager demand for goods from abroad soon turned the tide. This demand, however, gradually overreached itself. The rate of exchange turned against European countries to such a dangerous extent and is still so much against them that they are slowly but surely being forced to curtail their imports from us and are being given every possible stimulus and motive for piling up their exports to us.

In recent months our immense favorable balance of foreign trade has been falling, and this of course means a backing up of goods in home markets as well as increased foreign competition. It is futile to predict the course of foreign trade, but probably no one expects our immense export balances to continue, large as they still are, and yet it has been precisely these gigantic and abnormal monthly excesses of exports over imports which more perhaps than any other one cause have forced the artificially high draft upon our home industries.

Unless Europe is to fall into chaos it is inevitable that her exports of goods to this country will increase. How is Germany to pay her indemnity unless she exports manufactured goods? And to suppose she will make no effort to reach this the greatest of all markets is absurd. The Allies, too, are being forced to export to this country in order to pay their debts to us.

Then, too, another important cause of high prices in the United States has been the inadequacy of our railroad system to care for the traffic handled, as well as the unusual severity of the winter of 1919–20. Railroad service will not become satisfactory all at once. Years are required to bring the system up to anything approaching satisfactory service. But most people agree that a start has been made, and if abnormal, artificial and unhealthy boom prosperity should slacken, the railroads will be in even a better position to care for the traffic.

It is yet to be seen, of course, whether higher freight rates will result in higher prices for goods. But the best judgment

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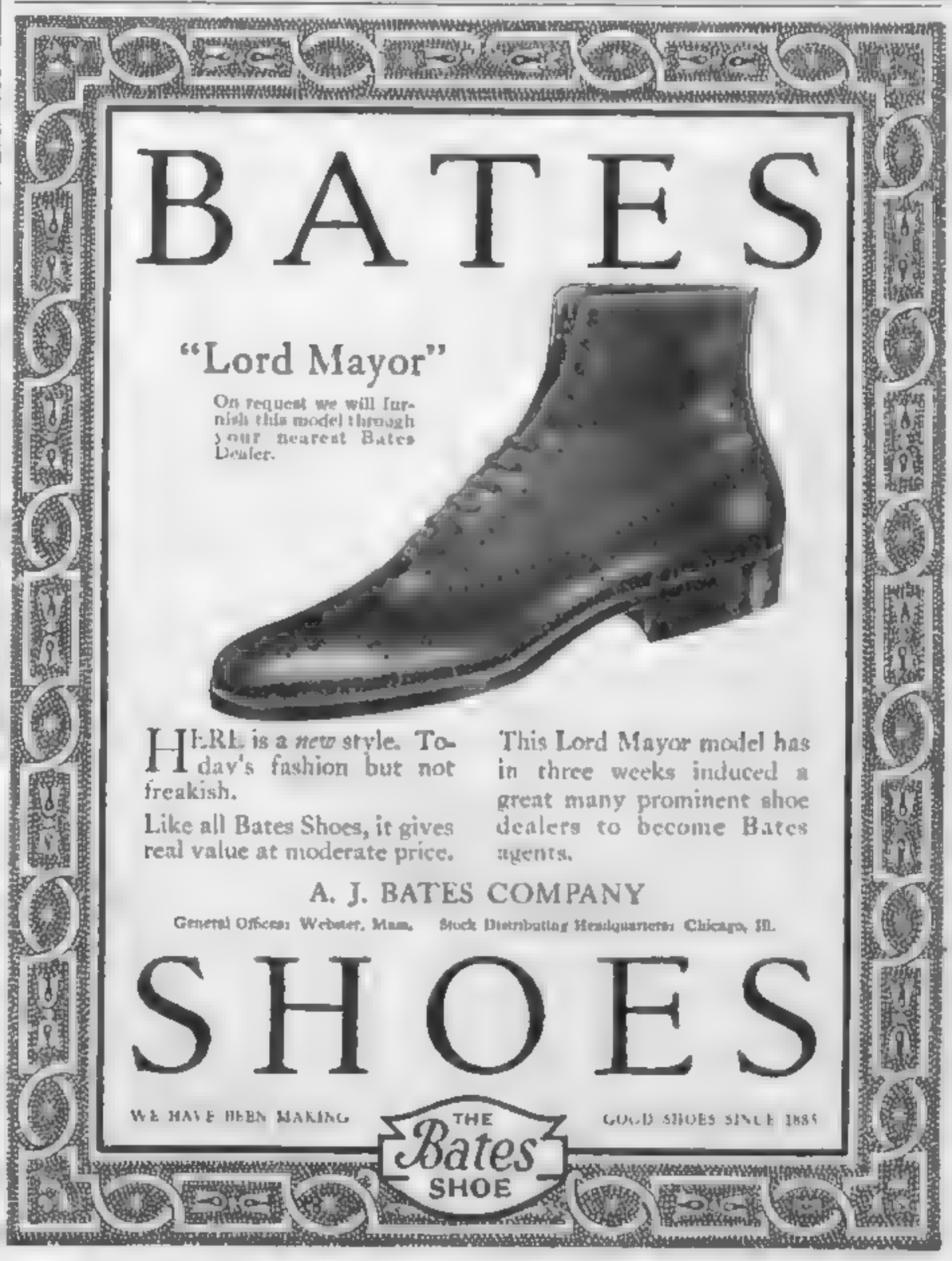
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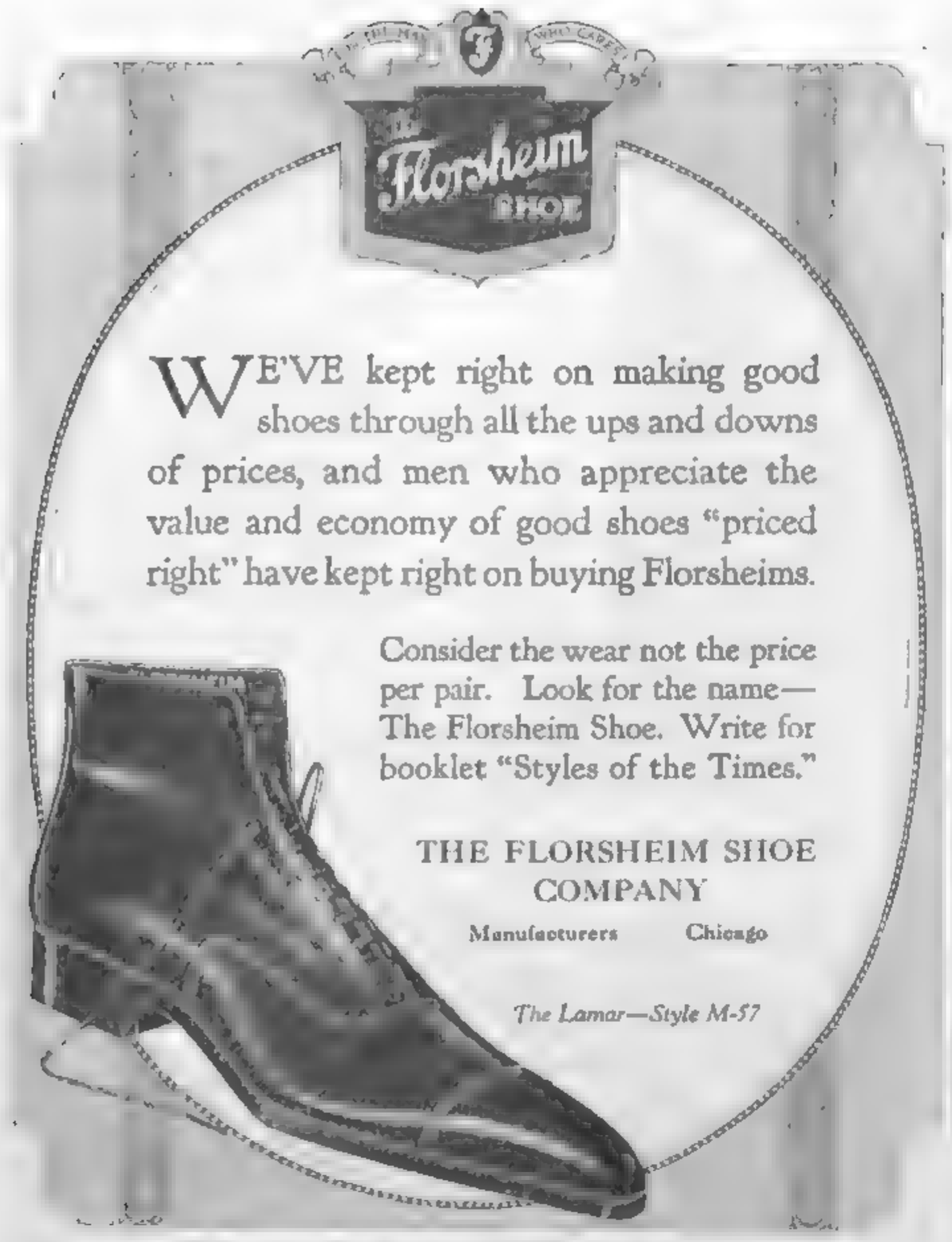

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at the moment seems to be that though increased transportation charges are usually reflected in magnified form in commodity prices when the whole market for commodities is rising, this profiteering device is much more difficult to effect when the general level is falling.

I do not think the process that is now under way can be better described than in the words of one of the highest financial officers of the Government, a man in close touch with the banking and business community, and himself formerly a banker:

"As one industry after another gets where supply equals demand the runaway profits which were due to a lack of equilibrium drop out and prices are gradually adjusted. First after the armistice came copper, which fell because of the tremendous overproduction in relation to existing demand. The price was cut in two.

"Then in February silk fell more than fifty per cent because of the crisis in Japan, where there had been an immense speculation on borrowed money. The panic there brought out large stocks of silk and of course prices for the commodity fell elsewhere. In March and April wool had a cold douche as the British supplies came out. There had been great stores of both wool and wheat in Australia all the time, but they couldn't be brought to other continents because of war conditions.

"In the spring rubber had its slump, reaching the lowest price on record. That was followed by wheat, and flour also became cheaper. Cotton and cotton goods came along, also fur and finally sugar, with great masses of it coming from half a dozen countries. Yes, and I have forgotten one of the earlier and more important readjustments—that in hides and leather.

"You see they have come one at a time, without any crash in this country. It is true enough that each decline in a raw commodity uncovered weak spots in that particular industry, but these were taken care of quietly without publicity and without panic. It has been splendid thus far, just what we want, the gradual, orderly restoration of equilibrium between supply and demand. Best of all, the real big declines have been just where they ought to be, in the basic raw commodities. That is what counts, not the surface froth of department-store slashes.

"Another wholesome feature has been the elimination of speculators through the means of high money rates. Each industry has been settling back into the hands of good, sound business men."

Numerous other metals and raw materials could be added to the list, including silver, nickel, corn, pork, rice, lard and coffee, as well as certain very important manufactured products which at this writing are just beginning to drop. Several raw materials have already reacted upward from their lowest price and of course may go higher, but the significant fact is the already really enormous drop which took place in the spring and summer. It is significant, too, of changed buying conditions that silk, diamonds and furs were among the first to slip.

Naughty Bears Denounced

Consider silver for a moment. At this writing it is selling far higher than before the war, almost double in fact, but also it is selling nearly forty cents an ounce below the price of January last. Silver is much influenced by conditions special to the Far East, but then, for that matter, all commodities are influenced by local conditions. The fact remains that silver has often forecast the larger sweep of commodity prices in general.

Nor should the movement of the stock market be wholly overlooked. The bull market of 1919 was of such insane and unreasoning proportions that a serious panic threatened. The Federal Reserve Board and the New York banking community became frightened and applied the brakes in the form of a strict supervision over the money supplied to brokers. Stocks began to sag in November and since then there has been a long decline with a squeezing out of the inflated values of any number of optimistically promoted oil companies where the speculation had been most eager.

How much of the deflation in stocks has been due to a mere reaction from the excessive speculation of 1919, how much to high money rates, and how much finally to an expectation of lower prices for commodities it is of course impossible to say. It is fairly certain, however, that part of the selling has been due to the necessity for money on the part of people who were being squeezed in commodities of various kinds or who expected a somewhat less feverish business pace.

At the time of this writing solemn and righteous denunciations are being indulged in by several bankers and government officials against the wicked bears who are depressing the prices of stocks beneath their true values. This always happens when stock prices are suffering an inevitable and merited deflation. That bears do raid stocks in a most unconscionable manner at times with no regard to anyone's welfare but their own is freely admitted. But in the great fundamental sweeping movements of security values the bear plays about as much part as the fly on the wheel of a racing car.

Frankly, I do not see how any critic of bear operations in stocks can come into court with clean hands unless he can show that he protested as vigorously against the ridiculous, frenzied and positively wicked boosting of stocks above their true values in 1919. After that performance only a child would regard the main cause of declining stock prices in the first half of this year as the raiding of bear operators. Bear operators often precipitate a fall in prices, but the most cursory observation of market conditions discloses the simple fact that stocks cannot be beared successfully for any length of time unless they have previously been boosted to artificial heights.

Danger Flags Displayed

The writer of this article will be accused of being a bear, not only on stocks but on the country in general, if he goes on in the present vein. I doubt, however, if the charge can be made to stick. The immediate problem the country had to face in the early part of the year was not one of stimulating business by means of low interest rates and encouraging the continued purchases of goods, but it really boiled down to the necessity of preventing an early panic. As recently as May of this year the National Association of Credit Men called upon the people to "cease their dance of industrial death before they have to pay the piper."

Speaking of the overall campaign then under way the association said: "We welcome anything that will keep prices from soaring to a point from which violent reaction would bring a sudden collapse. May this insurrection without physical force, but prompted by resentful hearts, help in the righting of things."

In January, Frank A. Vanderlip, one of the foremost American bankers, said that if interest rates were kept low there would be "more unrest, more social disorder, more radicalism, more explanations that are wrong or that are only in a small degree right of the causes of high prices. There will be damning of profiteers, damning of labor, criticism of the landlord, criticism of the effectiveness of the worker. There will be all sorts of criticisms that really are on the surface, while the great wave itself has been sinking the dollar and raising the price of all things."

The other course, he said, was to put on the brake—raise interest rates, slow down now, pay off loans, have somewhat less activity, reduce prices and get back to a sounder basis.

In March, Professor Kemmerer said that despite the uncertainty, possible unemployment and political difficulties which would attend deflation, he believed it should be brought about provided it be "not excessive, and carried through with firmness, moderation and reason." He said the time had come when the true interest rate, kept artificially low during the war by patriotism, must emerge. He, too, spoke of the danger that the bubble might burst if we continued to blow it.

About the same time came the now famous crisis warning from Governor Harding, of the Federal Reserve Board, and similar warnings from others. It was pointed out that the danger flag was flying in the low bank reserves. All these authorities, however, spoke of the desirability of gradual, orderly deflation spread over a long period with as little of the dramatic as possible. Prices should fall slowly, it was pointed out, so that the business man could follow them down without going under; and that fortunately is just what is happening.

Now, I have heard it said often enough in recent months that anyone who talks

(Continued on Page 157)

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(Continued from Page 154)

panic is a traitor and ought to be shot. That depends upon when he talked or talks panic. I firmly believe that the bankers, economists and government officials who hinted at a panic in January, February and March were patriots and saviors. Indeed the only reason we have had no panic, and why no one at all talks about it any longer, is because the proper precautions were taken in time, and instead of crashing down from the top of the ladder Humpty-Dumpty fashion, we are coming down quietly and safely toward bed rock.

There will be those perhaps who will object to my whole line of reasoning because rents, retail prices and wages have not come down much as yet. These points can be cleared up, however, in short order. Rents were the last item in the cost of living to advance. After the war had begun and prices in many lines were soaring, apartments were still being rented in New York City at less than cost or not being rented at all. The very fact that rents were late in getting under way for the record Marathon has perhaps made landlords all the more eager to exact the last penny when their chances finally came.

Being the last to rise, rents will probably and naturally be the last to fall. Real estate has always been the last item to be adjusted in a changing price level. There is nothing new about its belatedness.

Retail prices always lag behind wholesale. This, too, is wholly natural, because the retailer has in stock goods bought at higher prices which he does his utmost to work off at a level to afford him a profit. Clothing especially is made up far in advance of the season, and though wool, cotton and leather may have fallen that does not help the retailer a bit, for he has already paid for suits and shoes at the previously higher level.

The Federal Reserve Board in its August report expresses a doubt whether there will be any substantial decline in retail prices before next spring, because fall and winter goods have been contracted for already at the old level. In a series of articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on profiteering last March and April I expressed the opinion that wool was sure to decline in price and that clothing would ultimately come down. Several of my friends have taken me to task because they have been unable to buy clothing much if any cheaper than before. But they of course made the usual mistake of confusing raw-material prices with retail prices.

Mr. Sonneborn's Views

But the retailer's problems are not confined to getting rid of articles which cost him dear after the constituent materials have slumped and after every mother's son of a customer knows it. He has been gradually raising the wages of his clerks, porters and other help, and rent has gone up on him. Most buildings are rented on lease and he can't get a reduction right away. Besides, the landlord probably had several bad years until quite recently and he is going to keep rents up as long as possible. Both rents and wages lag behind prices in the main, and yet the retailer is expected by the public to reflect lower wholesale and commodity prices immediately.

Now, of course, the wage factor is easily the most complicated of all that enter into the entire problem of prices. How are prices in general to go down if wages remain up? One group of employers and managers takes the view that wages simply will not come down, and that therefore prices must stay up. Certainly at first sight they make out a good case, especially in the clothing industry. In a recent address, Siegmund B. Sonneborn, a leading clothing manufacturer of Baltimore, outlined the situation clearly. He spoke of the "recognized underpayment of workers before the war" and of the contract system by which middlemen upon being given a certain price for their product, in order to make a living, stopped at no device to exploit the workers.

"This contract system, sometimes referred to as the sweatshop system, flourished particularly in such cities as New York, Boston and Philadelphia, seaport cities where the constant flow of immigrants made its continuance possible. The immigrant unable to speak the language, anxious to go to work at any price in order to maintain himself, deluded in great measure by the fact that American wages and money apparently were so high when translated into marks, shillings, francs, rubles or whatever his native money might have been, was easy prey for the exploitation of unscrupulous and sometimes hard-driven contractors.

"It is for this reason that, when immigration was cut off through the war, when demand outstripped the manufacturing facilities and a nationwide scarcity of men's clothing made itself felt in 1919, the industry was compelled to place itself with one fell swoop on a level with the other industries of the country."

Another group of employers and bankers takes the rather flinty-hearted view that unemployment, bread lines and increasing immigration will result in lower wages, no matter how powerful the unions have grown. Now I think it may be at once safe, fair and wise to take a position somewhere between these extreme views.

"If you take fifty as the prewar level of prices," said one of the younger bankers of national repute, "and one hundred as the present level, my guess would be that seventy-five is the lowest that prices will go. The other twenty-five points of course go to labor, a gain which will not be given up."

The literal truth is—and I am conscious of no prejudice or bias in repeating it—that no matter how loudly some manufacturers, jobbers and retailers may protest at the prospect of lowered profits, there is a wide margin for declining prices without any great fall in wages at all. The argument that high wages make reductions impossible will not stand against the inexorable facts. For one thing, many of the concerns which argue most loudly against a decline have made profits so large that they can stand a few losses for a change without rousing much public sympathy.

A Cushion to Break the Fall

After all, losses as well as profits are both incidents of business, and though the owner will close his factory or store rather than stand losses beyond a certain point, the majority of concerns continue to operate during a period of falling prices because the losses from operation are less than from quitting business. After all, the only economic or moral justification of profits is the willingness of the business enterpriser to take some losses as well, especially after a period of exorbitant profits. Profits are predicated solely on the willingness to assume a reasonable degree of risk.

It is significant to recall that after the Civil War wages were still rising long after prices had fallen. It is only fair indeed that wages should stay up longer than prices, for the very simple reason that they did not begin to rise as soon as prices either in the late war or the Civil War.

"The way to reduce wages," said one of the financial leaders of the country, "is to improve machinery; in other words, to make the man who formerly received two dollars a day and now gets five dollars, worth the five dollars even while prices are falling. Organization is the answer. When traffic became too heavy on Fifth Avenue to move in one-block units they began to move it in ten-block units.

"If wages can be kept up to a substantial extent we are going to have a cushion to break the inevitable fall in prices and business activity. We are going to have twenty million buyers instead of two or three. I can think of no safer thing than to keep the base of the country's buying power as broad as possible. Of course if labor is simply unwilling to work we shall have a long period of hard times which will hit everybody."

A question which remains to be considered, though its interest is almost solely historical now, is the portion of blame attaching to the Government both for inflation and the methods pursued, or not pursued, to bring about deflation. Of the slowness of the Government in liquidating its shipbuilding program and putting the railroads on a paying basis I am not prepared to speak, through lack of first-hand investigation, though many authorities believe that inflation was unduly prolonged by the dilatory policy pursued in these respects.

First, let us consider the campaign carried on by the Attorney-General to reduce the cost of living. This has been much jeered at, and from the very nature of the case Mr. Palmer could reach only symptoms rather than the disease itself. High

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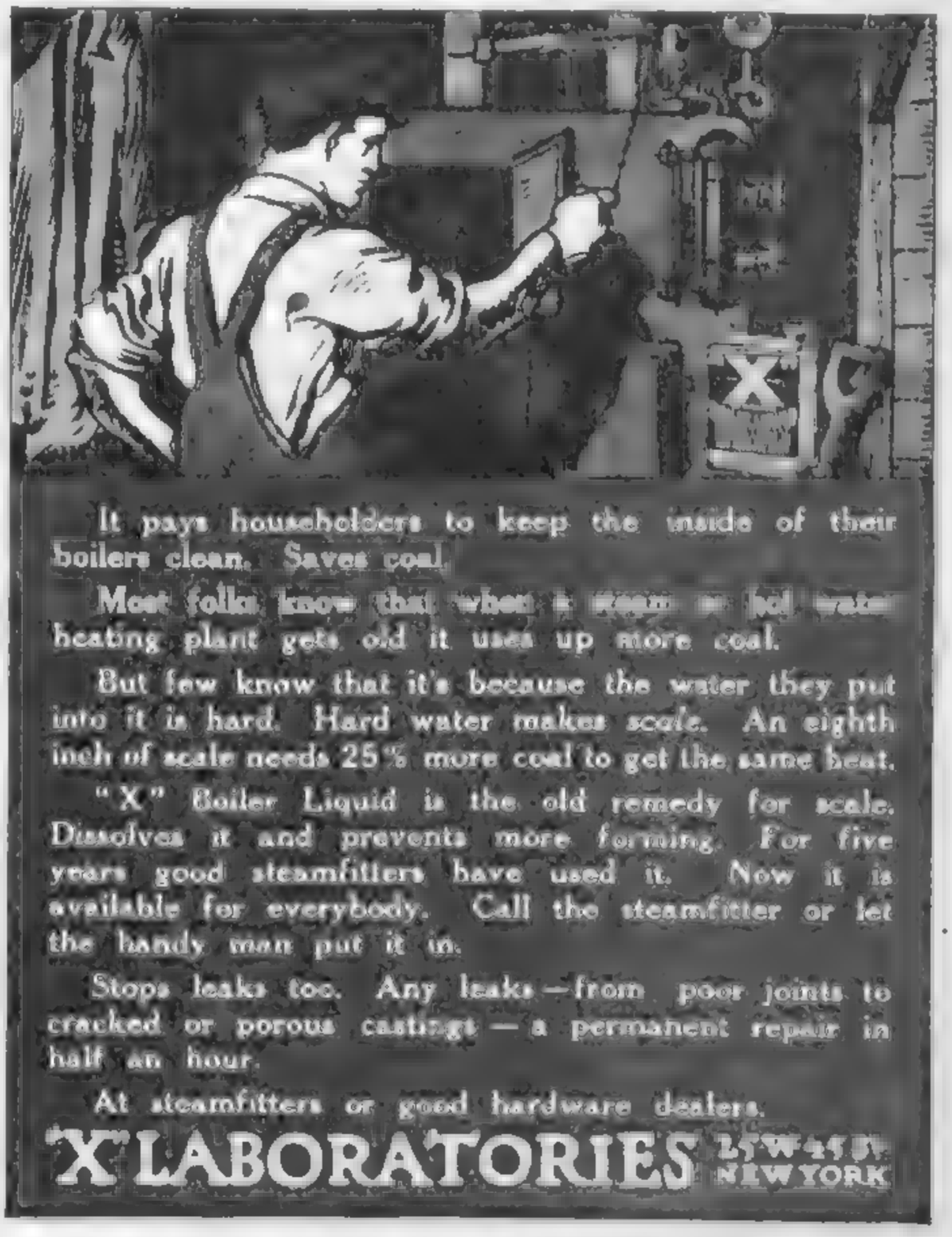
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prices were and are far more deep-seated than profiteering, a fact which ought to be obvious to anyone who realizes that two or three hundred billion dollars were spent by the nations of the world upon the war, not to mention the loss of productive efficiency through the death of many millions of its best producers.

Then, too, it would seem as if some of the tests applied by the Department of Justice in determining profiteering were both shallow and unfair from the standpoint of sound economics or reasonable business practice. But on the other hand the campaign has been probably of very real service in rousing public opinion against high prices and thus creating a sentiment in favor of economy. For his part in this work Mr. Figg, in charge of the campaign, deserves credit, and what is more it is only fair to Mr. Figg to say that at no time has he indicated in his public utterances any foolish idea that prosecution or legislation would be the main factor in bringing down living costs.

Financing the War

Finally, there is the very important question of whether the methods used by the Treasury in floating Liberty Bonds did not add greatly to inflation. Many bankers now argue that if the Treasury had paid a higher interest rate on Liberty Bonds the banks would not have been obliged to take some five or six billion dollars of government obligations themselves, that there would have been less borrowing to buy bonds, less expansion of bank loans and consequently less price inflation.

This is all very well to say now that the event is over. While the war was on no one knew how long it would last. If a high interest rate had been paid on the first, second or third loan and the conflict had continued for two or three years a progressively higher rate would have been demanded, other securities would have fallen to panic levels, and after a couple of years the country would have been in a financial mess so horrible as to defy the powers of imagination. Not being able to foresee the length of the war the Treasury was obliged to give ground slowly in the matter of interest rates. Its chief concern was that the war should not be lost for financial reasons rather than to anticipate all possible after-effects of victory, which, by the way, the critics see so much more clearly now than they did at the time itself.

There is no doubt at all that the policy of keeping interest rates on government bonds low resulted in low interest rates on the part of the Federal Reserve banks and, as a direct consequence, in low rates for commercial borrowers. All this added enormously to the inflation, but that is simply one of the prices we are paying for the war. Except in minor technical details no one has yet shown how else the war could have been financed. In no other country were the people able to take up government bonds out of savings. In other countries the degree of inflation was far greater than here.

The Turning Point

It is not proposed in this article to consider the extent to which prices may decline. That is quite another subject, to be considered, if at all, at another time. But it may be of interest to present the suggestive point of view recently taken by Prof. Melvin T. Copeland, of the School of Business Administration of Harvard University. Professor Copeland points out that business cannot be truly prosperous until the railroads are rehabilitated and an adequate supply of dwellings is built. He believes the process of readjustment, of declining prices, will continue until some industries are slowed down enough to release labor, materials and capital at reasonable cost for such vital industries as transportation and building. He says there was plenty of production in 1919, but quite largely of wrong things, and he adds:

"The resumption of building activities, therefore, probably will mark not only the peak in the rise of rents but also the turning point in the recession of prices on merchandise.

"Another index to be watched is money rates. As long as the money market remains stringent price declines are likely to continue. Eventually, after the stocks of merchandise on hand at the present time are partially liquidated, the accumulation of banking reserves and the tendency to curtail production in some industries may be counted upon to reduce the strain upon our credit resources. Sooner or later this will tend to bring about lower discount rates on commercial loans.

"When the volume of loans and of credit currency has contracted to a point where the rates on commercial paper are again normal, we may assume that the prices for most commodities have reached the end of decline."

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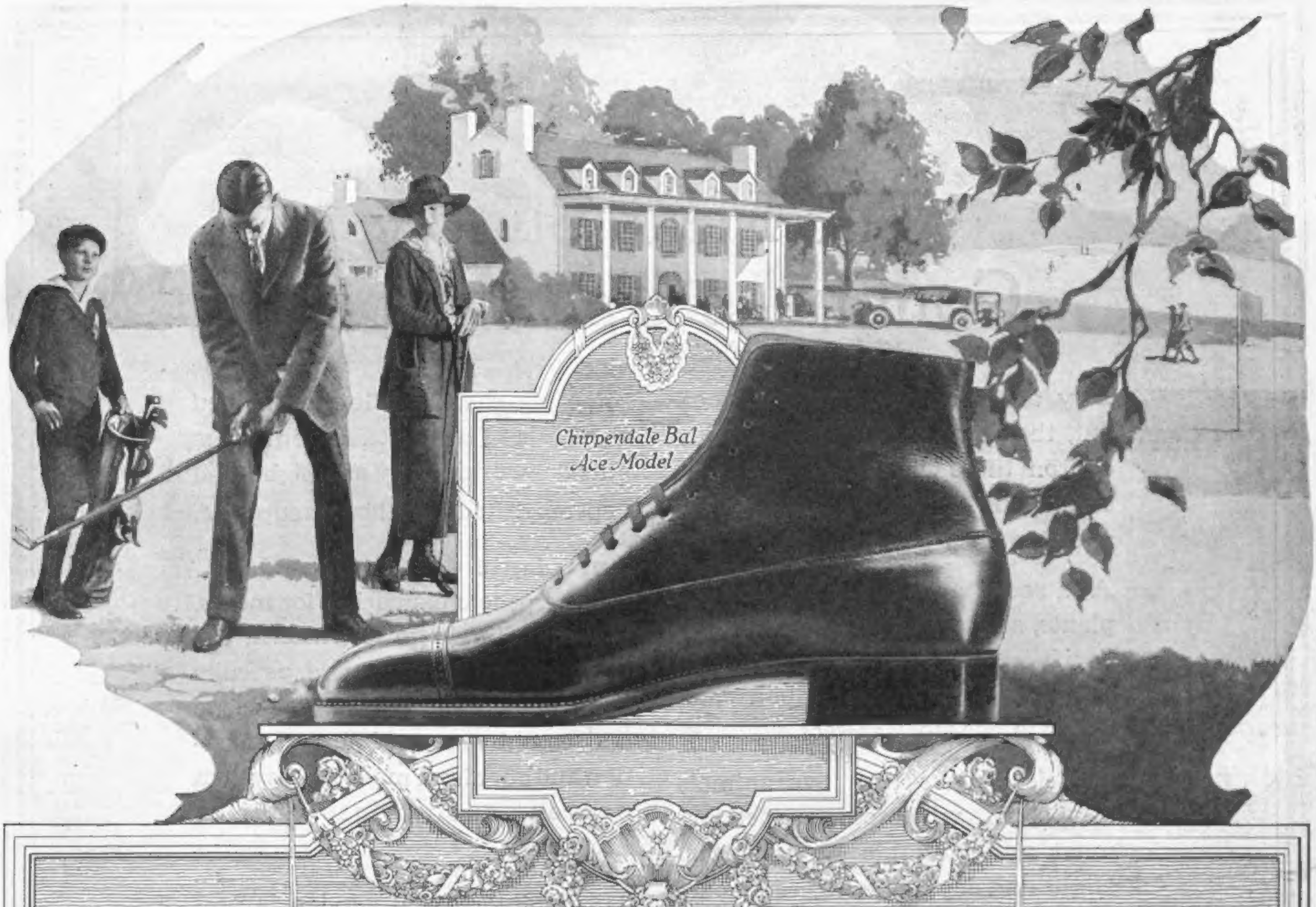

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